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THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

PARKER

BY

GROVER CLEVELAND

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THERE cannot be the least doubt that in the pending political campaign the personal characteristics of the candidates nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic and Republican parties will occupy to an unusual extent the thought of those who, by their votes, will determine the contest. It is not difficult to account for this situation. During the last three years the Presidential office has been administered by one of these candidates in such a manner as to challenge the anxious reflection of millions of conservative and patriotic voters, who neither mistake sensationalism for the emphasis of lofty Americanism, nor have reached such a stage of partizanship as allows them to satisfy their conception of the duty of suffrage by blind obedience to party leadership. These voters, whether within or without party affiliation, have habitually in mind as part of their daily routine of thought, the welfare of their country and the obligations of unselfish citizenship. Necessarily, therefore, as they dwell upon such recent incidents of executive conduct as have especially arrested their attention, they are led not only to inquire as to the quality of these incidents and the purposes and motives which underlie them, but to intently scrutinize the disposition and tendencies of the candidate who has brought them about. In obedience to an immutable law of human action, and in accordance with a natural tendency towards comparison, such a scrutiny of the personal qualities of one candidate is inevitably accompanied by a like scrutiny of the mental and moral traits of his competitor.

Deliberate and Conservative

In attempting to discover the qualities of mind and heart which are characteristic of the nominee of the Democratic party, no evidence derived from his actual discharge of executive duty is available. Other means of information, however, are at hand which supply abundant proof of his fitness for the Presidential office and give assurance of its safe, conservative, and conscientious administration if entrusted to his keeping.

We sometimes find features of character so prominently visible in a man's mental organization that, like the features of his countenance, they need no proof of their existence. This is preëminently true of Judge Parker's intent deliberation in reaching

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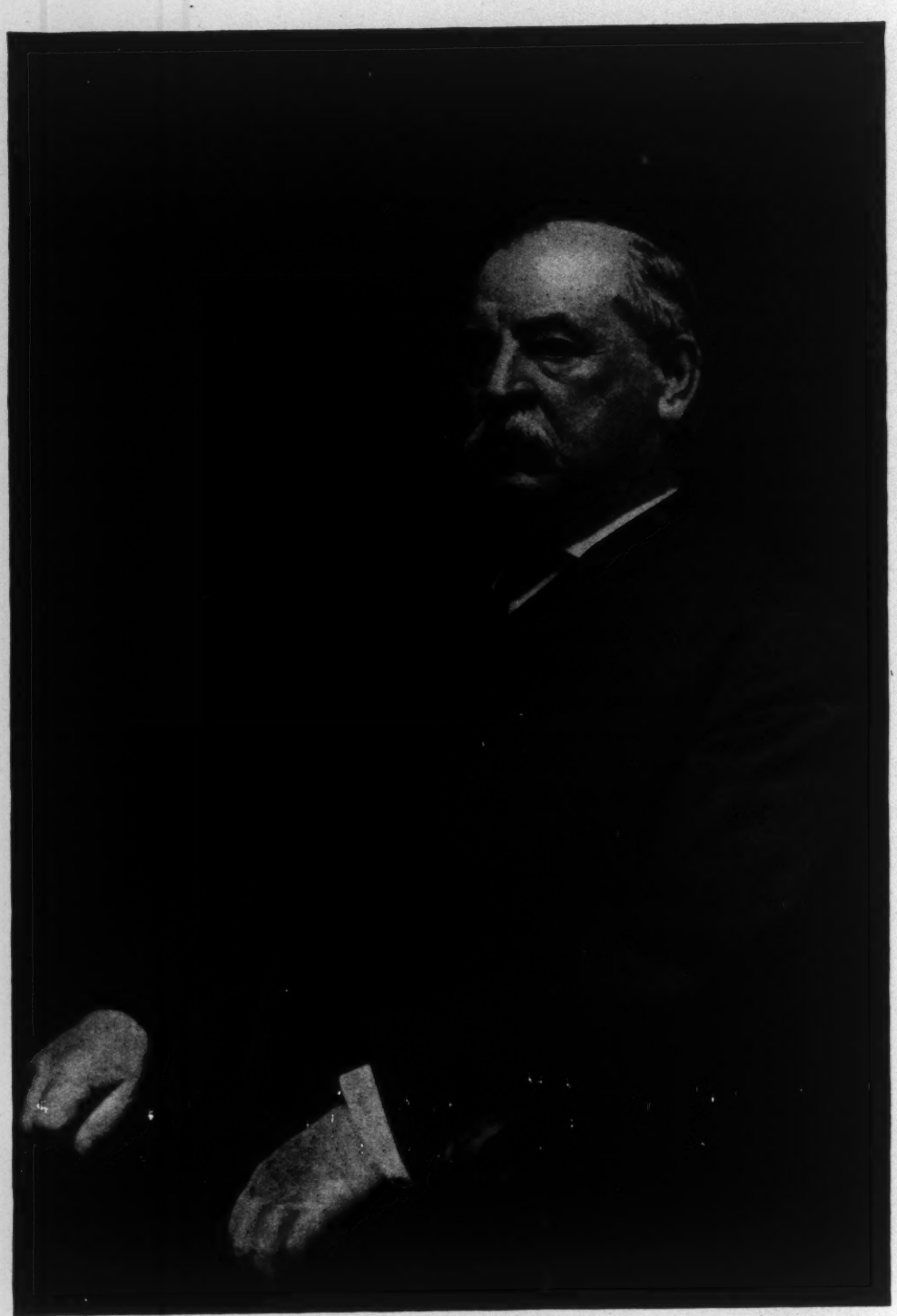

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GROVER CLEVELAND

OREMOST LIVING DEMOCRAT

conclusions and his inherent judicial conservatism. These qualities of his mind are so distinctly apparent that they are at once seen and known by all who gain the slightest knowledge of the man. This should make it thoroughly understood that those who love Presidential pyrotechnics must look elsewhere.

The Office Seeks the Man

I have known Alton B. Parker for more than twenty years. He impressed me on our first acquaintance as a sincere, honest, and able man; and this impression has, with time and observation, grown to clear and undoubting conviction. In the year 1886 I invited him to Washington and urged him to accept the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General. I shall always remember with admiration the fine sense of duty and the frankness and honesty he manifested as he gave me his reasons for declining the appointment. Not long afterwards he began his judicial career, which culminated in his election to the Chief Judgeship of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York—a tribunal conceded to be in dignity and importance second only, among the courts of our land, to the Supreme Court of the United States. At the head of this great court he has for nearly seven years given to his work such patient investigation, such care in finding out justice, and such fearlessness in announcing his determinations, that his courage, fairness, and impartiality have been universally conceded. He assumed the grave responsibilities of this high judicial place without self-conceit, but with such self-reliance as grows out of faith and confidence in the sustaining power of adherence to duty. This adherence to duty is with Judge Parker not only a sustaining power but an inflexible rule of conduct. He evaded the nomination for Governor of the State of New York because he saw greater duty in continuing to serve the people of his state in the place to which they had already called him. When his candidacy for the Presidency became a matter of wide discussion no feverish ambition influenced his judgment as he contemplated the situation and strove to keep in sight the path of duty. Of one thing he was certain throughout it all. If he should in the end be summoned by an imperious mandate of the highest citizenship to accept the responsibility of national party leadership, duty required of him in the meantime the undisturbed and unruffled discharge of his judicial obligations. In conversation with a friend he declared that if the nomination for the Presidency came to him it must be without active effort on his part, and without the least incident that was unbefitting his judgeship. Thus it was that, strictly adhering to his convictions in this regard, he so completely avoided during the ante-convention canvass all personal acts and expressions in aid of his candidacy as to nearly cool the ardor of his active friends and well-wishers. It was the same sensitive fidelity to judicial responsibility that led him after his Presidential nomination to resign his judgeship—to the end that the high tribunal of which he was chief should be absolutely untouched by the atmosphere of political contest.

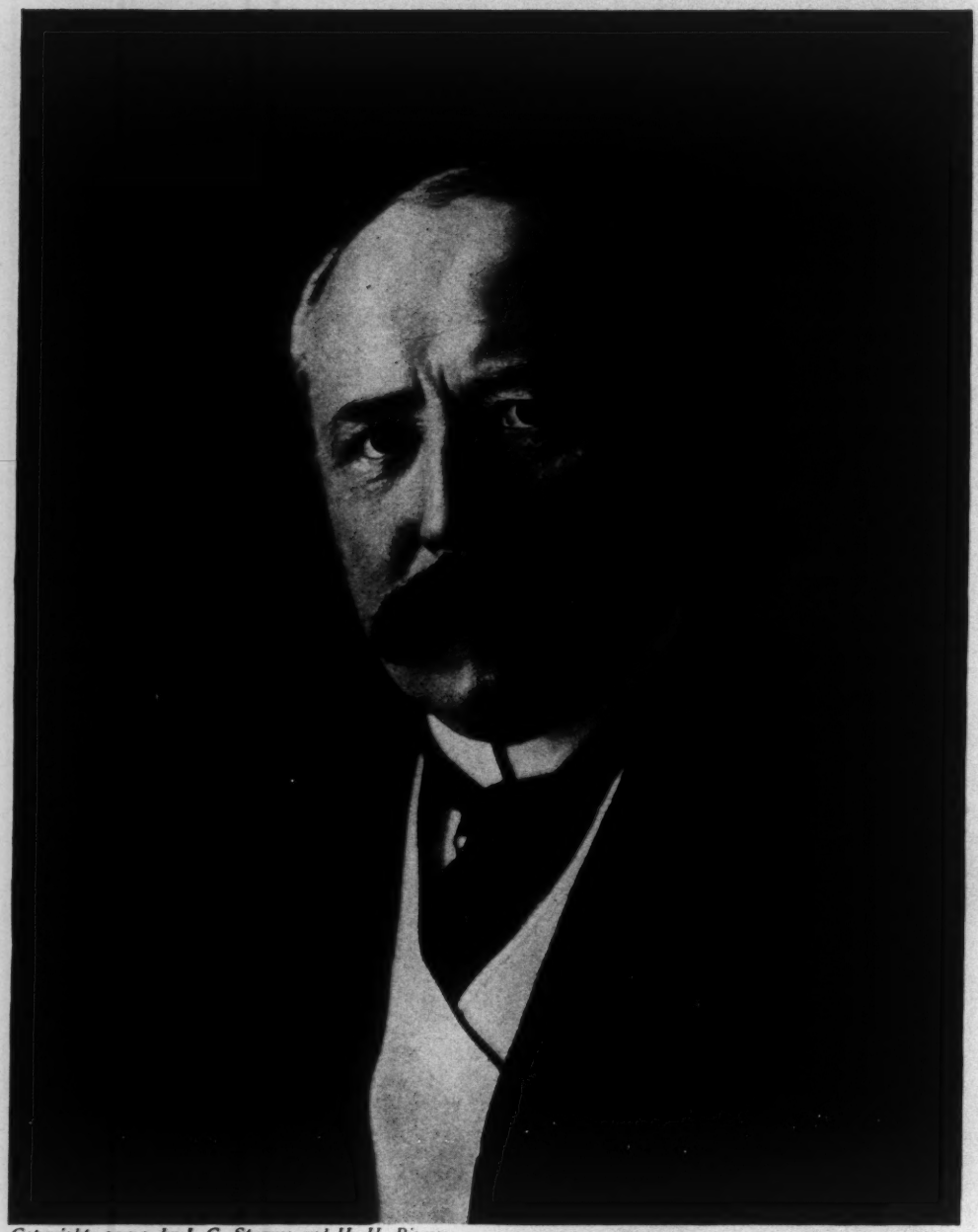
Devoted to Duty, and Able

Without citing further evidence which Judge Parker's life has furnished in support of my personal conviction on the subject, I am sure that I venture nothing in making the positive assertion that the guiding trait of his character is his constant and unyielding devotion to duty.

I use these words "devotion to duty" in their most comprehensive meaning, and as including, in their application to the performance of Presidential functions, not only executive energy, but exact obedience to the wholesome restraints of Constitutional limitations. Thus interpreted, they give impressive significance to every word of the Presidential oath, by which the affiant binds himself to "faithfully execute the office of President" not more solemnly than he covenants to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

I have intense faith in the potency of this devotion to duty as an assurance of success in the people's service. I do not, however, overlook the fact that it should be supplemented by such mental equipment as is needed to locate the path of duty, and such unflinching bravery and steadfastness as will persist in following the way.

Judge Parker's experience in judicial investigation, added to his natural aptitude in the same direction, ought to satisfy the most cautious and exacting of his abundant ability to discover in the light of Constitutional requirements, and in the atmosphere of enlightened but conservative Americanism,



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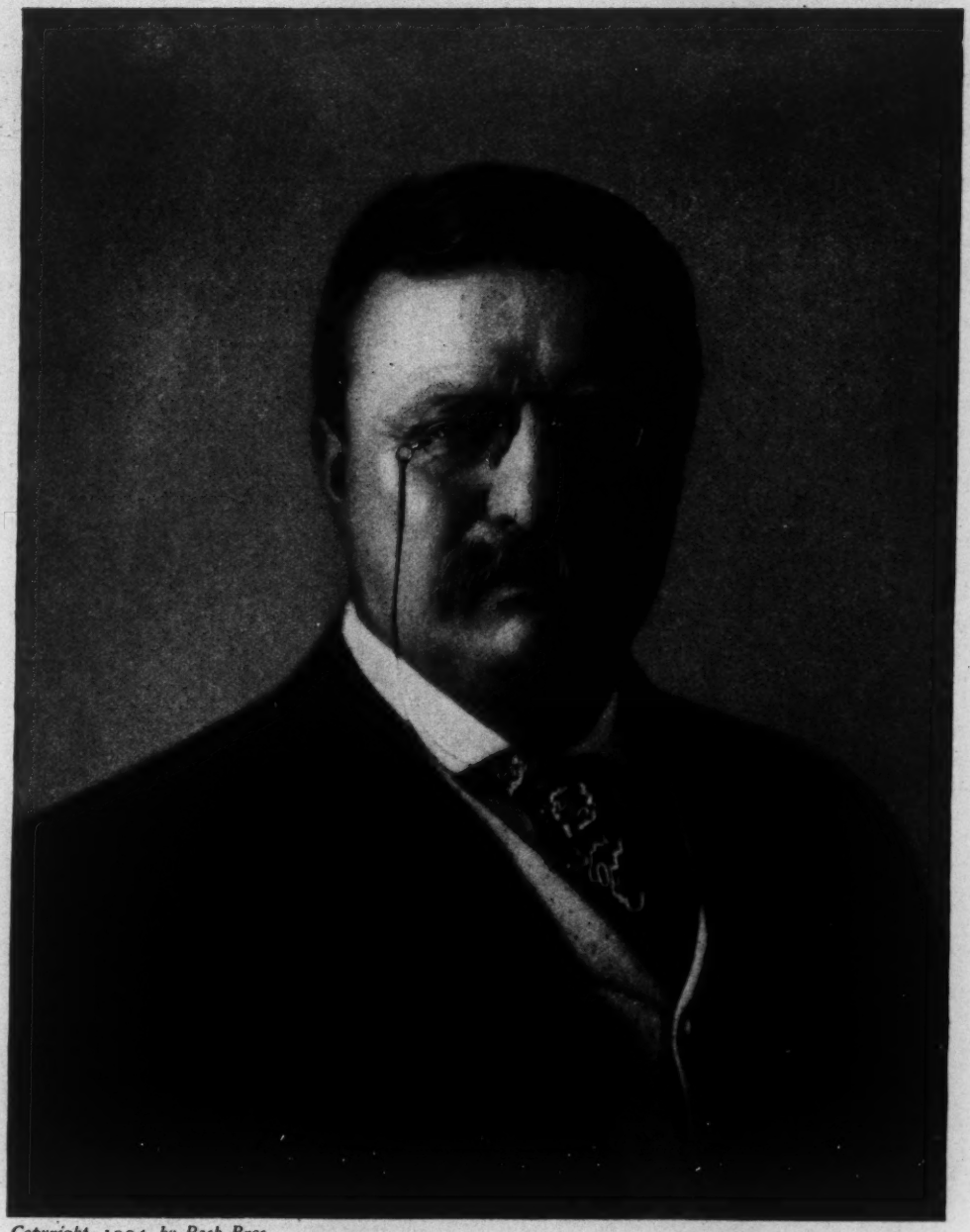
ALTON BROOKS PARKER

"A sincere, honest, and able man"



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"No man has lived the life of his time so amply as he"

the manner in which a President should best serve his countrymen.

Sincere and Fearless

If the leading characteristic of the Democracy's Presidential candidate is devotion to duty, and if his eminent ability to discern Presidential duty is not denied, it is quite in order to inquire whether he has the moral stamina and stability to withstand all temptations to compromise on any account or for any purpose his convictions of right, and whether he is courageous and fearless enough to follow the way of duty as it is made known to him—however rugged and difficult the way may be.

Fortunately, he has by his own recent conduct furnished clear and convincing evidence on this question. When his policy of silence prior to his nomination was criticized, his answer to an intimation questioning its expediency amounted to a declaration that he had determined upon his course in the premises and should adhere to it. After his nomination on a platform which, in his opinion, did not treat the financial question with definiteness, he promptly addressed a communication to the convention, while still in session, stating with the utmost distinctness his position on the subject, and his fixed determination to be governed by the judgment he had formed; and at the same time he invited the convention to select another candidate in his stead, if his views were unsatisfactory to a majority of its members. The circumstances surrounding this incident stamped it unmistakably with unique courage and unequivocal independence. Any suggestion of premeditated trick or of the coercion of political expediency, is childish and silly. It was the individual and unforced act of a sincere and fearless man.

His address when notified of his nomination also supplies, it seems to me, evidence of the especial qualities we are now discussing. As a party nominee he announced party doctrines, but he based them on his own conceptions of the Democracy's true spirit and he announced them in his own way, in terms that leave no doubt of his meaning and notably in a tone of sincerity and self-reliant boldness and confidence. To put this branch of my topic in few words, I do not believe the closest scrutiny of Judge Parker's entire course will develop a single instance of cowardice or surrender of conscientious conviction.

Fit for the Presidency

I am persuaded that the American people will make no mistake if they place implicit reliance in Alton B. Parker's devotion to duty, in his clear perception of the path of duty, in his steadfast persistency against all temptation to leave the way where duty leads, and in his safe and conservative conceptions of Presidential responsibilities.

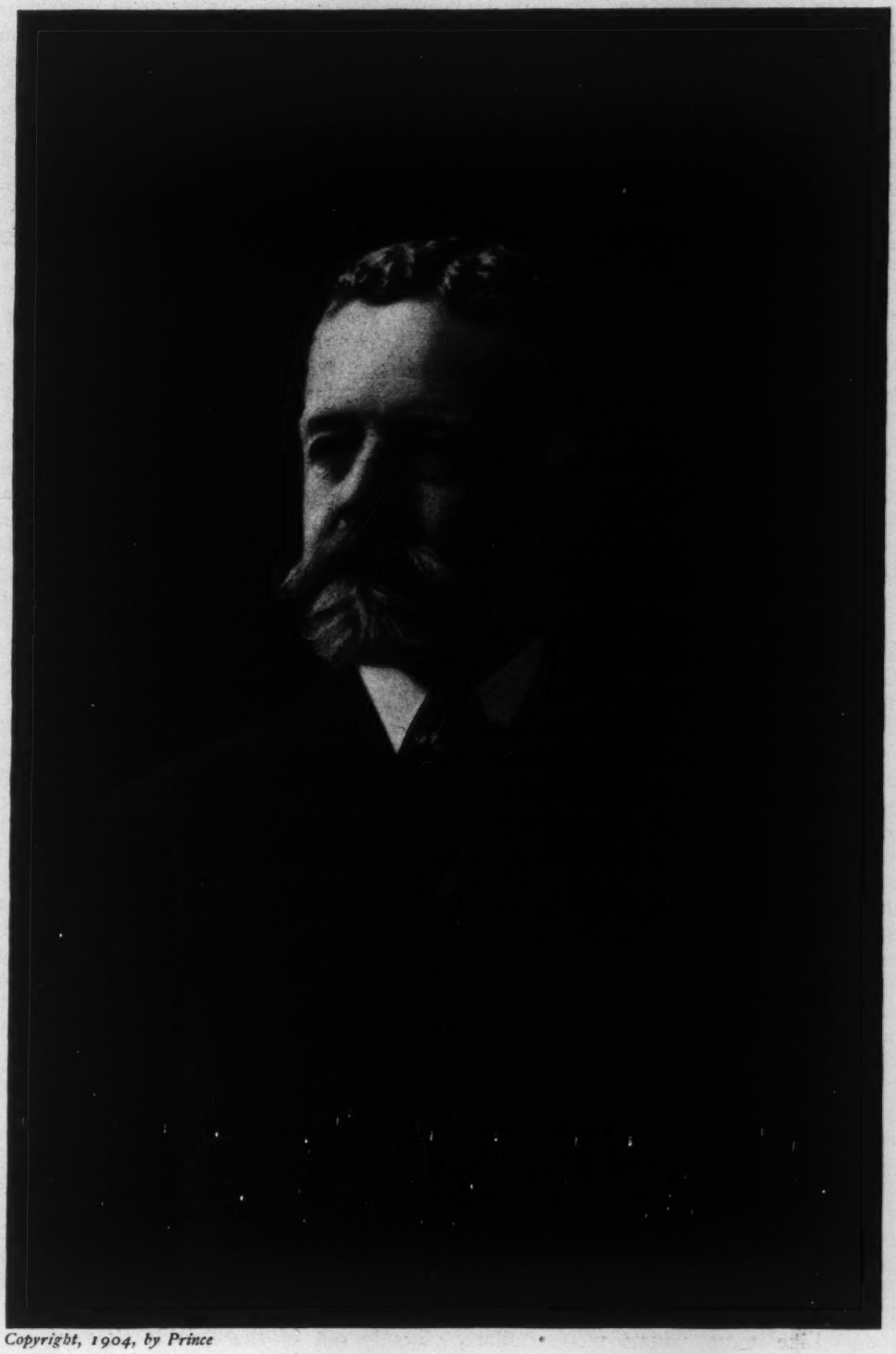
ROOSEVELT

BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

NO human character can be justly depicted, with all its lights and shades duly touched and set forth, in a few pages or a dozen phrases. How much more impossible to make clear to others a human character which has been caught in the toils of great affairs, upon which responsibilities, growing ever more vast, have acted and reacted, and which a large and varied experience has modified, educated, and developed! All this is preëminently true of President Roosevelt. No man has lived the life of his time so amply as he; no one has known humanity in so many phases, no one has wider sympathies or so many interests. It would be worse than idle for any one, no matter how intimate his knowledge, to fancy that he could depict a character so many sided, so tried and tested in such multiform experiences within the space allowed me here.



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SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

LONG-TIME FRIEND AND ADVISER TO THE PRESIDENT

But perhaps out of my knowledge I can give an impression; and to that I can best attain by dispersing some of the myths and misconceptions engendered partly by accident and partly by malice, which if not actually accepted by, have certainly confused, the minds of some very honest and very patriotic people, and have even troubled persons who thoroughly believe in the President and fully intend to vote for him.

The Real Strenuousness

There are few things in this world so dangerous as catch-words. President Roosevelt once used the word "strenuous" as a title for some essays. The popular fancy pounced upon the word, the popular humorist caught it up, and to-day there is an idea widely diffused through the mass of the American people that Theodore Roosevelt leads an existence of feverish and almost diseased activity, which, if not expended on things physical, is projected upon public affairs. Mr. Roosevelt is certainly a man of great physical and mental energy. If he had not been he would not have accomplished the extraordinary amount of work which he has accomplished in the last twenty-five years, but the very accomplishment of that work shows that his activity is neither feverish nor abnormal, nor diseased, but regulated and controlled; for if it had not been regulated and controlled it would have accomplished nothing. His daily life does not differ in any respect from that of any other very busy man of great energy, who finds rest and relief not only in active out-of-door life, but in a wide and constant reading of books—a habit, by the way, quite as characteristic as any others but of which the newspaper critics and humorists tell us little.

In the same way the President is described and widely accepted as a hot-headed, rash, and impulsive man, prone to making sudden resolutions, and acting upon them without sufficient consideration. The origin of this misconception is as slender as that of the strenuous life. Theodore Roosevelt is a man of strong convictions, who started as a boy with some high and fixed ideals of life and conduct, to which he has tenaciously clung. Like most young men similarly equipped, he was disposed at the outset to be very certain of his opinions and very vigorous in their expression. But unlike most other young men, he had the perilous opportunity, when barely out of college, to put his opinions into practice and to express them in permanent form both in speech and writing—a trial which youth usually escapes. The care of statement, which comes with age and experience, was sometimes lacking to the young writer and assemblyman, as it would be to any young man. But the written word and the accomplished deed remain; and hence the delusion has sprung up, and been carefully fostered for political purposes, that all the strong utterances of youth, to which they are entirely becoming, are those of the present moment, and mean rashness and indiscretion in the mature man, to whom these particular forms of utterance might not at all be fitting. There is no necessary connection between the two; between the generous and often unmeasured expression of youth and the instructed mind of the man who has known men and cities and tasted the delight of battle. We judge the mature public man by what he is, not by what he may have said twenty-five years before, honest and brave as that early opinion and that boyish speech surely were.

Thinks and Acts Quickly

Theodore Roosevelt apprehends very quickly. When he has thought a subject out thoroughly and knows what he means to do, he acts promptly. When, after full consideration, he has made up his mind as to what is right he is unbending; but no man has been in the White House for many years who is so ready to take advice, who has made up his mind more slowly, more deliberately, and after more consultation than Theodore Roosevelt. No President in my observation has ever consulted with the leaders of the party, not only in the House and Senate, but in the states and in the press, so frequently and to such good advantage as Mr. Roosevelt, although a favorite charge is that he is headstrong and wishes no advisers.

Another misconception growing out of the same theory and much urged by his political opponents and by sundry neurotic newspapers, is that Mr. Roosevelt is extremely reckless, and would not hesitate, for an instant, to plunge the country into war. This absurdity grows, I am inclined to think, very largely out of the President's passion for athletics and for more or less dangerous sports, and because he went so readily and quickly himself as a soldier into the war with Spain. But this theory is of course a mere

confusion of ideas. Because a man likes to take the risks of the hunting field or of the pursuit of big game, or because he is eager to fight personally when his country goes to war, it may follow that he is a brave man with plenty of nerve; but it does not follow that he is therefore a fool, who regards our foreign relations in the same light as he would dangerous or exciting field sports. The fact, indeed, is just the reverse. A man who has faced danger, either in hunting or in war, is the very last man to put other men's lives at peril without the sternest necessity, and is the first man to feel most keenly the great responsibility of a great office in this respect.

The Typical American

In the space allotted to me I can only touch on these two or three popular misconceptions which a personal friendship of many years' standing render to me more absurd than those which usually swarm about Presidents, and which, in this case, are being used for somewhat mean and low political objects. But in the many attacks made upon President Roosevelt there is one thought which has come again and again into my mind, knowing him as I do. Every nation, or rather every historic race, has certain attributes in addition to the great and more obvious virtues which it believes to be peculiarly its own, and in which it takes an especial pride. We of the United States like to think of the typical American as a brave man and an honest man, very human, with no vain pretense to infallibility. We would have him simple in his home life, democratic in his ways, with the highest education that the world can give, kind to the weak, tender and loyal and true, never quarrelsome but never afraid to fight, with a strong, sane sense of humor, and with a strain of adventure in the blood, which we shall never cease to love until those ancestors of ours who conquered a continent have drifted a good deal farther into the past than is the case to-day. These are the qualities which all men admire and respect and which thus combined we like to think peculiarly American. As I enumerate them I describe Theodore Roosevelt. The use to which he has put these qualities of heart and character, as well as the fine abilities which are also his, is cut pretty deep into the history of our last twenty-five years, whether in the Commission of the Civil Service, in the Police Commission, in the Navy Department, in the Spanish War, at Albany, or in the White House.

KILBRETH OF BALLYRAGGAN

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF THE "JULIET" STORIES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK CRAIG

"THE only thing that puzzles me," remarked Timothy Kilbreth, "is how you came to reconcile yourself to the shape of his nose!"

Miss Elaine Ross faced around upon him and regarded his profile with attention. Tim was sitting on a low stone wall beside her, trifling with the end of an apple tree bough, which hung low in front of him. The observer saw clean-cut outlines: forehead of alabaster half hidden below riotous dark reddish locks with a bit of curl in them; nose almost straight, but tilted just enough toward heaven to give the saucy look which the heavily lashed hazel-brown eyes by no means failed to support; mouth of wicked, laughing curves; chin—but it was Tim's chin which stood by him in his insolence. No owner of a chin like that would lack in daring—nor in persistence.

"Yes?" said Tim imperturbably, as the meaning of his companion's silent inspection became apparent, though her only comment was a sigh and a shake of the head, which he saw plainly enough, though he continued to present to her view his own engaging profile. "Sure, I know what you're thinking. Does the owner of an unimpressive Irish nose like that dare to criticize the patrician feature of a great swell like Mr. Parker Binney Bellows? Well, then—he does. The gentleman has a nose that will come to you in your dreams, Elaine dear—and may it give you bad ones. Faith, and it may well do that. It's the nose of a horse."

"If it were anybody but you, Tim Kilbreth," said Miss Elaine, with a scornful glance, "I should never speak to you again."

"Well, if I were somebody else, maybe I shouldn't mind. Being Timmy, your old chum, I should. So you won't make any resolves like that. There's little enough time left me anyhow. When Mr. Parker Binney Bellows gets you, Timothy Kilbreth says good-by."

"Nonsense."

"The best of sense."

"Not at all. You're to come and see—us—at least once a mo—fortnight," said Miss Elaine coolly.

"Will you hear that?" said Tim to the bunch of apple blossoms in front of his eyes, three feet away.

"Mr. Bellows will be sure to like you——"

"He will?"

"Of course."

Tim shook his head, laughing, but there was a spark of fire in the hazel-brown eyes. "The trouble would be," said he, "that I couldn't bring myself to like him. When you can't set eyes on a man without wanting to pick him up and heave him over your shoulder—and know you could do it, too, for all the brawn he has in the arm of him—well—I don't think I'll come around every fortnight, Elaine."

"Then it will be your own fault that you don't see much of me."

"I'm not at all sure that I want to see much of you," returned Tim, with emphasis. "I never did care to sit and admire the rose in another man's coat."

There was a brief silence, while Elaine slowly pulled an apple blossom to pieces. Then Tim began again.

"He has a vile taste in cravats."

His companion ignored the remark. A vision of Tim himself, however, was instantly presented to her mind, as he had appeared when he arrived that morning just off the train which had brought him up from New York. An auburn-haired Irishman with an ivory, freckled skin and dark-lashed hazel eyes, who knew enough to wear light gray flannels and a tiny black silk tie, a soft felt hat of the same gray upon his ambrosial locks, could not be denied the right to a critical opinion as to other men's attire.

"He's an inch shorter than yourself," pursued Tim.

"He isn't. He's two inches taller."

"Two inches, is it? He'll need a label on him, with the information in plain letters, or nobody'll believe it. A beer barrel ever looks shorter than the delicate hitching post beside it."

"I don't like your similes."

"Don't you then? There are others. The wasp and the dragon-fly—the dachshund and the greyhound—the——"

"Tim, you are too absurd this evening. You've been absurd all day. Let's talk about something else."

"Mr. Bellows seems to be on my mind," said Tim plaintively. "I can't get him off. He's the old man of the sea. Tell me true, Elaine, girl—why are you going to marry him?"

There was something disconcerting in the way his eyes flashed around upon her, in their nearness, in the keenness of their gaze. Her own drooped beneath them.

"The truth, now," adjured Tim. "It's not that I'm anxious to hear the word——"

The word did not come. Tim did not press the question. Instead he observed, somewhat irrelevantly:

"This is elegant weather for being out at sea. I'll be enjoying it this time to-morrow."

Elaine looked up. "Where?"

"I'm sailing for Liverpool to-morrow, on my way to Dublin—and to Ballyraggan."

"Tim!—But I'm to be married the twenty-sixth!"

"Sure," said Tim quietly. "That's why I'm getting away on the sixth."

"But Mr. Bellows meant to ask you to be an usher."

"Did he?" Tim pulled the branch close, and laid a pink and white bunch against his cheek. "Faith, it's kind of him. But you see, I've my passage engaged. It's some

"She looked like an apple blossom herself—her cheeks as pink, her hair the color of the twigs on which they grew"

"He sat down in his section, looked idly out of the window, his eyes somber under their heavy lashes"

other old lover of yours he'll have to be asking."

"You were never that," said Elaine, her head turned away.

"Wasn't I? Well—maybe not. It's you that should know."

"But, Tim dear—I don't want you to go before the twenty-sixth——"

"It's 'Tim dear,' now, is it?" said the young man to the apple blossoms. "The heart of the girl, that she's willing to ask of me a thing like that!"

"Tim?"

"Yes?"

"We've been very good friends."

"We have."

"So good that—I don't want to—lose you——"

"No?"

"No, indeed. And I don't see why I must."

"Elaine," said Tim, "do you think a girl who was really in love would care whether she kept her old friends or not?"

"Of course she would."

He shook his head. "If you were marrying me—and I knew that it mattered to you a beat of your heart what became of Mr. Parker Binney Bellows—well—it's not yourself that I'd have for a wife."

"Very well," said Elaine proudly. "If you care nothing for the old friendship—we will—let it go."

A silence fell. Tim sat like a statue on the stone wall. Elaine pulled nervously at the apple blossoms within reach—they were thick around her—they fell in showers over her pink gown. She looked like an apple blossom herself—her cheeks as pink, her hair the color of the twigs on which th y grew.

Suddenly Tim drew a mighty sigh. In spite of herself Elaine glanced at him. His eyes met hers. "It bothers me to let it go," he said.

"Not very seriously—since you can propose it so easily."

"As I remember the occurrence—it was yourself that proposed it."

"You said you didn't care to—look at the flower in another man's coat."

"And so I don't. And when it happens to be the one I hoped to wear in my own——"

"See here, Timmy," said the girl quickly, for all at once there had appeared in Kilbreth's voice a note of seriousness which had so far been absent from his whimsical talk; "I'm not going to let you go on like this any longer. It's not right. It's easy to jest until one begins to imagine there's something meant, and we both know very well there's not. I am going to be married on the twenty-sixth—you are sailing for home on the sixth because it happens to suit your plans, not because you can't bear to see me married."

An odd smile touched the corners of Tim's mouth. "Faith, but you're keen at the analysis," he said. He leaped down from the wall. He picked up from the grass the gray felt hat he had cast there when he came, and stood before the girl.

"I must be off," he said.

She did not look up. His eyes searched her downcast face.

"It will seem good to have a bit of a visit at the old home," he said. "It's a dear old place—eighty miles back from Dublin—on the bank of the Shannon. Till last year I never missed a summer trip across to see Grandfather—Squire Kilbreth of Ballyraggan. I'm all he has left, you know. He's begging me to stay with him, now—and I'm puzzled a bit about my duty.—I'd like to have you see the place, Elaine. It's a fine old gray-stone house, covered with roses, and set in the midst of the prettiest stretch of country in County Connaught. You'd enjoy a month there, I'm thinking. With the Shannon winding by at the foot of the slope it's a jewel of a spot.—I've often pleased my fancy thinking of you there."

He came close to her, took one of her slim young hands in both his own, and spoke low and very tenderly. His voice was rich, the touch of brogue in it purely a matter of loyal pride in the old country and its associations; he could banish it when he chose. He was not only a graduate of Dublin University—he had taken a degree at Oxford.

"Elaine——"

She tried to meet his eyes, but her own fell again.

"It's good-by now, girl," he said. "Good-by for good and all. I'm not the fellow to care for the crumb of a friendship you would drop to me from Bellows's table. And I never could put up with the shape of his nose!"

She smiled somewhat faintly and looked at him. "Now you're Tim once more," she said.

"And what was I before?"

"For a minute—I didn't know but you were going to be—foolish."

"In the twinkling of an eye he had selected the most attractive vehicle in the line"

"Foolish!" repeated Tim expressively. "Foolish!" This time he said it inflammably. "Well—if it's foolish to be trying to jest with a heart that's sore and hot with love and grief, then it's foolish I am, and I'll be foolish no more."

The lightness was all gone from his voice and manner now. He let himself go with a will. Elaine could not meet the look in his eyes.

"Give me one kiss for good-by," he whispered. "You owe me that."

Elaine drew back, shaking her head, a wave of color sweeping over her face.

"Why not? Sure, he'll not grudge me that—He'll have—them all—afterwards. . . . He—Elaine—sweetheart—ah, he never loved you like this—he hasn't the heart in him. It's the Irishman that loves you, Elaine, with the love that's stronger than death. . . . Elaine——"

"Good evening!" said a cool voice behind them, and Tim Kilbreth straightened instantly to his full height. He stood towering above the short, well-dressed man who stood there, his eyes those of a soldier surprised by an unexpected bullet whistling past his ear. The passion of his interrupted love-making was replaced by the passion of his anger. He answered the salutation of Mr. Parker Binney Bellows only by the stiffest of nods. The mouth whose curves of fun and laughter could be so irresistible had become in a trice the mouth of a man who faces an enemy with tight-set lips and an imperturbable chin.

Mr. Bellows turned to Elaine. She slipped down from the wall and came toward him, her hand half outstretched, her color changing. Mr. Bellows ignored the hand.

"If Mr. Kilbreth has finished his farewell," he said—and the tone and the manner conveyed more than the words—"shall we go into the house? It is past sundown, and the spring air is cool."

Tim stared hard at the other man for a full twenty seconds, his hazel eyes growing black. Then he took three strides across the orchard grass to Elaine.

"My farewell was not quite finished," he said clearly, and the touch of brogue he always used in his speech with her was gone. She looked up at him in wonder, for this was not the Tim she knew, this dignified gentleman with the grave, cold face. The Irishman in Timothy Kilbreth was for the moment overridden by the Scotchman in his ancestry. But the Irishman was struggling for the upper hand. Tim bent slowly to Elaine's face, laid upon her lips a deliberately unhurried kiss, said "Good-by, my little girl—God bless you," and with one slight inclination of the head in the direction of Mr. Bellows, went swiftly away through the orchard to the house, where there remained Elaine's one relative, a maiden aunt, of whom a guest who would not be unmannerly must take leave.

It was past ten o'clock when Miss Leonora Dunstan, sitting placidly by her favorite drop-light, reading the evening paper, was startled by the abrupt entrance of her niece Elaine. She looked up at the girl with an expression of the utmost surprise, then down at her in alarm as Elaine flung herself upon the floor at Miss Dunstan's feet, her head in the little lady's lap.

"My dear!" said Miss Dunstan.

She waited until the storm of wild sobs had somewhat spent itself, her gentle hand softly caressing the brown head. That the trouble was something connected with the visitor who had just left the house she divined.

"Aunt Leonora," said Elaine, suddenly lifting her head, "I can't marry Mr. Bellows."

"Not marry——"

"No, I can't. I've told him so. He won't believe me. He's coming out again day after to-morrow." She shuddered. "Day after to-morrow. But I told him distinctly that it was all a mistake—that I couldn't marry him."

"Elaine dear——"

"And the reason why," went on the girl, in soft hurried breaths, "is that I—love—adore—Tim!"

Her head went down again in the silken lap. Miss Leonora gazed at her niece with an agitated face; yet, after all, her expression did not indicate the dismay one might have expected. But she spoke as a wise woman.

"Dear—it's very late to find it out. I—I have often wondered how you came to——"

"I don't know how I did. I promised in a dream, I think—a crazy dream. To-day I woke up. I've known Tim so long—he's always so full of his nonsense—I never really thought it was more than half joke with him. But to-day I saw—and what's more—I saw" (a sob) "my own heart. He's sailing for

home to-morrow. Aunt Leonora—I must see him before he goes."

"But he has left town——"

"Yes—on the nine forty-five—I know. But—the midnight train——"

"Elaine!"

"If I'm away I won't have to see Mr. Bellows. Auntie—you'll come with me——"

"My dear—this is—foolishness. A—a telegram to Tim——"

"Where? I don't know where he'll stop in New York. I couldn't risk one sent to his ship—it would be like Timmy just to stroll on board the very last minute. We must go, Aunt Leonora. I shall die—if I don't see Tim before he sails."

"Elaine love—but this is very inconsistent. Until this evening you were engaged to another man—and apparently perfectly contented with the prospect——"

Elaine shook her head violently.

—"If you were not, how can I be sure you know your own mind at any time?"

"Auntie—I—my heart has been so heavy ever since I've been—engaged to— Oh, *don't* you know sometimes you don't understand how much you—care for somebody until you—see him leaving you! And when Tim—when he—right before Parker Bellows—I knew then—and—oh, Aunt Leonora"—her startled eyes fell on the clock and she rose hastily to her feet—"it's nearly eleven now! Come—we must fly to get ready——"

"Elaine——"

"Auntie—please—please!—You love me—and you—love Tim—I know you do. You'd rather I married him than Parker Bellows? Own up, Aunt Leonora."

Despite her years Miss Leonora Dunstan was not beyond being swayed by an impetuous young will, backed by the sentiment which in this case appealed to her strongly. She had long had a warm maternal fondness for Timothy Kilbreth—she had said good-by to him two hours ago with something very like pain in her gentle breast. She had never quite approved of Mr. Bellows. She considered—hesitated—and was lost. Even while she protested that it was a wild plan and would better be cast aside, she was led with slight resistance to her room.

"Wear the dark gray street suit, Auntie darling," commanded Miss Elaine, "and the gray silk traveling coat. I'll arrange that sweet new veil on your hat. Now, hurry—please!"

Ten minutes later, Miss Dunstan, in a flurry of nervousness, appeared at the door of her niece's room. She looked in upon a girl in charming disarray, a mass of brown hair tumbling about her shoulders, her bare uplifted arms gleaming in the lamplight.

"Child," cried the elder woman, "how are we to find—him, if you didn't know where to send a telegram?"

"Aunt Leonora," replied a clear voice from behind the screen of waving locks, "I—I think perhaps we'll—run across him."

"Run across him—in New York?"

"Well, you know—" the voice began, broke, and stopped. There was a rush across the room. Miss Dunstan caught a glimpse of a vivid blushing face and a pair of brilliant eyes before she found herself enveloped in arms that half strangled her, and heard murmured in her ear: "Oh, you dear lamb—I said I didn't, but—don't I know the hotel where Tim *always* stops?"

"Then why——"

"I don't know why—oh, I don't know *why* I can't trust a telegram—but I *can't!*"

And Miss Leonora, with a pair of warm lips next her own, imploring her to make no further difficulties, gave in once more.

Timothy Kilbreth strolled slowly back through the sleeper to his own section, which the porter had just put in order for the day. Only one other section in the train had come out of its curtained seclusion and resumed its morning attire. This was the one just opposite his own. It was early to be up. They were still two hours out of New York, and only one or two other sleepers were beginning to stretch themselves and think of arising.

Tim had not slept much, but he looked as fresh as the morning—a trick he was always able to accomplish after the most fatiguing experiences, by the means of plenty of cold water and a rough towel. He sat down in his section, looked idly out of the window, his eyes somber under their heavy lashes, then glanced across at the section opposite. A silk-lined spring overcoat lay upon the seat, and close by stood a Gladstone bag, with silver initials upon the end. Tim absently studied these for some time, until all at once they assumed a familiar look, and conveyed a distinct impression to his mind. The initials were "P. B. B."

"Serves me right for hanging around to see how late he stayed, instead of taking the

nine forty-five like a nice little boy," muttered Tim. "But I didn't think he'd be leaving last night. He makes short visits —but then—the time's soon enough coming when——"

He drew an impatient sigh, rose hastily, signaled to the porter, gathered up his belongings, and made his rapid way through the train to the front and the smoker. Here he remained until the train reached New York. If there was one man on the top of the earth for the sight of whose face Tim Kilbreth felt this morning a sick distaste, it was the probable owner of those initials.

Miss Leonora Dunstan and Miss Elaine Ross, emerging at the last possible moment from the recesses of the dressing-room which had been held beyond all endurance by the fussy woman who had preceded them, found themselves already rolling into the Forty-second Street station. The two women, the younger and the elder, as they faced each other in the narrow passage, bestowed each upon the other a critical glance.

"You do look so dear in that gray, Aunt Leonora," observed her niece. "It's fun to travel with you—somehow in spite of your demure littleness you do get people to do what you want. Nobody but you could have got a section for us when we hadn't engaged it. I know that conductor gave us one that had been wired for. I heard the fuss in the aisle about it, when we stopped at Albany."

"I trust not," answered Miss Leonora, looking shocked. "Of course it was quite impossible for us to sit up all night. Elaine dear—that dull light brown is singularly becoming to you. Your idea of wearing nothing but brown from head to foot is really very attractive. My dear, how did you keep those apple blossoms so fresh?"

"The porter did it for me. I—I stole out in the orchard last night, just before we started—" Elaine admitted, the hues of the flowers pinned upon her brown jacket repeated in her face. "When Tim sees those, Aunt Leonora——"

"Yes, dear," whispered Miss Leonora. That tender-hearted lady was now in the very toils of the romance to which she was lending her assistance.

A pressure of passengers along the narrow outlet began to make itself felt. Elaine and Miss Dunstan went step by step on into the vestibule, where the porter was making ready to open the closed outer door. Elaine was ahead, went down the steps first, and turned to see the little lady assisted safely down by the alert porter. She glanced back at the crowding passengers in the vestibule, and saw emerging from the door, his eyes upon a time-table in his hand, a well-dressed gentleman whom she instantly and with dismay recognized. He carried a Gladstone bag, upon the end of which, as he held it out of the pressure of other people, might be seen the conspicuous silver initials "P. B. B."

Pinned about her hat, in the fashion of the moment, Elaine wore a brown chiffon veil, the front of which was carelessly thrust back over the hat, forming a becoming drapery about her face and hair. At this, as she turned her back upon the train, she instantly and instinctively clutched, pulling it down about her face. She seized Miss Dunstan's arm.

"Pull down your veil quick," she whispered, as she hurried the little figure along. But Miss Dunstan's veil was pinned in a different way; it would not come down. The floods of passengers were all pouring in the same direction, and Elaine was about to draw Miss Dunstan aside, out of the current into safety, when she caught sight, far ahead in the throng, of an object which drew her irresistibly in its wake. It was a fine gray felt hat, set upon a head which overtopped every other in its immediate vicinity sufficiently to make it noticeable, and there was something about the way the hat bore itself upon the head below which suggested that its owner could be but one out of all the wearers of similar hats which were that spring particularly in the mode.

Miss Dunstan found herself rushed along in a manner which brought from her a murmured protest. But Elaine bent and whispered in her ear a pregnant sentence which closed her lips:

"Parker Bellows is just behind us. Tim is 'way in front. . . . We mustn't lose him. Quick!"

Tim, emerging from the door of the great station upon Forty-second Street, and striding rapidly past the rows of cab and carriage drivers, his face set in the direction of his favorite hotel, felt his arm seized. He looked down into the grinning countenance of a messenger boy.

"Ladies back there—want yer—on the spot."

Tim turned and walked back, wondering. Mr. Bellows had paused at the information bureau to obtain the facts his time-table had

not been able to supply. Breathless, Elaine and Miss Dunstan were coming towards Tim, and as he retraced his steps suddenly he spied them. Elaine, whom a cautious backward glance had assured of Mr. Bellows's momentary detention, had once more thrown back her veil, and at the moment Tim's astonished glance fell upon her she had never been a more radiant vision in her life. The apple blossoms and her own blushing face set off by the dull color of her attire, she was quite sufficient to account for the light which leaped into Tim's eyes.

"Well—by all that's—" he began, but Elaine cut him short.

"Tim—a carriage—quick! There's somebody behind us!"

The wits of Timothy Kilbreth were ever of the quickest. Without stopping to inquire who somebody might be, in the twinkling of an eye he had selected the most attractive vehicle in the line, had given his orders—without consultation with his companions—had assisted the ladies into the carriage and had followed them. With a quick hand he drew down the silk shade next Elaine, and sat down opposite her with an expression of satisfaction. An instant's reflection had told him that it could be nobody but Mr. Bellows from whom the girl was escaping. But why?

He leaned forward, searching Elaine's face. "Faith, and this is a puzzle to me," he said. "It's enough that you're here, and I'm here—and Miss Dunstan's here," he added politely. "Further than that—for the moment—I'm content not to go. But—two minutes from now"—he looked into Miss Dunstan's face with the eyes that had long since won her tender maidenly heart from her breast—"I'm not so sure that I'll be satisfied without an explanation!"

"It is certainly due you, my dear boy," said Miss Dunstan, with great kindliness, and turned to Elaine. But Elaine, with an apparent loss of the bold courage which so far had sustained her, had once more pulled down her veil and was blushing furiously behind it. Tim looked at the veil.

"Sure, and it's immensely becoming, Elaine, girl," he said, "but it hurts my eyes to look through it," and with characteristic audacity he drew it gently off her face and threw it again over the top of the brown hat. Thus forced from cover Elaine was driven to the expedient of turning to her aunt Leonora, and desperately hiding her face on the delicate gray shoulder. Tim and Miss Dunstan exchanged glances, and Tim's face grew suddenly that of a man who sees afar off the thing for which he has hitherto vainly prayed the gods.

"Elaine," said he, "will you tell me why you came?"

The recording angel must in pity at moments like these turn a deaf ear. From the refuge of Miss Dunstan's shoulder the reply which reached him was a hopeless and unnecessary prevarication. "Shopping——"

"Shopping!" repeated Tim. He seized one of the girl's hands in both his own. "Then why were you running away from—somebody?"

"I—" began Elaine, stopped, choked back a sob, which was half a laugh, and finished in a burst, so nearly incoherent that Tim had to bend very close to get at the sense of it. "I—I'm not going to—that is, my—engagement with—it was all a mistake. I've told him I——"

"Won't marry him!" finished Tim, with enthusiasm undisguised. "Is that it? The saints preserve us! If I'd known that, the sight of the gentleman on the way down wouldn't have been so unpleasant to me. I'd have gone up and hugged him—that I would!—But Elaine—tell me—what does this mean?"

Words failed her. Miss Dunstan gazed at Tim through a mist. She had always thought him a handsome fellow, but she had never before fully observed what a blithe and manly beauty he possessed.

"Does it mean"—Tim spoke very gently—"that Tim Kilbreth has any chance at all with you? Any chance at all—Elaine? If he thought he had the ghost of a chance he'd be the happiest fellow alive. I know—I know it's close on the heels of the other affair I'm daring to be talking, but—I've worshipped you these, five years—you know that. If you— Oh, look up, dear!"

Slowly she lifted her head from Miss Dunstan's shoulders, while that little lady, breathing quickly, stared tremulously out of the window and saw nothing in the crowded streets for the fog before her eyes. Elaine's glance from under her drooping veiled hat-brim reached the height of a gray flannel shoulder, a fine black silk cravat, a firm, clean-cut chin, the lines of a strong mouth unbent with emotion into the old, captivating curves—then plunged upwards and

found the hazel-brown eyes, afire with hope. Before her own eyes fell again, Tim had read in them something which went to his head like wine.

"I don't think," she murmured, "even if you—hadn't come yesterday, I should ever —have been married on the—twenty-sixth. I—I—couldn't spare—*you!*"

Tim gave one low exclamation, his hand shot toward the other shades of the carriage windows, and shamelessly he drew them all with a twitch to the bottom.

THE RAWHIDE

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

CHAPTER I

THE PASSING OF THE COLT'S FORTY-FIVE

THE man of whom I am now to tell you came to Arizona in the early days of Chief Cochise. He settled in the Soda Springs Valley and there persisted in spite of the devastating forays of that Apache. After a time he owned all the wells and springs in the valley; and so, naturally, controlled the grazing on that extensive free range. Once a day the cattle, in twos and threes, in bands, in strings, could be seen winding leisurely down the deep trodden and converging trails to the water troughs at the home ranch, there leisurely to drink, and then leisurely to drift away into the saffron and violet and amethyst distances of the desert. At ten other outlying ranches this daily scene was repeated. All these cattle belonged to the man, great by reason of his priority in the country, the balance of his even character, and the grim determination of his spirit.

When he had first entered Soda Springs Valley his companions had called him Buck Johnson. Since then his form had squared, his eyes had steadied to the serenity of a great authority, his mouth, shadowed by the mustache and the beard, had closed straight in the line of power and taciturnity. There was about him more than a trace of the Spanish. So now he was known as Señor Johnson, although in reality he was straight American enough.

Señor Johnson lived at the home ranch with a Chinese cook and Parker, his foreman. The home ranch was of adobe, built with loop-holes like a fort. In the obsolescence of this necessity, other buildings had sprung up unfortified. An adobe bunk-house for the cow-punchers, an adobe blacksmith shop, a long low stable, a shed, a windmill and pond-like reservoir, a whole system of corrals of different sizes, a walled-in vegetable garden—these gathered to themselves cottonwoods from the moisture of their being and so added each a little to the green spot in the desert. In the smallest corral, between the stable and the shed, stood a buckboard and a heavy wagon, the only wheeled vehicles about the place. Under the shed were rows of saddles, riatas, spurs mounted with silver, bits ornamented with the same metal, curved short irons for the range branding, long, heavy "stamps" for the corral branding. Behind the stable lay the "pasture," a thousand acres of desert fenced in with wire. There the hardy cow-ponies sought out the sparse but nutritious bunch grass, sixty of them, beautiful as antelope, for they were the pick of Señor Johnson's herds.

And all about lay the desert, shimmering, changing, many-tinted, wonderful, hemmed

in by the mountains that seemed tenuous and thin like beautiful mists, and by the sky that seemed hard and polished like a turquoise.

Each morning at six o'clock, the ten cowpunchers of the home ranch drove the horses to the corral, neatly roped the dozen to be "kept up" for that day, rewarded the rest with a feed of grain. Then they rode away at a little fox trot two by two. All day long they traveled thus, conducting the business of the range, and then at night, having completed the circle, they jingled again into the corral. At the ten other ranches this programme had been duplicated. The half hundred men of Señor Johnson's outfit had covered the area of a European principality. And all of it, every acre, every spear of grass, every cactus prickle, every creature on it practically belonged to Señor Johnson, because Señor Johnson owned the water, and without water one cannot exist on the desert.

This result had not been gained without struggle. The fact could be read in the settled lines of Señor Johnson's face and the great calm of his gray eye. Indian days drove him often to the shelter of the loop-holed adobe ranch house, there to wait the soldiers from the Fort, in plain sight thirty miles away on the slope that led to the foot of the Chiracahuas. He lost cattle and some men, but the profits were great, and in time Cochise, Geronimo, and the lesser lights had flickered out in the winds of destiny. The sheep terror merely threatened, for it was soon discovered that with the feed of Soda Springs Valley grew a burr that annoyed the flocks beyond reason, so the bleating scourge swept by forty miles away. Cattle rustling so near the Mexican line was an easy matter. For a time Señor Johnson commanded an armed band. He was lord of the high, the low, and the middle justice. He violated international ethics, and for the laws of nations he substituted his own. One by one he annihilated the thieves of cattle, sometimes in open fight, but oftener by surprise and deliberate massacre. The country was delivered. And then, with indefatigable energy, Señor Johnson became a skilled detective. Alone, or with Parker his foreman, he rode the country through, gathering evidence. When the evidence was unassailable he brought offenders to book. The rebranding through a wet blanket he knew and could prove; the ear-marking of an unbranded calf until it could be weaned he understood; the paring of hoofs to prevent traveling he could tell as far as he could see; the crafty alteration of similar brands—as when a Mexican changed Johnson's Lazy Y ( ) to a Dumb-bell Bar ()—he saw through at a glance. In short, the hundred and one petty tricks of the sneak-thief he ferreted out, in danger of his life. Then he sent to Phoenix for a Ranger—and that was the last of the Dumb-bell Bar brand, or the ( ) Three Link Bar brand, or the ( ) Hour Glass Brand, or a half dozen others. The Soda Springs Valley acquired a reputation for good order.

Señor Johnson at this stage of his career found himself dropping into a routine. In March began the spring branding, then the corraling and breaking of the wild horses, the summer range riding, the great fall round-up, the shipping of cattle, and the riding of the winter range. This happened over and over again.

You and I would not have suffered from ennui. The roping and throwing and branding, the wild swing and dash of handling stock; the mad races to head the mustangs, the fierce combats to subdue these raging wild beasts to the saddle; the spectacle of the round-up with its brutish multitudes and its graceful riders; the dust and monotony and excitement and glory of the Trail; and especially the hundreds of incidental and gratuitous adventures of bears and antelope, of thirst and heat, of the joy of taking care of one's self—all these would have filled our days with the glittering, changing throng of the unusual.

But to Señor Johnson it had become an old story. After the days of construction the days of accomplishment seemed to him lean. His men did the work and reaped the excitement. Señor Johnson never thought now of riding the wild horses, of swinging the rope coiled at his saddle horn, or of rounding ahead of the flying herds. His inspections were business inspections. The country was tame. The leather chaps with the silver *conchas* hung behind the door. The Colt's forty-five depended at the head of the bed. Señor Johnson rode in mufti. Of his cowboy days persisted still the high-heeled boots and spurs, the broad Stetson hat, and the fringed buckskin gauntlets.

The Colt's forty-five had been the last to go. Finally one evening Señor Johnson received an express package. He opened it before the undemonstrative Parker. It

proved to contain a pocket "gun"; a nickel-plated, thirty-eight caliber, Smith and Wesson "five-shooter." Señor Johnson examined it a little doubtfully. In comparison with the six-shooter it looked like a toy.

"How do you like her?" he inquired, handing the weapon to Parker.

Parker turned it over and over as a child a rattle. Then he returned it to its owner.

"Señor," said he, "if ever you shoot me with that little old gun, *and* I find it out the same day, I'll just raise hell with you!"

"I don't reckon she'd *injure* a man much," agreed the Señor, "but perhaps she'd call his attention."

However, the "little old gun" took its place, not in Señor Johnson's hip pocket, but inside the front waist-band of his trousers, and the old, shiny Colt's forty-five, with its worn leather "Texas style" holster, became a bedroom ornament.

Thus, from a frontiersman, dropped Señor Johnson to the status of a property owner. In a general way he had to attend to his interests before the cattlemen's association, he had to arrange for the buying and shipping; and the rest was leisure. He could now have gone away somewhere as far as time went. So can a fish live in trees—as far as time goes. And in the daily riding, riding, riding over the range he found the opportunity for abstract thought which the frontier life had crowded aside.

CHAPTER II

THE SHAPES OF ILLUSION

Every day, as always, Señor Johnson rode abroad over the land. His surroundings had before been accepted casually as a more or less pertinent setting to action and condition. Now he sensed some of the fascination of the Arizona desert.

He noticed many things before unnoticed. As he jingled loosely along on his cow-horse he observed how the animal waded fetlock deep in the gorgeous orange California poppies, and then he looked up and about, and saw that the rich color carpeted the landscape as far as his eye could reach, so that it seemed as though he could ride on and on through them to the distant Chiracahuas. Only, close under the hills, lay unobtrusive a narrow streak of gray. And in a few hours he had reached the streak of gray, and ridden out into it to find himself the center of a limitless alkali plain, so that again it seemed the valley could contain nothing else of importance. Looking back, Señor Johnson could discern a tenuous ribbon of orange—the poppies. And perhaps ahead a little shadow blotted the face of the alkali, which, being reached and entered, spread like fire until it too filled the whole plain, until it too arrogated to itself the right of typifying Soda Springs Valley as a shimmering prairie of mesquite. Flowered upland, dead lowland, brush, cactus, volcanic rock, sand, each of these for the time being occupied the whole of space, broad as the sea. In the circlet of the mountains was room for many infinities.

Among the foothills Señor Johnson, for the first time, appreciated color. Hundreds of acres of flowers filled the velvet creases of the little hills and washed over the smooth rounded slopes so accurately in the placing and manner of tinted shadows, that the mind had difficulty in believing the color not to have been shaded in actually by free sweeps of some gigantic brush. A dozen shades of pinks and purples, a dozen of blues, and then the flame reds, the yellows, and the vivid greens. Beyond were the mountains in their glory of volcanic rocks, rich as the tapestry of a Florentine palace. And, modifying all the others, the tinted atmosphere of the southwest, refracting the sun through the infinitesimal earth motes thrown up constantly by the wind devils of the desert, drawing before the scene a delicate and gauzy veil of lilac, of rose, of saffron, of amethyst, or of mauve, according to the time of day. Señor Johnson discovered that looking at the landscape upside down accentuated the color effects. It amused him vastly suddenly to bend over his saddle horn, the top of his head nearly touching his horse's mane. The distant mountains at once started out into redder prominence; their shadows of purple deepened to the royal color; the rose veil thickened.

"She's the prettiest country God ever made!" exclaimed Señor Johnson with entire conviction.

And no matter where he went, nor into how familiar country he rode, the shapes of illusion offered always variety. One day the Chiracahuas were a table land; next day a series of castellated peaks; now an anvil; now a saw tooth; and rarely they threw a magnificent suspension bridge across the heavens to their neighbors, the ranges on the west. Lakes rippling in the wind and breaking on the shore, cattle big as elephants or small as rabbits, distances that did not exist

and forests that never were, beds of lava along the hills swearing to a cloud shadow, while the sky was polished like a precious stone — these, and many other beautiful and marvelous but empty shows the great desert displayed lavishly, with the glitter and inconsequence of a dream. Señor Johnson sat on his horse in the hot sun, his chin in his hand, his elbow on the pommel, watching it all with grave, unshifting eyes.

Occasionally, belated, he saw the stars, the wonderful desert stars, blazing clear and unflickering, like the flames of candles. Or the moon worked her necromancies, hemming him in by mountains ten thousand feet high through which there was no pass. And then as he rode, the mountains shifted like the scenes in a theater, and he crossed the little sand dunes out from the dream country to the adobe corrals of the home ranch.

All these things, and many others, Señor Johnson now saw for the first time, although he had lived among them for twenty years. It struck him with the freshness of a surprise. Also it reacted chemically on his mental processes to generate a new power within him. The new power, being as yet unapplied, made him uneasy and restless and a little irritable.

He tried to show some of his wonders to Parker.

"Jed," said he, one day, "this is a great country."

"You *know* it," replied the foreman.

"Those tourists in their nickel-plated Pullmans call this a desert. Desert, hell! Look at them flowers!"

The foreman cast an eye on a glorious silken mantle of purple, a hundred yards broad.

"Sure," he agreed; "shows what we could do if we only had a little water."

And again: "Jed," began the Señor, "did you ever notice them mountains?"

"Sure," agreed Jed.

"Ain't that a pretty color?"

"You bet," agreed the foreman, "now you're talking! I always said they was mineralized enough to make a good prospect."

This was unsatisfactory. Señor Johnson grew more restless. His critical eye began to take account of small details. At the ranch house one evening he, on a sudden, bellowed loudly for Sang, the Chinese servant.

"Look at these!" he roared, when Sang appeared.

Sang's eyes opened in bewilderment.

"There and there!" shouted the cattleman. "Look at them old newspapers and them gun rags! The place is like a cow-yard. Why in the name of heaven don't you clean up here!"

"Allee light," babbled Sang; "I clean him."

The papers and gun rags had lain there unnoticed for nearly a year. Señor Johnson kicked them savagely.

"It's time we took a brace here," he growled; "we're livin' like a lot of Oilers." *

CHAPTER III

THE PAPER A YEAR OLD

Sang hurried out for a broom. Señor Johnson sat where he was, his heavy, square brows knit. Suddenly he stooped, seized one of the newspapers, drew near the lamp and began to read.

It was a Kansas City paper and, by a strange coincidence, was dated exactly a year before. The sheet Señor Johnson happened to pick up was one usually passed over by the average newspaper reader. It contained only columns of little two and three line advertisements classified as Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Lost and Found, and Personal. The latter items Señor Johnson commenced to read while awaiting Sang and the broom.

The notices were five in number. The first three were of the mysterious newspaper-correspondence type, in which Birdie beseeches Jack to meet her at the fountain; the fourth advertised a clairvoyant. Over the fifth Señor Johnson paused long. It read:

> *Wanted*, by an intelligent and refined lady of pleasing appearance, correspondence with gentleman of means. Object matrimony.

Just then Sang returned with the broom and began noisily to sweep together the débris. The rustling of papers aroused Señor Johnson from his reverie. At once he exploded.

"Get out of here, you debased Mongolian," he shouted; "can't you see I'm reading?"

Sang fled, sorely puzzled, for the Señor was calm and unexcited and aloof in his everyday habit.

Soon Jed Parker, tall, wiry, hawk-nosed, deliberate, came into the room and flung his broad hat and spurs into the corner. Then he proceeded to light his pipe and threw the burned match on the floor.

"Been over to look at the Grant Pass range," he announced cheerfully. "She's

*Oilers: Greasers—Mexicans.

no good Drier than cork legs. Th' country wouldn't support three horned toads."

"Jed," quoth the Senor solemnly, "I wisht you'd hang up your hat like I have. It don't look good there on the floor."

"Why, sure," agreed Jed, with an astonished stare.

Sang brought in supper and slung it on the red and white squares of oilcloth. Then he moved the lamp and retired.

Señor Johnson gazed with distaste into his cup.

"This coffee would float a wedge," he commented sourly.

"She's no puling infant," agreed the cheerful Jed.

"And this!" went on the Señor, picking up what purported to be plum-duff: "Bog down a few currants in dough and call her pudding!"

He ate in silence, then pushed back his chair and went to the window, gazing through its grimy panes at the mountains, ethereal in their evening saffron.

"Blamed Chink," he growled; "why don't he wash these windows?"

Jed laid down his busy knife and idle fork to gaze on his chief with amazement. Buck Johnson, the austere, the aloof, the grimly taciturn, the dangerous, to be thus complaining like a querulous woman!

"Señor," said he, "you're off your feed."

Señor Johnson strode savagely to the table and sat down with a bang.

"I'm sick of it," he growled; "this thing will kill me off. I might as well go be a buck nun and be done with it."

With one round-arm sweep he cleared aside the dishes.

"Give me that pen and paper behind you," he requested.

For an hour he wrote and destroyed. The floor became littered with torn papers. Then he enveloped a meager result. Parker had watched him in silence. The Señor looked up to catch his speculative eye. His own eye twinkled a little, but the twinkle was determined and sinister, with only an alloy of humor.

"Señor," ventured Parker slowly, "this event sure knocks me galley-west and crooked. If the loco you have culled hasn't paralyzed your speaking parts, would you mind telling me what in the name of heaven, hell and high-water is up?"

"I am going to get married," announced the Señor calmly.

"What!" shouted Parker; "who to?"

"To a lady," replied the Señor, "an intelligent and refined lady—of pleasing appearance."

CHAPTER IV

DREAMS

Although the paper was a year old, Señor Johnson in due time received an answer from Kansas. A correspondence ensued. Señor Johnson enshrined above the big fireplace the photograph of a woman. Before this he used to stand for hours at a time slowly constructing in his mind what he had hitherto lacked—an ideal of woman and of home. This ideal he used sometimes to express to himself and to the ironical Jed.

"It must sure be nice to have a little woman waitin' for you when you come in off'n the desert."

Or: "Now a woman would have them windows just blooming with flowers and white curtains and such truck."

Or: "I bet that Sang would get a wiggle on him with his little old cleaning duds if he had a woman ahold of his jerk line."

Slowly he reconstructed his life, the life of the ranch, in terms of this hypothesized feminine influence. Then matters came to an understanding. Señor Johnson had sent his own portrait. Estrella Sands wrote back that she adored big black beards, but she was afraid of him, he had such a fascinatingly bad eye: no woman could resist him. Señor Johnson at once took things for granted, sent on to Kansas a preposterous sum of "expense" money and a railroad ticket, and raided Goodrich's store at Frog Flat, a hundred miles away, for all manner of gaudy carpets, silverware, fancy lamps, works of art, pianos, linen, and gimcracks for the adornment of the ranch house. Furthermore, he offered wages more than equal to a hundred miles of desert to a young Irish girl, named Susie O'Toole, to come out as housekeeper, decorator, boss of Sang and another Chinaman, and companion to Mrs. Johnson when she should arrive.

Furthermore, he laid off from the range work Brent Palmer, the most skilful man with horses, and set him to "gentling" a beautiful little sorrel. A side saddle had arrived from El Paso. It was "center fire," which is to say it had but the single horsehair cinch, broad, tasseled, very genteel in its suggestion of pleasure use only. Brent could be seen at

all times of day, cantering here and there on the sorrel, a blanket tied around his waist to simulate the long riding skirt. He carried also a sulky and evil gleam in his eye, warning against undue levity.

Jed Parker watched these various proceedings sardonically.

Once, the baby light of innocence blue in his eye, he inquired if he would be required to dress for dinner.

"If so," he went on, "I'll have my man brush up my low-necked clothes."

But Señor Johnson refused to be baited.

"Go on, Jed," said he; "you know you ain't got clothes enough to dust a fiddle."

The Señor was happy these days. He showed it by an unwonted joviality of spirit, by a slight but evident unbending of his Spanish dignity. No longer did the splendor of the desert fill him with a vague yearning and uneasiness. He looked upon it confidently, noting its various phases with care, rejoicing in each new development of color and light, of form and illusion, storing them away in his memory so that their recurrence should find him prepared to recognize and explain them. For soon he would have some one by his side with whom to appreciate them. In that sharing he could see the reason for them, the reason for their strange bitter-sweet effects on the human soul.

One evening he leaned on the corral fence, looking toward the Chiracahuas. The sun had set behind them. Gigantic they loomed against the western light. From their summits, like an aureola, radiated the splendor of the dust-noted air, this evening a deep umber. A faint reflection of it fell across the desert, glorifying the reaches of its nothingness.

"I'll take her out on an evening like this," quoth Señor Johnson to himself, "and I'll make her keep her eyes on the ground 'till we get right up by Running Bear Knob, and then I'll let her look up all to once. And she'll surely enjoy this life. I bet she never saw a steer roped in her life. She can ride with me every day out over the range and I'll show her the busting and the branding and that band of antelope over by the Tall Windmill. I'll teach her to shoot, too. And we can make little pack trips off in the hills when she gets too hot — up there by Deerskin Meadows 'mongst the high peaks."

He mused, turning over in his mind a new picture of his own life, aims, and pursuits as modified by the sympathetic and understanding companionship of a woman. He pictured himself as he must seem to her in his different pursuits. The picturesqueness pleased him. The simple, direct vanity of the man — the wholesome vanity of a straightforward nature — awakened to preen its feathers before the idea of the mate.

The shadows fell. Over the Chiracahuas flared the evening star. The plain, self-luminous with the weird lucence of the arid lands, showed ghostly. Jed Parker, coming out from the lamp-lit adobe, leaned his elbows on the rail in silent company with his chief. He too looked abroad. His mind's eye saw what his body's eye had always told him were the insistent notes—the alkali, the cactus, the sage, the mesquite, the lava, the choking dust, the blinding heat, the burning thirst. He sighed in the dim half recollection of past days.

"I wonder if she'll like the country?" he hazarded.

But Señor Johnson turned on him his steady eyes, filled with the great glory of the desert.

"Like the country!" he marveled slowly. "Of course! Why shouldn't she?"

CHAPTER V

THE ARRIVAL

The Overland drew into Frog Flat coated from engine to observation with white dust. A porter, in strange contrast of neatness, flung open the vestibule, dropped his little carpeted step, and turned to assist some one. A few idle passengers gazed out on the uninteresting flat frontier town.

Señor Johnson caught his breath in amazement. "Jove! Ain't she just like her picture!" he exclaimed. He seemed to find this astonishing.

For a moment he did not step forward to claim her, so she stood looking about her uncertainly, her leather suit-case at her feet.

She was indeed like the photograph. The same full-curved, compact little figure; the same round face, the same cupid's bow mouth, the same appealing, large eyes, the same haze of doll's hair. In a moment she caught sight of Señor Johnson and took two steps towards him, then stopped. The Señor at once came forward.

"You're Mr. Johnson, ain't you?" she inquired, thrusting her little pointed chin forward, and so elevating her baby blue eyes to his.

"Yes, ma'am," he acknowledged formally. Then, after a moment's pause: "I hope you're well."

"Yes, thank you."

The station loungers, augmented by all the ranchmen and cowboys in town, were examining her closely. She looked at them in a swift, side glance that seemed to gather all their eyes to hers. Then, satisfied that she possessed the universal admiration, she returned in the full force of her attention to the man before her.

"Now you give me your trunk checks," he was saying, "and then we'll go right over and get married."

"Oh!" she gasped.

"That's right, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, I suppose so," she agreed faintly.

A little subdued, she followed him to the clergyman's house where, in the presence of Goodrich, the storekeeper, and the preacher's wife, the two were united. Then they mounted the buckboard and drove from town.

Señor Johnson said nothing, because he knew of nothing to say. He drove skilfully and fast through the gathering dusk. It was a hundred miles to the home ranch, and that hundred miles, by means of five relays of horses already arranged for, they would cover by morning. Thus they would avoid the dust and heat and high winds of the day.

The sweet night fell. The little desert winds laid soft fingers on their cheeks. Overhead burned the stars, clear, unflickering like candles. Dimly could be seen the horses, their flanks swinging steadily in the square trot. Ghostly bushes passed them; ghostly rock elevations. Far, in indeterminate distance, lay the outlines of the mountains. Always they seemed to recede. The plain, all but invisible, the wagon trail quite so, the depths of space—these flung heavy on the soul their weight of mysticism. The woman, until now bolt upright in the buckboard seat, shrank nearer to the man. He felt against his sleeve the delicate contact of her garment, and thrilled to the touch. A coyote barked sharply from a neighboring eminence, then trailed off into the long-drawn, shrill howl of his species.

"What was that?" she asked quickly in a subdued voice.

"A coyote—one of them little wolves," he explained.

The horses' hoofs rang clear on a hardened bit of the alkali crust, then dully as they encountered again the dust of the plain. Vast, vague, mysterious in the silence of night, filled with strange influences breathing through space like damp winds, the desert took them to the heart of her great spaces.

"Buck," she whispered, a little tremblingly. It was the first time she had spoken his name.

"What is it?" he asked, a new note in his voice.

But for a time she did not reply. Only the contact against his sleeve increased by ever so little.

"Buck," she repeated, then all in a rush and with a sob. "Oh, I'm afraid."

Tenderly the man drew her to him. Her head fell against his shoulder and she hid her eyes.

"There, little girl," he reassured her, his big voice rich and musical. "There's nothing to get scairt of. I'll take care of you. What frightens you, honey?"

She nestled close in his arm with a sigh of half relief.

"I don't know," she laughed, but still with a tremble in her tones. "It's all so big and lonesome and strange—and I'm so little."

"There, little girl," he repeated.

They drove on and on. At the end of two hours they stopped. Men with lanterns dazzled their eyes. The horses were changed and so out again into the night where the desert seemed to breathe in deep, mysterious exhalations like a sleeping beast.

Señor Johnson drove his horses masterfully with his one free hand. The road did not exist, except to his trained eyes. They seemed to be swimming out, out into a vapor of night with the wind of their going steady against their faces.

"Buck," she murmured, "I'm so tired."

He tightened his arm around her and she went to sleep, half-waking at the ranches where the relays waited, dozing again as soon as the lanterns dropped behind. And Señor Johnson, alone with his horses and the solemn stars, drove on, ever on, into the desert.

By gray of the early summer dawn they arrived. The girl wakened, descended, smiling uncertainly at Susie O'Toole, blinking somnolently at her surroundings. Susie put her to bed in the little southwest room where hung the shiny Colt's forty-five in its worn leather "Texas-style" holster. She murmured incoherent thanks and sank again to sleep, overcome by the fatigue of unaccus-

tomed traveling, by the potency of the desert air, by the excitement of anticipation to which her nerves had long been strung.

Señor Johnson did not sleep. He was tough, and used to it. He lit a cigar and rambled about, now reading the newspapers he had brought with him, now prowling softly about the building, now visiting the corrals and out-buildings, once even the thousand-acre pasture where his saddle-horse knew him and came to him to have its forehead rubbed.

The dawn broke in good earnest, throwing aside its gauzy draperies of mauve. Sang, the Chinese cook, built his fire. Señor Johnson forbade him to clang the rising bell, and himself roused the cow-punchers. The girl slept on. Señor Johnson tip-toed a dozen times to the bedroom door. Once he ventured to push it open. He looked long within, then shut it softly and tip-toed out into the open, his eyes shining.

"Jed," he said to his foreman, "you don't know how it made me feel. To see her lying there so pink and soft and pretty, with her yaller hair all tumbled about and a little smile on her—there in my old bed, with my old gun hanging over her that way—By Heaven, Jed, it made me feel almost *holy!*"

CHAPTER VI

THE WAGON TIRE

About noon she emerged from the room, fully refreshed and wide awake. She and Susie O'Toole had unpacked at least one of the trunks, and now she stood arrayed in shirtwaist and blue skirt.

At once she stepped into the open air and looked about her with considerable curiosity.

"So this is a real cattle ranch," was her comment.

Señor Johnson was at her side pressing on her with boyish eagerness the sights of the place. She patted the stag hounds and inspected the garden. Then, confessing herself hungry, she obeyed with alacrity Sang's call to an early meal. At the table she ate coquettishly, throwing her bird-like side glances at the man opposite,

"I want to see a real cowboy," she announced, as she pushed her chair back.

"Why, sure," cried Señor Johnson joyously. "Sang! hi, Sang! Tell Brent Palmer to step in here a minute."

After an interval the cowboy appeared, mincing in on his high-heeled boots, his silver spurs jingling, the fringe of his chaps impacting softly on the leather. He stood at ease, his broad hat in both hands, his dark, level brows fixed on his chief.

"Shake hands with Mrs. Johnson, Brent. I called you in because she said she wanted to see a real cow-puncher."

"Oh, *Buck!*" cried the woman.

For an instant the cow-puncher's level brows drew together. Then he caught the woman's glance fair. He smiled.

"Well, I ain't much to look at," he proffered.

"That's not for you to say, sir," said Estrella, recovering.

"Brent, here, gentled your pony for you," exclaimed Señor Johnson.

"Oh!" cried Estrella, "have I a pony? How nice. And it was so good of you, Mr. Brent. Can't I see him? I want to see him. I want to give him a piece of sugar." She fumbled in the bowl.

"Sure you can see him. I don't know as he'll eat sugar. He ain't that educated. Think you could teach him to eat sugar, Brent?"

"I reckon," replied the cowboy.

They went out toward the corral, the cowboy joining them as a matter of course. Estrella demanded explanations as she went along. Their progress was leisurely. The blindfolded pump mule interested her.

"And he goes round and round that way all day without stopping, thinking he's really getting somewhere!" she marveled. "I think that's a shame! Poor old fellow, to get fooled that way!"

"It is some foolish," laughed Brent Palmer, "but he ain't any worse off than a cow-pony that hikes out twenty mile and then twenty back."

"No, I suppose not," admitted Estrella.

"And we got to have water, you know," added Señor Johnson.

Brent rode up the sorrel bare-back. The pretty animal, gentle as a kitten, nevertheless planted his forefeet strongly and snorted at Estrella.

"I reckon he ain't used to the sight of a woman," proffered the Señor, disappointed. "He'll get used to you. Go up to him softlike and rub him between the eyes."

Estrella approached, but the pony jerked back his head with every symptom of distrust. She forgot the sugar she had intended to offer him.

"He's a perfect beauty," she said at last,

"but, my! I'd never dare ride him. I'm awful scairt of horses."

"Oh, he'll come around all right," assured Brent easily. "I'll fix him."

"Oh, Mr. Brent," she exclaimed, "don't think I don't appreciate what you've done. I'm sure he's really just as gentle as he can be. It's only that I'm foolish."

"I'll fix him," repeated Brent.

The two men conducted her here and there, showing her the various institutions of the place. A man bent near the shed nailing a shoe to a horse's hoof.

"So you even have a blacksmith!" said Estrella. Her guides laughed amusedly.

"Tommy, come here!" called the Señor.

The horseshoer straightened and approached. He was a lithe, curly-haired young boy, with a reckless, humorous eye and a smooth face, now red from bending over.

"Tommy, shake hands with Mrs. Johnson," said the Señor. "Mrs. Johnson wants to know if you're the blacksmith." He exploded in laughter.

"Oh, *Buck!*" cried Estrella again.

"No, ma'am," answered the boy directly; "I'm just tacking a shoe on Danger, here. We all does our own blacksmithing."

His roving eye examined her countenance respectfully, but with admiration. She caught the admiration and returned it, covertly but unmistakably, pleased that her charms were appreciated.

They continued their rounds. The sun was very hot and the dust deep. Another woman would have known that these things distressed Estrella. She picked her way through the débris; she dropped her head from the burning; she felt her delicate garments moistening with perspiration, her hair dampening; the dust sifted up through the air. Over in the large corral a broncho buster, assisted by two of the cowboys, was engaged in roping and throwing some wild mustangs. The sight was wonderful, but here the dust billowed in clouds.

"I'm getting a little hot and tired," she confessed at last. "I think I'll go to the house."

But near the shed she stopped again, interested in spite of herself by a bit of repairing Tommy had under way. The tire of a wagon wheel had been destroyed. Tommy was mending it. On the ground lay a fresh cowhide. From this Tommy was cutting a wide strip. As she watched he measured the strip around the circumference of the wheel.

"He isn't going to make a tire of that!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"Sure," replied Señor Johnson.

"Will it wear?"

"It'll wear for a month or so, till we can get another from town."

Estrella advanced and felt curiously of the rawhide. Tommy was fastening it to the wheel with two nails only.

"But how can it stay on that way?" she objected. "It'll come right off as soon as you use it."

"It'll harden on tight enough."

"Why?" she persisted. "Does it shrink much when it dries?"

Señor Johnson stared to see if she might be joking. "Does it shrink?" he repeated slowly. "There ain't nothing shrinks more, nor harder. It'll mighty nigh break that wood."

Estrella, incredulous, interested, she could not have told why, stooped again to feel the soft, yielding hide. She shook her head.

"You're joking me because I'm a tenderfoot," she accused brightly. "I know it dries hard, and I'll believe it shrinks a lot, but to break wood—that's piling it on a little thick."

"No, that's right, ma'am," broke in Brent Palmer. "It's awful strong. It pulls like a horse when the desert sun gets on it. You wrap anything up in a piece of that hide and see what happens. Some time you take and wrap a piece around a potato and put her out in the sun and see how it'll squeeze the water out of her."

"Is that so?" she appealed to Tommy. "I can't tell when they are making fun of me."

"Yes, ma'am, that's right," he assured her.

Estrella passed a strip of the flexible hide playfully about her wrists.

"And if I let that dry that way I'd be handcuffed hard and fast," she said.

"It would cut you down to the bone," supplemented Brent Palmer.

She untwisted the strip, and stood looking at it, her eyes wide.

"I—I don't know why—" she faltered. "The thought makes me a little sick. Why, isn't it queer? Ugh! it's like a snake!" She flung it from her energetically and turned toward the ranch house.

(To be continued)

THE BLACK ROAN OF "265"

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A NEW YORK FIRE HORSE

BY

A. W. ROLKER

AUTHOR OF "THE ROGUES OF A ZOO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY POWER O'MALLEY

WE first met in the hospital and training stables, where men were trying him and other five-year-olds for entrance into the most famous fire department in the world. He was a splendid, handsome, 1,400-pound, 16½ hands, black roan, "as gentle as a kitten," with eyes set far apart, long, mighty legs of bone and sinew that might have felled a grizzly, and a chest and flanks and shoulders like a young elephant's. He had been rubbed and squeezed and thumped and grabbed by the official veterinary surgeon, and was about to be tried out on a fire-engine.

In all his life on the green fields and meadows of the quiet up-state farm he never had seen anything quite so terrible as the gaudy Thing of red paint and glittering brass and nickel. It filled him with fear and terror. Head thrown high, whites of eyes showing and nostrils red and snorting, he was led forth, prancing. But there remained even a more dreadful sight than the glitter-wagon—the leather maze of black, brass-mounted, three-abreast harness that hung open and suspended from the ceiling like a huge spider, ready to be dropped and snapped within two seconds. At sight of this he would have reared and plunged, but a firm and steady hand held him by the head, a firm and steady voice told him he was among friends, and a firm and steady palm patted his neck until at last he trusted himself to be backed under the harness between two veteran grays. "Center," he was hitched, where the dead weight of the five-ton apparatus pulls heaviest and where all new horses are "hooked" to show their mettle.

There stood the handsome, kindly beast, trembling with excitement, pawing, and tossing his head with fear and ready to jump out of his harness to escape the dread apparition behind. From the moment the ponderous, smooth-running machine struck the pavement and the tongue of the big spring bell sounded a note, he was seized with a maddening spasm of fear. At a bound and with every ounce of might pent up in his magnificent frame, he threw himself against his collar and tried to bolt. Mouth open and ears laid flat, he struck fire out of the granite. But behind him was the 10,000-pound mountain, the grays angrily sat back in their breeching, and his mouth felt a quick, irresistible pull that threatened to land him on his haunches. An iron hand drew rein over him as no hand had ever drawn before. Then came the same familiar, steady voice. And from the hand, along the taut rein into the blood-red, frothy mouth steadily passed a strange current that ran upward inside the skull, between the eyes, where it soothed.

More than an hour the team was driven back and forth, back and forth three blocks, stopping now and then to back the huge apparatus fifty feet in a straight line or in curves and describing figure "eights" to test quick right and left turns. Lastly came the "balk test," to see what the new horse would do if his engine were stuck in a snow bank. The driver drew his whip and tightened his grip on the lines. "Ge'up!" he cried, and threw the brake hard against the fat rubber tires, where it clung. With a simultaneous bound the three horses jumped forward and dug their toes into the crevices of the pavement. A snap, a sharp crack, a rattle of chains and the roan lurched sharply forward, his whiffle-tree broken into halves.

Despite the heavy load and the brake and the skilful driver, had the new horse been other than the knowing, gentle beast he was, there would have been trouble. But the roan had found himself. He no longer jumped at sound of the bell nor tried to pull the whole weight of the machine. Neck arched, small head thrown high and the fire of the late excitement still in his eye, he pranced lightly between the grays that brought in the disabled engine.

But the new horse was a sad sight when, panting, the team drew up and the veterinary man listened for defects in wind. His powerful legs trembled under him. The nervous sweat of fear and excitement had broken out of every pore in his splendid frame and covered his glossy coat with a snowy lather. The surgeon, who annually inspected between thirty and forty horses to replace those killed and crippled in service, listened attentively. Every labored breath out of the strong, young lungs was impelled clear and clean as if out of the cylinder of an air compressor. The man took the soft nose of the horse between his palms and stroked it approvingly.

"Joe," he said, "you're a brick. Ever see a horse 'break in' in one lesson, Hauk?" he continued, addressing a visiting fire captain. "I had only one like that before. Most of 'em take three or four trips just to knock the scare out of 'em. But look at those eyes! See how far they're apart. It won't be a month before that fellow'll know everything you say to him."

"I think we can use him at Two-Sixty-Five. You're half a hand taller than the law allows, Joe, but we need you for 'center.' How about it, boy?" asked Hauk. Joe champed his bit and nodded his head, tossing flakes of foam and lather.

Fifty blocks from the hospital and training stables, down in the brand-new granite-front house of Engine Company 265, there were several reasons why Joe should serve thirty days' trial before final enlistment. Despite all indications to the contrary, he might prove too stupid to learn. Like many another fine beast he might lack self-reliance and level-headedness and might refuse to become reconciled to the stifle of smoke, the roar of the orange flames and the crashing of falling buildings. He might prove too excitable to use his horse sense and to do his share of the right things at the right time. He might even develop ugliness, or an illness, or a weakness. Or, when hungry or thirsty around meal-time, he might stamp for lunch or for a drink, making sleep overhead impossible for men who fought fires all night.

Company 265 was in the heart of the busiest section of the great city, among grid-irons of electric-car tracks, forests of elevated railroad pillars and throngs of human and animal and wagon traffic. Among the army of fire companies that guarded the town, not one had a better record with its sixty to seventy runs a month. Not one had a more dangerous district. Not one did more business.

Joe struck it lucky the first day. Not even a false alarm came in, and he spent an hour after breakfast giving a reception. Men lined up in front of his stall to visit and inspect. They talked to him and went into his stall and stroked his face and patted his neck and shoulders and quarters and the broad, deep chest where the hard flesh and muscle lay heaped in the shape of a great upside-down heart. He felt very much at home at all this, nibbled silvered buttons and made friends until, finally, he was led forward to another glitter-wagon, only bigger and finer and more glittery than the one the day before. Gently, gently he was led and coaxed and patted, and he recalled the spider harness and allowed himself to be backed under it while Frank and Barney, two magnificent, friendly blacks, were led to either side of him. Lightly the suspended harness was lowered onto the broad backs —then it was raised softly, only to come down heavier, and heavier and heavier, until Joe no longer feared the shiny steel collar and the massive black tangle that swooped and floundered suddenly down upon him.

Some horses hardly object to this ordeal from the first; others require two or three days to become used to it; and some scare-headed animals never become accustomed.

A horse in training for a circus would have been fed sugar and dismissed for the day had he shown half the progress Joe displayed. But in Joe's company there was little sugar and less circus, viewed from the inside. Three times a day, for half an hour, morning, noon, and night, new horses were driven to engines or backed under harness until broken. Often, even before broken to this, the lessons for running from stalls to harnesses were begun.

This training of the new horse took place with the fire gong and every horse in the company, including the two long-legged bays belonging to the big, white tender. With the first tap of each alarm, as the stall chains fell from the bits, the intelligent animals clattered to the front, while Doyle, the engine driver, led the big fellow at a gallop under the center harness. At first the roan was immeasurably panic-stricken. The loud, sonorous stroke of the big gong and the sudden stampede of the other horses startled the very heart in him. But ever there was a kindly voice or a friendly hand. Again and again the gong was struck, and each time, with infinite patience, Joe was urged by the head. Once that day, toward the end of the last lesson, he was lightly flicked from behind with a whip. A gray-black catapult jumped squarely at Doyle, knocked him to one side and brought up snorting pitifully, at the head of the engine. To his dying day none ever put a whip to the roan again.

That night, toward the wee-small hours of morning, while men lay abed asleep and the horses dozed afoot, a weird, wild clash of the gong rent the stillness like the trumpet of Judgment Day. Like the snap of a gigantic spring all was life, the resounding *clang! clang!* of the gong, the sharp, startling tattoo of a score of steel shod feet on the concrete, the ghostlike slide of dusky, half-clad forms down the brass sliding-rod and the groan of the big front doors thrown wide apart. That was the first time the roan "ran" with his mates. With the note of the big bell he caught the excitement and ran to the pole, where the watch grabbed him and roughly backed him into place. However, the alarm proved for a neighboring company. Within two minutes everything in the magic house was steeped in quiet. Within ten minutes all were asleep except the watch and—Joe.

It took Joe ten days to learn his place under the harness (which is average time for the training of a fire horse); but it was two weeks before he became used to the interruptions of sleep, to eating and sleeping and waking with a bar bit in his mouth, and to eating from the floor instead out of a manger. It was longer than a month before he ceased to jump at the ear-splitting shrieks of whistles, the rattle and bang and clatter of fire apparatuses, the hiss and snort of steam and the thump-thump of his own engine at a hydrant. Solely by kindness and patience he learned all this as he learned to obey implicitly the man on the seat. Through fiery coals sputtered out of the fire boxes of the engines ahead he galloped. On a dead run he and the blacks would come down the crowded thoroughfares, aim into mazes of trucks, cars and wagons, trusting to bell, whistle, and police to clear the road. But a fire horse, like a fire man, must learn to think for himself. More, an intelligent horse, like an expert driver, gathers his own experience. Joe nearly broke his neck gathering his.

The asphalt pavement of Two-Sixty-Five's street was filled with hollows and depressions flooded by every rainstorm with gray-brown puddles of mud and water. Whistle screeching, bell banging, and smoke belching out of short, black stack, the engine came pell-mell down the street, racing her tender. A puddle that proved a five-inch-deep hole, chopped for repairs, was in front of the roan. He jumped into it, forefeet first, went headlong onto his knees and face, was pushed fifty feet by the frightful impetus of the five tons behind, and scrambled to his feet. The tender swerved by a hair from piling team, wagon, men and all into the rear of the engine.

That day Hauk had to explain why he was nearly twenty seconds late on a seven-block run. That night, after the engine had been backed into place and the horses had dug into well-earned oats, the captain visited the roan in his stall and patted the scratched face and the skinned knees, while Doyle applied salve. "I thought your neck was broke, poor old fellow!" he said, bringing down his hand with resounding slaps that pleased the poor old fellow hugely.

Joe never trusted puddles again. He jumped them. Free and easy as he used to take brooks and creeks on the farm, he cleared every puddle he came across. It is one thing, however, to gallop through a field and to take a ditch at leisure at one's own pace. It is very much another thing to be harnessed to 10,000 mad-whirling pounds, between two giants and a pair of banging, battering poles that anger and excite and make good aim impossible. Yet, one night the roan made a phenomenal jump—one of two that will long be remembered in the company. Doyle himself told the story.

"He's a steeplechaser, he is," the driver said, after giving a little "handshaking and kissing exhibition," which he had taught the new horse during his first six months. "Late

"'Up he reared . . . and cleared it clean as a whistle'"

last night I was a-rippin' down the avenue at a pretty good clip. The road was clear, far as I could see, and I let 'em out a bit extra, you understand. I had my eyes a block ahead, like I always do, lookin' at the cross-in's, when, suddenly, right in the middle of the street, not twenty-five feet away, stuck in an open manhole of a sewer and dead ahead of Joe, I saw a great big sugar barrel. Say! it looked big as a house! I couldn't stop in time and I'd upset the bloomin' engine, trying to pull one side. I just says to myself: 'Joe, it's up to yourself;' and, by the Harry, if he wasn't able for it. I gave him his head and he went at it. Up he reared, sat in the breechin', and between the jump and the racin' five tons, cleared it clean as a whistle. Next second the barrel was knocked to kindlin' against my fire-box."

The second jump of which they will tell you at the big engine house, got Joe, Frank and Barney into the newspapers, photographs and all, and was even more spectacular. Like most narrow escapes, this happened at night, when streets were clear, when horses were urged to top speed, when poles and buildings and elevated pillars cast treacherous shadows, and when nothing but a pair of dim red lamps marked a breakneck danger spot. The wheels of the engine were in the street car tracks. Doyle had drawn his whip and let it down on the backs of the blacks, and the three angered horses were heading like mad up the dusky avenue. The driver scanned the dark road, never saw two puny danger signals which marked a three-foot-wide ditch thrown clear across the track, and searched the crossing a block ahead. None except the horses knew of the danger until it was passed. Not even Doyle. Suddenly his lines slackened. The great, broad backs of his beasts rose together as if one. A dim red speck flashed by him on either side. With a violent jerk the horses landed back into their collars. They had taken the ditch and so had the engine—running smoothly across on the bridging car tracks. The blacks had learned the roan's trick.

When Joe was a year with the company he might have observed that in his business accidents happen periodically and in bunches of threes, just as they happen in the slow-moving world outside. But he had more important things to attend to during the luxurious hours of idleness between alarms and heart-breaking runs. There were his friends, men and women, who had read of him in newspapers, who came to see him and to whom he need attend; for, the big, good-natured fellow always did his share of the entertaining. He raised his great, mighty forefoot daintily as a kitten and politely "shook hands" with whoever wished. He would stretch forth his soft, pink tongue and give a kiss for the asking. He had other and more complicated tricks in his repertoire, however. He knew how to turn on a water faucet to fill a pail for his drink, though no amount of training could make him see the sense of turning it off again. He could put on his own collar. This steel oval, made to fit his thick neck, might be snapped shut and set upright on the floor and he would manage to stick his small head through it and wriggle it into place.

And so the fine, playful beast lived, the favorite of all who knew him, taking the brunt of the heavy load on his neck and chest, the batter of the two heavy tongues, and passing unscathed with his mates through many a tight place. Once, a surface railroad, changing from cable to electric power, had failed to notify of a temporary bridge which spanned its excavation, and Doyle pulled up in time to drop his team into a six-foot ditch while, brake set, the engine tottered on the brink of the hole and stayed. Again the driver saved his team when, to spare a woman, he had to find an "L" road pillar. He almost nipped a hind leg off Frank doing the trick; for, instead of putting in head on, he caught the hub of his fore wheel and snapped both tongues. Not in a thousand trials could he have repeated the feat; it was a month before he drove again.

Thanks to luck and the driver, for nearly three years the team remained unscathed before the daring, calculating pilot found himself cornered and bound to sacrifice. The accident happened at two o'clock one morning while running to a third-alarm fire. As the engine drew out of her house the street was lighted bright as day. A mile away, down at the river front, red flames leaped mountain high into a jet black pall. Doyle leaned far forward, gave the animals their heads and let out a yell. Hard as ever the three long-legged brutes could go they ran, ears laid flat, necks extended and mouths open. With an unearthly din of bell and whistle the engine tore down the street, waking everything along the line, warning two squares ahead.

What happened was past in five seconds. Nearing Broadway, a drunken cabman with two fares bowled leisurely across the street within thirty feet of the racing machine. In another instant it would plough clear through the light vehicle. Doyle dropped one line, grabbed the other with both hands and threw his full weight on it. Around went three big heads. A wicked, sharp swerve, a startling, grinding crash, and the engine had hit the curb and capsized—the three horses lay tangled on the sidewalk—and Doyle, blood streaming down the side of his head, staggered to his feet and ran for the struggling, kicking beasts. Frank, first up, was grabbed by Hauk. Joe, injured, jumped, frightened, to his feet. Barney, the great, sleek, brave Barney, who had helped break in Joe, had landed under the heap and lay very still. He had made his last run. His neck was broken.

Joe was frightfully hurt. The pole between himself and Barney had snapped short, and the ragged, sharp edge had caught him inside the hind leg and slit it to the bone from knee to near the belly. The dreadful wound stood yawning wide and a torrent of blood escaped. Doyle, bleeding copiously himself, bent under the roan. Almost frantically he clutched the gap and pressed the lips of the wound together while the horse stood dazed, head between forelegs, without a groan but quivering with pain and fright.

"'That horse saved my life a dozen times'"

In the fire department men do their own wrecking as they do their own animal surgery and about everything else that is required. Not three minutes after the

accident three fire companies were at work clearing the street.

Within a minute after the smash the official veterinary in his chief's wagon had rattled out of the hospital and training stables. He drove sharply, with roads clear and gong to warn way. He found they had taken Joe to his stall. A group of anxious-faced men surrounded him. Doyle, still bleeding, had held the rent and stanched the flow of blood. Hauk stood at the big, sick head, stroking the hot, soft nose. The intelligent brown eyes, recently so full of the fire of life, gleamed feverishly and were half closed in pain. It was evident the horse had been very badly hurt. The doctor crawled under the great belly and examined long and earnestly. Then he crawled forth and thoughtfully shook his head.

"Can't you do anything, Mac?" Hauk asked anxiously.

The veterinary shook his head again.

"I'm afraid I can only shoot him for you," he said quietly.

"Shoot nothing!" cried Doyle, almost forgetting his hold on the wound. "That horse saved my life a dozen times!"

"Patch him up for us, Mac," coaxed Hauk.

"Patch him up," "Sew him up, Doc," "Give him a chance, Chief," a dozen gruff voices pleaded. The surgeon gave a doubtful shrug, but took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and opened his black leather bag. He washed the wound with scrupulous care and sewed it, drawing the lips neatly together, and then he sprinkled iodoform and bound the leg 'round and 'round while the fine animal stood and swayed, faint with pain.

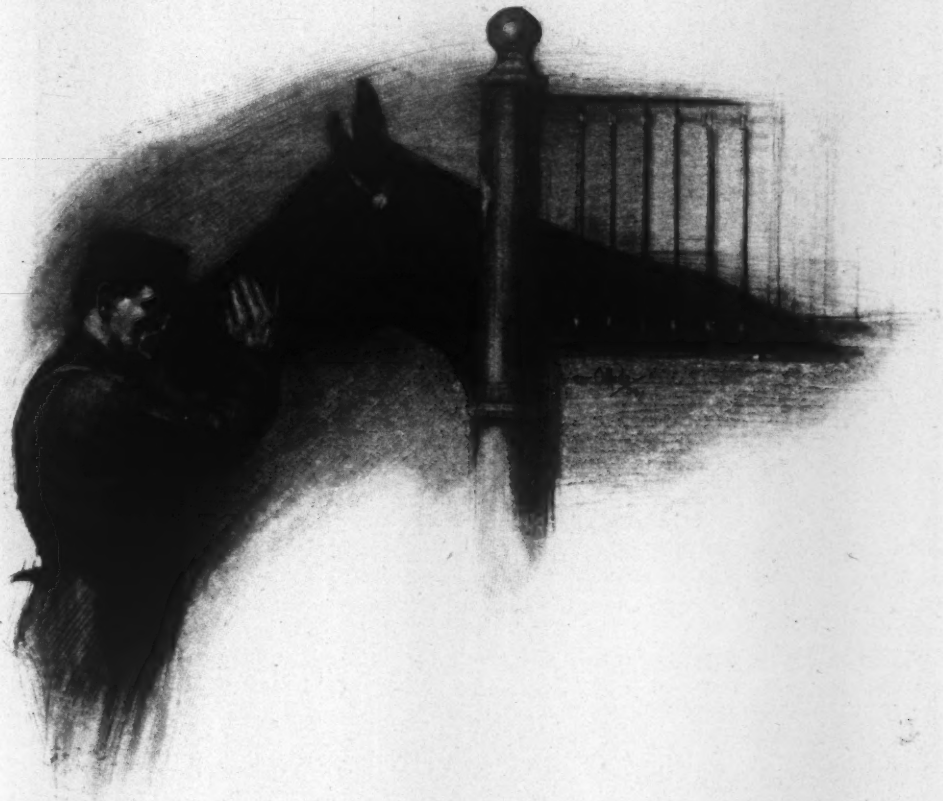
Even before the surgeon finished, the restless wheels within the wonderful department were at work. Wreck or no wreck, Joe or no Joe, Barney or no Barney, the district must be protected. The relief engine and two substitute horses came up the street on a trot and the new machine was backed into place. On the way it had passed the big, red box-wagon, the horse ambulance, sent to take Joe. Doyle took the roan by the head, but he never budged. In vain he coaxed and patted and stroked. The big horse simply stretched forth his neck and stood stock still. It seemed impossible to coax him, and none had heart to use the gad. "Stand by the other horses' heads; I'll move him," said Hauk, and struck the alarm. What happened then brought tears to the eyes of every man. With a heart-breaking half-cry, half-whinny, the gray-black giant tossed his head, darted, and with a pitiful limp galloped through the retreating men, ran to the front of the engine, passed his neck into the open collar and stood under the harness, ready for work. But there was no work just then. Doyle coaxed and patted to get him to move out of the house; but Joe did not want to go. He was perfectly satisfied to stay. He meant to stay. At last they got behind him and in front of him and pulled and shoved and gently urged until he stood in the ambulance, head bowed, tail squeezed tight, a picture of misery at his first ride.

"Cood-dy, Cod dab you—code dack!" cried Doyle, weeping like a woman and waving his hat as the ambulance started away. Many passed thick fingers across their eyes that day, and Hauk, who was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, blew his nose violently.

It was an unending ride for Joe, way up to the hospital; but the wagon ran smoothly and easily, and it took him right into the building where they lifted him in a sling onto an elevator which hoisted him to the top floor where all was clean, smelling of tan bark and full of box stalls. He was taken into one of these. A long, wide piece of canvas was passed under his belly, brought together over his back and hooked to two pairs of block and tackles fastened to roof beams. Then he was hoisted up until his two legs cleared the floor, and there he remained, day in and day out, week in and week out, for a long, weary month. Every day the surgeon came and gently squeezed and washed and bandaged. Every day some one of his friends from the granite engine-house came to visit him, to pat him, to talk to him and to bring home good news. Twenty other horses, blacks, grays, sorrels and bays (for in the fire department a good horse is a "good color") were in the stalls. But rarely any one came to visit them. One of these, swathed to the eyes in bandages, was a victim of flames. Most suffered from sprains or wrenches or cuts or bruises and would recover and be sent back to duty. A few were very sick or very much hurt and, likely, would die or be put out of misery. Several there were that would recover only to be sold to coal dealers, icemen, truckmen and even ragmen, who insisted not on flawless beasts—for the great city never squandered money

on a big farm where its debt to the dumb might be paid.

Joe narrowly missed hauling coal or pulling a beer truck. It was weeks after the wound had healed before the stiffness went out of the leg and the livid red out of the long, hidden scar. It was a full month after this before he was returned to his company, where he had to kiss and shake hands all around, where they patted and petted him and said nice things to him, and where he took his old place, "center," next Frank, to whom he talked throughout that blessed night, and next to a new Barney. New Barney was a fiery, scare-headed youngster, with material for a splendid fire-horse in him, but he caused Joe a deal of trouble making him behave at hydrants and do his share of backing-in the engine.



"patted and petted him and said nice things to him"

To tell in detail all Joe saw and experienced in five years in this busy station, where in one year were more accidents and narrow escapes than in fifteen in many another district, would fill quite a book. He saw a wall bulge and fall and bury a water tower, horses, men, wagon and all. He saw two great, long hook-and-ladders meet head on, and the pole of one bury a foot into the breast of a luckless bay. He saw men and women jump for their lives and saw them crushed and saw them burned to death. He saw horses with heads smashed in against the dreadful "L" road pillars. He saw others' bones broken, as policemen stooped over them and brought quick ease. He saw a hundred other things, the most pitifully ludicrous of all—one of Italy's sons in the rag business hurling invectives at his steed while the animal pricked his ears to the old music of gongs and bells, drew a deep breath of beloved coal gas out of a passing stack and, whinnying with delight, raced after the fire-engine, rusty stoves, rags, cow-bells and all.

Two blocks east of the fire-house the street dipped into a steep, ugly decline, crossed an avenue traversed by a trolley car line, and graded sharply upward into a long, trying hill. To take the heavy engine up

"Blood-red, his nostrils distended, begging air"

this hill at a gallop it was necessary to come down the preceding slope on a dead run. There was an ordinance requiring street cars to come to a stand at street crossings of fire companies; but the feat remained hazardous.

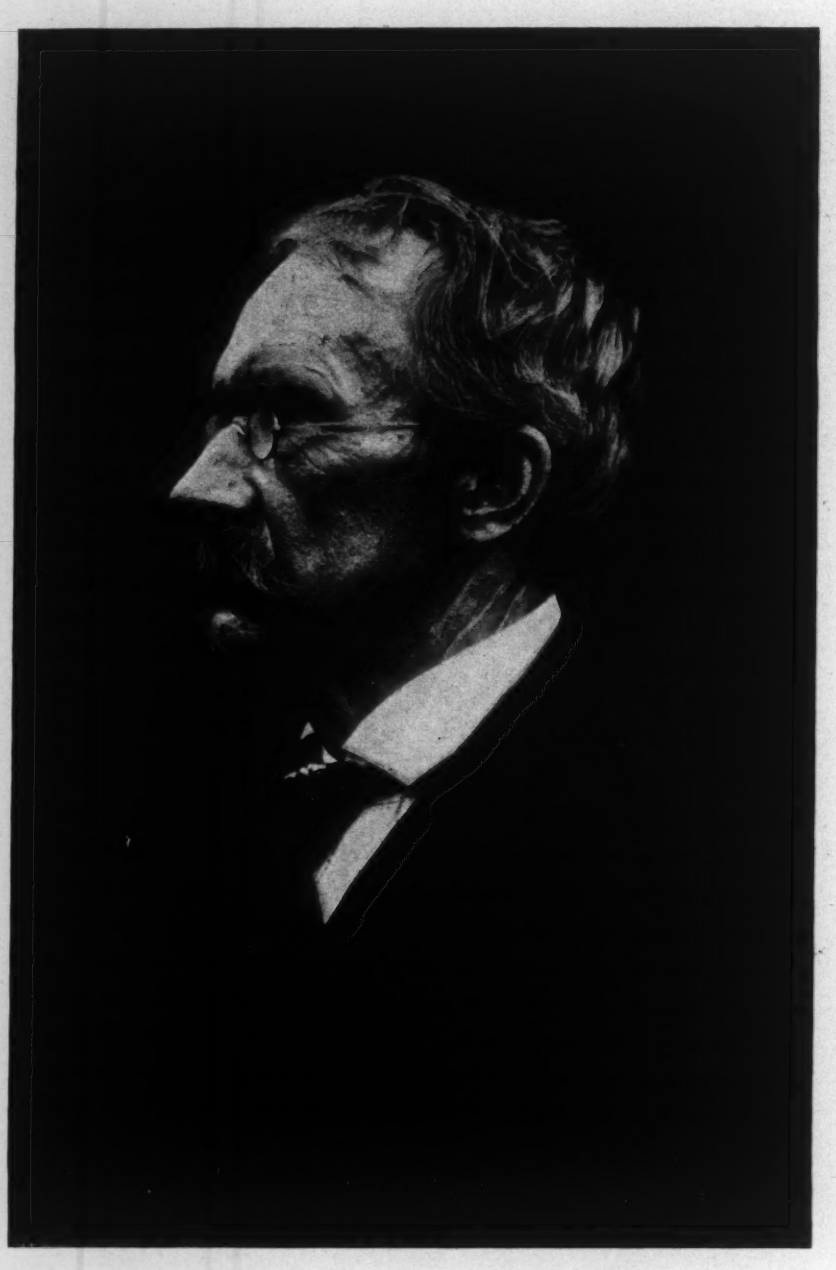
Two-Sixty-Five was answering an alarm on this street early one afternoon. All forenoon a wet drizzle of snow had fallen, covering the city with a white gauze and making the pavement slippery. Even the three big horses, floundering angrily, were unable to get a good footing, and as the great, red, glittering machine rose to the brink of the hill, Doyle glanced at the basin below and at the steep incline beyond the tracks. Brake wide off he took the hill, the five tons gaining more and more headway, horses stretched to their best, pushed by the mountain behind and traveling at break-neck speed. Hauk, looking ahead alongside the boiler, screeched the whistle continuously in short, shrill blasts, and saw the road was clear.

A great, yellow trolley car stood stock still waiting for the engine to cross. An entire block separated the leviathans. The car might have moved ahead and passed, with time to spare. Down thundered the engine, scattering red coals and cinders, belching inky smoke and snorting steam, when the driver was horror-struck. The same impulse which seizes men to leap from precipices had seized a weak-minded man, the motorman. He turned on power and slowly, almost at a snail's pace, he forged his car ahead. A hundred feet away, Doyle saw he must plough through the car. He jammed the brake with all his might. He threw himself frantically on the reins. Upward shot the two tongues of the engine as the weight landed on necks and quarters. The horses fairly crouched to stem the load. Too late! Doyle, helpless, closed his eyes and prayed. Only the roan remained. With a desperate wrench and a frantic plunge, he brought his mates around. Six feet more and all might have escaped, passed the tail of the car. There was a blood-curdling, grating, rasping crash of wood and glass and iron, like an explosion, the hiss of escaping steam mingled with shrieks of men and women. The big spring bell clanged wildly. The engine lay, turned over, hind wheel spinning in air.

Hauk and the engineer had jumped. Doyle, who never tied himself, had been hurled to the soft back of a horse and slid to the ground. But the team was done for.

Frank, in a tangle of harness, lay cut, dead as a door nail; new Barney, stripped of every vestige but his collar, lay thirty feet away, forelegs splintered; Joe, with a wide, deep cut across his splendid chest, struggled to rise, but fell back bleeding. Doyle and Hauk hobbled to the side of the dying horse. Doyle bent to the prostrate head. The animal had ceased to struggle. He did not seem in pain; but the great sides heaved deeply as his roving eyes riveted on his master, blood-red, his nostrils distended, begging air. The two men pulled off their coats, rolled them, raised the fine, brave head from the wet, icy stones and softly pillowed it. The driver stood gazing hopelessly at his dumb friend. It seemed as if the soft, brown eyes wanted to talk as the brave spirit was fleeing the flesh. They closed, but once again they sought their master. For a minute Doyle gazed—then he broke into tears.

And from the distance came the mad clang and clatter of the fire companies as they drove to clear the wreck.



CHARLES McQUEED

A Union man himself, McQueed conducted a four years' fight for the right to work against a monopolistic Union, and was finally defeated by Judge Parker's decision

PARKER AND ROOSEVELT ON LABOR

REAL VIEWS OF THE TWO CANDIDATES ON THE MOST VITAL NATIONAL PROBLEM

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "ORGANIZED CAPITAL CHALLENGES ORGANIZED LABOR," ETC.

IN his first message to Congress, President Roosevelt spoke of "that tangle of far-reaching questions which we group together when we speak of 'labor'" as "the most vital problem with which this country or, for that matter, the whole civilized world, has to deal." The labor question may, indeed, be called the distinctive national problem of the last five years. Not only has the country been called upon to suffer the loss and inconvenience of a great number of strikes, some of them, like the coal and beef strikes, of stupendous importance, but it has seen labor gathering with increasing momentum into powerful state, national, and even international organizations, laying up immense strike funds, reaching out always for more power; and over against them, in threatening ranks, it has seen the sudden growth of combinations of capital and of great employers' associations, also accumulating large "strike" funds, also reaching out for more power. The sentiment of the American may well be expressed in the exasperated exclamation:

"What are we coming to, anyway?"

In no other political campaign in the history of the country, perhaps, has there been more doubt and anxiety upon this "most vital problem" than in that now at its height. Both parties are afraid of it—not less afraid of what their respective candidates have said and done than of what they have not said and done. Both endeavored in their platforms to say just as little as possible that was definite and positive regarding the really vital phases of the problem; and both succeeded admirably. And each has instructed its speakers not to utter labor and capital above a whisper and, so far, at least, these instructions have been well obeyed. If you want to see the "leading Republican" or the "leading Democrat" tremble and turn pale, ask him his opinion regarding the "open shop" or the "closed shop."

"You don't expect me to stir up a hornet's nest, do you?" one of them said to me.

And yet there are perhaps no questions that thousands of voters would like more keenly to hear answered definitely than these:

What are the real views of the candidates on the labor problem? How do they stand on the "open" and the "closed" shop? And how would they have the government stand toward labor unionism — as a special interest?

And a definite and positive answer can really be found, though neither candidate has had anything to say on the subject (except generalities in the letters of acceptance) during the entire course of the campaign.

Judge Parker's Views

First, of Judge Parker's views.

Unlike President Roosevelt, Judge Parker has had few opportunities of publicly expressing his beliefs on the labor problem and still fewer opportunities of acting, except in a negative sense, in his capacity as a judge. In two or three decisions, however, handed down while Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, Judge Parker has given us a clean, clear-cut view as to his attitude toward labor unionism and of the various rights of labor organizations. These half dozen decisions, without exception, are strongly favorable to the contentions of labor. In one of them Judge Parker decides that the state has a right to limit the hours of

employment for bakers to sixty a week, in another he decides favorably on the important contention that cities must pay the "prevailing rate of wages," a third (a dissenting opinion) takes a position which would limit the use of convict-made goods, and a fourth, the "dressed-stone case," defends the right of the state to exclude the use, in public works, of material made outside of the state.

"Open Shop" versus "Closed Shop"

But the greatest of all the cases — a case of epoch-making importance — is that of the National Protective Association of Steam-fitters and Helpers and Charles McQueed *vs.* James M. Cummings and others, in which the issue involved is almost exactly that of the "open shop" against the "closed shop." Discussing broadly and positively the right of the union to strike and "the right to work" of the non-union man, Judge Parker has here laid down the law upon which, since 1902—the date of the decision—labor organization in New York state has proceeded. And no one at all conversant with the facts can doubt that the decision has had a profound and far-reaching effect upon the activities of labor unions and employers' associations and upon the resultant strikes, lockouts, and other disturbances of the past two years.

A Fighting Scotchman

The story of this precedent-making decision of Judge Parker's is the story of a fighting Scotchman—a singularly tough-fibered, warm-hearted Scotchman, named McQueed. It grew out of a dispute between McQueed on the one hand and a strongly fortified trades-union on the other. McQueed had, or thought he had, certain rights; the union assured him, at first calmly then positively, that he had no such rights; that he must bow to the existing order of things. Being Scotch and tenacious, McQueed set out cheerfully, single-handed, to overturn the existing order. The road proved long and rocky, and it led away finally through all the courts to the highest tribunal of the state. McQueed followed it to the end; and this is the story of his travels:

McQueed was born in Glasgow in 1840. In those days, a boy who wished to practice a trade had first to learn it — really learn it. McQueed's father paid a fee of £100 and £10 for indenture, to get the boy admitted as an apprentice to the general engineering and steam-fitting industry. For three years and a half he worked without wages, glad of the chance to learn; the first year after that he received "two-and-six" (fifty cents) a day, the next year a little more, and so on, until he had finished his seven years' apprenticeship and had come forth with his diploma as an indentured journeyman.

How McQueed Learned His Trade

In the course of his long service as an apprentice, McQueed learned not only the practical side of his trade, but he helped to create engines and to fit them theoretically, on paper, in the drafting-room. He served in the foundry at the work of making the various parts—for the ready-made standard fittings were then unknown — and in the later years, in the erecting shop, he helped to build engines and to fit them; so that, when he had completed his course, he knew the trade from the bottom up, according to the good, old-fashioned, thorough way. In his twenty-first year, being an accomplished workman, he came to the United States, just then at the beginning of the Civil War. Finding trade conditions here unfavorable he returned to England, and was employed for upward of ten years, part of the time as a practical journeyman at his trade of steam-fitting and part as a foreman in the famous plant of John Stevenson & Son, engine builders of Preston. In 1871 he returned to the United States, and after a few years of employment, being a thrifty Scotchman, he was able to save enough to start in business for himself. As a master contractor he conducted for many years an increasing business in Laight Street, where he sometimes employed as high as thirty men, and was engaged in important contracts in the city. On the night of the famous blizzard of 1888 he was burned out, losing upwards of $34,000. Immediately he started a new business in South Fifth Avenue, but being hampered by his losses and by the unfortunate state of the trade at that time, he finally concluded to sell out his business and return to the day's work of a journeyman.

A Cunning Mechanician

During the later years of his experience as a master steam-fitter, he had established an enviable record as a cunning mechanician, as an expert especially in all matters pertaining to engineering and steam-fitting.

He was called many times as an official mechanical expert for the corporation council of New York City. He made models for presentation in court, intricate designs of streets and area-ways, all built to an actual scale to illustrate exact locations in accident and other cases in which the city was a defendant. Often he appeared in court as an expert witness to explain his models. His services in these cases brought him ten dollars a day.

I give these facts thus fully to show how thorough a mechanic McQueed was; they bear an important relationship to the misfortunes which were soon to befall him.

In 1896, then, McQueed decided to become a journeyman in the trade. He thought he could make more money, with less responsibility, in this way, than he could by continuing as a master. He was an American citizen, having been naturalized soon after his arrival in New York; he had a family to support and he needed his day's wages. But he had not then reckoned with the union.

McQueed a Born Union Man

Now McQueed was by no means opposed to unionism. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of unionism. His father before him was a union man, and as soon as McQueed himself became a journeyman at the age of twenty-one he joined the Steam Engine-makers' Union of England, a most exclusive body of organized workmen, accepting none but indentured men. So thorough indeed was his belief in the organization of labor that, while he was yet a master steam-fitter, he encouraged his men to get together and form a union on the models of the English organizations. It was partly through his encouragement and help that the Enterprise Association of Steam-fitters, of which we are presently to hear a great deal more, was formed. He was a member in good standing of that organization during the first six months of its life, and then, a by-law having been passed providing that no master steam-fitter should be a member of the union, McQueed withdrew.

In 1896, therefore, when he decided to begin work as a journeyman, the first thing he did was to apply for membership in the union, in the same Enterprise Association which he had helped to form. He thought it the duty of every journeyman to belong to the union, and he supposed, of course, that he would be promptly accepted. At that time the Enterprise Association included practically all of the highly efficient steam-fitters in New York City—a powerful and exclusive union.

Struggle to Join the Union

When McQueed made his application to the union the officers took his name and a dollar for registry fee, informing him at the same time that his application would have to go through the regular process. He waited patiently, refraining from trying to get work at his trade, so great was his prejudice against employment as a "scab." When he complained he was told that the union books were closed, that they would no doubt soon be opened again. He found out that the union wished to keep down its membership, and that the books were closed so that no outsider could come in. Four months passed away. McQueed, being a frugal and thrifty man, lived out in New Jersey, and employed his time as well as he could at odd jobs. As an evidence of his standing as a citizen in the community where he lived, his neighbors elected him a member of the school board, and for a time he served as inspector of the board of health.

After repeated letters and constant pressure McQueed succeeded in getting his name proposed by two members of the Enterprise Association. He offered his certified check for fifty dollars to pay the initiation fee; but the union, after a long discussion, refused to accept it. Other months passed away, McQueed still seeking admission to the union. Finally he was permitted to pay $25 in cash, as a first installment of the initiation fee of fifty dollars. Two weeks later they informed him that he must appear and be examined by a committee of the union.

"Why," he said, "you boys know what sort of a workman I am. You don't need to examine me. I have worked twenty-eight years at the trade."

How the Union Examined an Applicant

Many of the members of the union, indeed, were personally known to McQueed. Some of them had worked with him and for him; but the officials who controlled the union insisted upon the regular procedure, and McQueed went before them on a Tuesday evening at their meeting-place in Central Hall, in West 32d Street. Here they kept him waiting, sitting in the ante-room

until half-past two o'clock the next morning. By this time a good deal of beer had been sent up from the saloon underneath. They summoned McQueed into the room and asked him a single question. This was it, as subsequently given in court:

"Would they have five pounds of steam in a pipe, provided the exhaust was in and they turned on the by-pass; the by-pass, it is understood, was the full pressure of the boiler."

McQueed told his examiners that there was no method by which an answer to this question could be definitely ascertained. After further sparring, the committee asked McQueed to retire and they voted that he be not passed. Then they came out and informed him that he had failed.

McQueed said to me: "I could teach many of them on almost any question connected with the trade, and they knew it. I had not only worked for years as a journeyman, but I had figured on jobs and done all kinds of work in New York as a contractor. I told them that I would not ask the union to help me get a job, because I knew where I could find work immediately, without putting any of their men out."

From the time that McQueed first applied for membership in the union until he was finally rejected at the examination, a period of sixteen months had elapsed, in which he had done no work at his trade, having been kept idle, waiting upon the pleasure of the union. Now, however, his blood was up. He told Cummings, the walking delegate of the Enterprise Union:

"If you don't let me in your union, I will either sue you or start a new union."

"Oh, we've heard fellows talk that way before," said Cummings.

"Well," said McQueed, "I will allow you ten days to give me an answer."

Monopolistic Policy of the Union

In this action of the union there is not the slightest evidence of any enmity against McQueed as a man or as a workman. On the contrary, he had many friends in the union, two of whom were willing to stand sponsor when his application was presented. It was merely the policy of the Enterprise Association not to accept for the present any more members. They were in a strong position; their wages were high, and they had decided to maintain their monopoly in the trade.

As soon as McQueed found that the Enterprise Association would not move, he demanded the return of his $25, which he had paid down as part of the initiation fee. This was not forthcoming. It is of common report that some applicants who pay and are not passed in the examination never get their money back. McQueed, however, was a Scotchman. He placed the demand in the hands of his attorneys, and at the end of two weeks the money was returned to him. Then he went after the $1 registration fee which he had paid to the walking delegate, and this also was finally returned to him.

How McQueed Was Driven to Fight

McQueed now found himself facing a most serious situation. He was fifty-six years old; he must either work as a "scab," which he would not do, or leave the trade in which he was specially trained, or go without work entirely, which meant downright privation, or else form a new union. He decided upon the last-named course. Gathering up a number of steam-fitters and steam-fitters' helpers who had either been kept out of the union or had never applied for admission, and having hired a hall in Pearl Street, he organized a union of his own. He then went to Andrew J. Shipman, an attorney, and to make assurance doubly sure, had his new organization incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. He called it the National Protective Association of Steam-fitters and Helpers.

Having now organized, McQueed and his men readily found employment. He had no intention, nor was there any need, of working below the union scale or for longer hours. He received $3.50 a day, the standard union wages—the wages mentioned in the agreements signed by the Enterprise Association and the Master Steam-fitters' Association.

For a time, business being good, they were not interfered with. But during the summer of 1897 the Enterprise Association, finding some of its men out of work, began a systematic attack on McQueed's union.

Union Begins Attack on McQueed

The methods of warfare were brought out at great length in the testimony given in the subsequent law-suits. In July, 1897, for instance, some of McQueed's union men were working for Willis E. Roys, a master steam-fitter of Brooklyn. One day, Delegate Cummings of the Enterprise Association and

Delegate Nugent of the Progress Association of Steam-fitters' Helpers appeared at Roys's shop with delegates from several other trades, all members of the Board of Building Delegates, and told Roys that unless he discharged McQueed's men the building would be tied up—that all the trades would strike in sympathy with the Enterprise Association and drive McQueed out. Now, there were no members of the Enterprise Association at work for Roys; the Enterprise men intended to oust the National men and get their jobs.

Roys did not want his work stopped; besides, he had no complaint to make against the quality of work done by McQueed's men. Indeed, every employer who testified in the subsequent suits swore that McQueed was a first-class artisan, that his work was in all ways satisfactory. In order, therefore, to bring about a settlement, if possible, between the rival unions, Roys brought in McQueed and Amond—another member of McQueed's union. This was the greeting that Cummings gave McQueed (according to McQueed's testimony in court):

"You people have got no right here; you are nothing but a lot of bums."

"We have a right to work," said McQueed; "we have a state and city charter."

"Your charter," said Cummings, "isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"What is your particular demand on Mr. Roys to stop our men?" asked McQueed.

"I am ordered," responded Cummings, "by the Board of Delegates and the Enterprise Association to knock off every building I find them on."

Penalty for Disobeying a Walking Delegate

Roys still wished to employ McQueed and his men, and he kept them on a week longer. Then a strike actually took place: his work was tied up; he was at the mercy of the Board of Building Delegates. So he submitted to Cummings and discharged McQueed's men. Then Cummings made Roys pay full wages to Enterprise men for the week during which McQueed's men had worked in defiance of Cummings's first demand that they be discharged. In other words, Mr. Roys was compelled to pay twice for one week's work—first, to McQueed's men; second, to the members of the Enterprise Association, who had taken their places, and who had done no work at all.

This is only one of several cases brought out in court, but it is enough to show the methods of warfare pursued.

From this time on until the spring of 1898 the Enterprise Association struck against McQueed's union right and left. Whenever an Enterprise man wanted a job, the union drove some of McQueed's men out of work and put in Enterprise men.

McQueed did everything to protect himself and his membership—which now numbered over 150—that he could possibly do. He went to Mr. Gompers to see if he could not get protection through the American Federation of Labor. Failing in this he sought admission to the Knights of Labor, but was informed by its president that he could not become affiliated until he should receive the permission of the Enterprise Association, which was already a member of it. Then he went to the Board of Building Delegates with the same request, believing that if he could get a representative of his union seated in this board that the striking against him would cease. William J. O'Brien, then president of the Board of Delegates, told him to make a written application; but the secretary refused to give him the necessary blanks, and he was finally told that the opposition of the Enterprise Association would in any event keep him out.

What it Cost to Fight the Union

All this was costing McQueed a great deal of money. He rented and paid for the hall in Pearl Street and paid from his own pocket all of the fees and expenses for incorporating the union. Before he had succeeded in getting his union well started, he had personally expended over $300—a very large sum for a workingman. And it required the hardest sort of extra work to keep together the new union.

Failing in all other means, he finally sought conference with the committees and delegates of the Enterprise Association, hoping to come to some compromise. He offered to call his union Local Number 2, to pay part of the expenses of the delegates of the Enterprise Association, and to take work for his members only on such repair jobs and outside work as the Enterprise Association did not care to do—in short, the scraps left over. But the Enterprise Association would not make a single concession. It demanded that McQueed's union disband,

apply as members individually, take the examination, and pay $50 each for admission. In other words, McQueed's membership would have had to pay into the treasury of the Enterprise Association some $7,850 in cash and then take the chances of passing an examination, the difficulty of which McQueed had already experienced.

At the close of this conference, McQueed asked the Enterprise committee to stop calling strikes against his men while negotiations were pending.

"No," said the chairman of the committee, as appears in the testimony. "I will strike against your men wherever I find them and will not allow them to work on any job in the city except some small place where the union men are not employed."

Conspiracy Between Masters and Men

And he proceeded to carry out his resolution, pursuing even more drastic measures. At this time an agreement existed between the Master Steam-fitters' Association and the Enterprise Union—not only a "closed-shop" agreement, but an *exclusive* agreement, such as those I have described elsewhere as existing in Chicago—by the terms of which the masters agreed to hire none but union men, and the union men agreed to work for none but the members of the masters' association. A copy of two such agreements were presented in evidence. This is the text of Rule 13 :

> Within twenty miles of New York City Hall, master steam and hot water fitters shall not employ any steam-fitters who are not members of the Enterprise Association, and members of the Enterprise Association shall not work for any master fitter not a member of the Master Steam and Hot Water Fitters' Association who does not conform to these rules and agreement.

In other words, this was a monopolistic conspiracy to control absolutely the steam-fitting trade in New York City. Let us see how it worked in a case not brought out, however, in court.

In the Grip of the Monopoly

The Nason Manufacturing Company of Beekman Street, an important purveyor of steam-fitters' supplies, manufactures a specially patented steam trap, known as the Nason trap. This was extensively used. The Nason Company at that time not only manufactured supplies, but it took contracts for steam-fitting, and all of its men, numbering from twelve to sixteen, had become members of McQueed's association. Now, Cummings wanted to strike at these men, and the Master Steam-fitters were jealous of the Nason Company, because it was engaged in both manufacturing and contracting. Therefore, Cummings and the leaders of the Masters' Association got their heads together and declared war. Members of the Enterprise Association ordered a boycott on the Nason trap. They agreed not to work on any job where the Nason trap was used. The Nason Manufacturing Company, finding itself thus discriminated against, discharged all of its men, and ceased at the same time from doing any contracting work, and it has never done any since. When the men employed by Nason were discharged they found they could not work at their trade unless they joined the Enterprise Association, to which they were finally admitted on condition that those who formerly belonged to the Enterprise Association should pay a fine of $50 (in addition to the initiation fee of $50) as a penalty for having joined McQueed's association. This was an example of the lengths to which the Enterprise Association went in order to attack McQueed.

McQueed's union, finding itself thus persecuted, decided to take the whole matter into the courts. They applied through their attorney, Andrew J. Shipman, for an injunction against the Enterprise Association, against the Progress Association of Steam-fitters' Helpers, and against the Board of Building Delegates. After the final hearing, Judge Truax granted a perpetual injunction against the parties named. He said, in his decision :

What Judge Truax Found

"I find that the defendants have entered into a combination which in effect prevents and will continue to prevent the plaintiff McQueed and the other members of the plaintiff's association from working at his or their trade in the city of New York. I find that the defendant Cummings threatened to cause a general strike against the plaintiff's association and against the plaintiff McQueed wherever he found them at work, and that he would not allow them to work at any job in the city of New York except some small jobs, and that he and the defendant Nugent threatened to drive the plaintiff association out of existence. . . . I find that the threats made by the defendants and the

acts of said walking delegates in causing the discharge of the members of the plaintiff association by means of threats of a general strike of other workingmen, constituted an illegal combination and conspiracy, injured the plaintiff association in its business, deprived its members of employment and an opportunity to labor, and prevented them from earning their livelihood in their trade or business, and they constitute good and sufficient grounds for continuing the injunction against the defendants."

Up to this point I have given McQueed's story substantially as it was brought out in court—with the exceptions noted—expanding somewhat the story of his early life. Nothing of that which followed the beginning of the legal conflict in 1898, of course, appeared in testimony.

McQueed was much elated over his success in securing an injunction. He thought now that his troubles were at an end, that he could go ahead and make his living without interference; but he soon learned that he was entirely wrong in his reckonings. The Enterprise Association apparently paid no attention whatever to the injunction.

How the Union Treated the Injunction

Though less open in its opposition, the same tactics were continued, with other methods still more drastic. McQueed found that the Enterprise Association was luring away some of his best men, inducing them to desert the National Protective Union and to join the Enterprise Association. Even good friends of his, who had helped him in his fight and whom he had helped, were thus persuaded to join his rivals, being assured that they would have no trouble with the examination. These men were workers dependent on their wages, and long months of constant warfare weakened them; they wanted peace at any price.

Finally, Cummings and his friends approached McQueed himself and intimated that if he would give up the fight they would assure him a ready admission to the Enterprise Association, examination or no examination. But McQueed's Scotch blood was thoroughly aroused.

"I will have nothing whatever to do with you," he said; "I won't join your union. You haven't got money enough in your organization to buy me over."

McQueed's dwindling membership still found employment, partly on small obscure jobs and partly on jobs of the United States government at the navy yard, where the Enterprise Association dared make no threats of striking. In the meantime the Enterprise Association had appealed the case to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York City, and after a long argument the judges reversed Judge Truax's decision and ordered a new trial.

Case Reaches Judge Parker

Although the treasury of his union was now empty, the various expenses at law having cost over $1,200, McQueed did not give up. He determined to carry the case to the highest court in the state, the Court of Appeals at Albany, of which Judge Parker was chief justice. His lawyer was so confident of the force of his evidence that he advised McQueed to take this action. Accordingly, the case was carried up and argued at length in 1902.

From the time that the case was first taken into court in 1898 until the final decision was handed down by Judge Parker, more than four years had elapsed, during which McQueed had tenaciously carried on the fight, being often discharged and more than once in danger of violence. At one time, indeed, while acting as delegate for his union, he entered a building in Eighty-sixth Street and was met there by two members of the Board of Building Delegates. "What are you doing in here?" they asked. He tried to explain, but before he could say anything they set upon him, knocked him down, and finally drove him out of the building. Cases of assault upon members of his union were not infrequent.

The Court of Appeals at Albany is composed of seven justices. When the decision was finally handed down, it was found that four of these justices, headed by Judge Parker, had decided against McQueed and in favor of upholding the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, and that three, led by Judge Vann, had decided in his favor.

Judge Parker's Decision

Judge Parker was most sweeping and emphatic in his approval of the legality of the course pursued by the Enterprise and Progress associations.* He says, in his decision:

* The full text of this decision may be had by applying to the Democratic National Committee, New York City.

The defendant associations, as appears from the finding quoted, wanted to put their men in the place of certain men at work who were non-members working for smaller pay,* and they set about doing it in a perfectly lawful way. They determined that if it were necessary they would bear the burden and expenses of a strike to accomplish that result, and in so determining they were clearly within their rights, as all agree. They could have gone upon a strike without offering any explanation until the contractors should have come in distress to the officers of the associations asking the reason for the strike. Then, after explanations, the non-members would have been discharged and the men of defendant associations sent back to work. Instead of taking that course, they chose to inform the contractors of their determination and the reason for it.

It is the giving of this information, a simple notification of their determination, which it was right and proper and reasonable to give, that has been characterized as "threats" by the special term, and which has led to no inconsiderable amount of misunderstanding since. But the sense in which the word was employed by the court is of no consequence, for the defendant associations had the absolute right to threaten to do that which they had a right to do. Having the right to insist that plaintiff's men be discharged and defendants' men put in their place if the services of the other members of the organization were to be retained, they also had the right to threaten that none of their men would stay unless their members could have all the work there was to do.

Judge Parker on the Union Examination System

Judge Parker made an important point in his decision regarding the examination system of the Enterprise Association. He argues that "so long as the law compels the employee to bear the burden of the injury" due to the "negligent acts of a reckless co-employee, . . . it is clearly within the right of an organization to provide such a method of examination and such tests as will secure a careful and competent membership and to insist that protection of life and limb requires that they shall not be compelled to work with men whom they have not seen fit to admit into their organization, as happened in the case of the plaintiff McQueed."

And then, clinching this point, Judge Parker goes on to say :

I know it is said in another opinion of this case that "workmen cannot dictate to employers how they shall carry on their business, nor whom they shall or shall not employ"; but I dissent absolutely from that proposition, and assert that, so long as workmen must assume all the risk of injury that may come to them through the carelessness of co-employees, they have the moral and legal right to say that they will not work with certain men, and the employer must accept their dictation or go without their services.*

Judge Vann Disagrees with Judge Parker

Judge Vann handed down the dissenting opinion in this case, expressing views opposed to Judge Parker's. After declaring the legal right of the union to conduct a peaceable and orderly strike, not to harm others, but to improve their own condition and even to persuade others "who do not belong to their organization to quit work also," Judge Vann sets down some of the things which, in his opinion (two judges concurring with him), a Union has *no* right to do. He says :

They have no right, however, through the exercise of coercion, to prevent others from working. When persuasion ends and pressure begins the law is violated, for that is a trespass upon the rights of others and is expressly forbidden by statute. (Penal Code, par. 168.) They have no right, by force, threats or intimidation, to prevent members of another labor organization from working, or a contractor from hiring them or continuing them in his employment. They may not threaten to cripple his business unless he will discharge, for that infringes upon liberty of action and violates the right which every man has to conduct his business as he sees fit or to work for whom and on what terms he pleases. Their labor is their property to do with as they choose, but the labor of others is their property in turn and is entitled to protection against wrongful interference. Both may do what they please with their own, but neither may coerce another into doing what he does not wish to with his own. The members of each organization had the right to follow their chosen calling without unwarrantable interference from others. Public policy requires that the wages of labor should be regulated

* As a matter of fact, McQueed and his men did not work for less than the schedule wages of the Enterprise Association, though there is some confusion in the testimony on this point.

* Up to the time when Judge Parker handed down his decision, the law of New York was established by the famous case of Curran vs. Galen, decided unanimously by the Court of Appeals in 1897. This decision, overruled by Judge Parker, says:

"But the social principles which justify such organizations are departed from when they are so extended as either to intend, *or to accomplish injury to others*. Public policy and the interests of society favor the utmost freedom in the citizen to pursue his lawful trade or calling, and, if the purpose of an organization or combination of workingmen be to hamper or restrict that freedom . . . under penalty of the loss of their position and of deprivation of employment, then that purpose seems clearly unlawful and militates against the spirit of our government and the nature of our institutions. . . . It would tend to deprive the public of the services of men in useful employments and capacities. It would, to use language of Mr. Justice Barrett in People vs. Smith (5 Cr. Rep. 513), 'impoverish and crush a citizen for no reason connected in the slightest degree with the advancement of wages or the maintenance of the rate.'

"Every citizen is deeply interested in the strict maintenance of the constitutional right freely to pursue a lawful avocation, under conditions equal to all, and to enjoy the fruits of his labor, without the imposition of any conditions not required for the general welfare of the community. . . . If organization of workingmen is in line with good government, it is because it is intended as a legitimate instrumentality to promote the common good of its members. If it militates against the general public interest, if its powers are directed towards the repression of individual freedom, upon what principle shall it be justified?"

by the law of competition and of supply and demand, the same as the sale of food or clothing. Any combination to restrain the free pursuit in the State of any lawful business, in order to create or maintain a monopoly, is expressly prohibited by statute, and an injunction is authorized to prevent it.

Judge Vann cites many cases in support of his view, especially the notable recent English case of Leatham, decided by the House of Lords, and he concludes:

"The position of the federal courts and those of most of the states is to the same effect"—and he cites seventeen cases.

McQueed Gives Up His Long Fight

When McQueed heard of this decision he gave up the fight. There was no longer any use for him to try to work at his trade.

"If a man doesn't do just as the union commands," he said to me, "he is kicked into submission one way or another."

McQueed surrendered, left the trade he had learned, and sought admission to the Electrical Workers, hoping to find employment as an electrician. Here he was also confronted by a union examination, which he passed, and for a year he worked at this trade—and then retired to his home in New Jersey, where he raises bees and grows grapes in peace.

But the effect of Judge Parker's decision reached much farther than McQueed; it resulted in the snuffing out of McQueed's dwindling organization, and it gave greater power and influence to all those forces of labor unionism which, combined, make up that potent organization, the Board of Building Delegates, led by Sam Parks. This corrupt Board of Delegates plunged the city last year into a disastrous building trades' strike, and under the hardly less notorious Weinsheimer it has this year practically repeated the same operation.

Judge Parker and the "Closed Shop"

For Judge Parker's decision leads to the "closed shop." It confirms the right of the union, ***without limit or restriction***, to strike against non-union men or members of another union. This leads, of course, to the formation of labor monopolies controlling all the workmen of a trade. These monopolies are quite likely to strengthen the tendency toward the formation of exclusive combinations with employers, as in this trade, in which the wages of the men are put up arbitrarily, in which the members of the Masters' Association may, and as a matter of fact do, often pool their bids, drive out all competition, and mercilessly mulct the public.

It would not be fair nor truthful, of course, to charge Judge Parker's decision with the existence of these preying combinations nor with monopolistic labor unions, both of which flourish in Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities; but it is undeniable that this decision has strengthened the position of the labor bosses, that the demoralizing condition in the building trades of New York follows naturally from the application of the principles which may be deduced from Judge Parker's decision.

Results of Labor Monopoly

Wages of steam-fitters, for instance, which were $2.75 a day in 1890, rose in 1896, the year McQueed tried to join, to $3.50 a day, and in 1904, to $4.50 a day. The wages of steam-fitters' helpers have gone up in similar proportions. The ability to form and maintain a monopoly of the labor market has enabled the steam-fitters of New York to get higher wages than the steam-fitters anywhere else in the country. Go up the river to Albany and first-class workmen can be obtained for $2.75 and $3.00. In Philadelphia and Chicago the standard wage is about 30 per cent. less than in New York. In St. Louis, 35 per cent. less. It has also enabled the steam-fitters and many other unions, like the Tile-layers, the Marble-cutters, the Plumbers, and others, combined with the masters, to build a Chinese wall around New York City, enabling them to keep out all competition from outside. A Chicago steam-fitter coming to New York cannot possibly get a job. Not only this, but the Enterprise Association, for instance, will not affiliate with the National Union of Steam-fitters, to which belong workmen in all other parts of the country. And it is supported in this attitude by the master steam-fitters, it being to the interest of the masters to retain their grip upon the trade, for thus they also can keep outsiders from coming in to compete with them. This is one of the principal causes of the existing trouble in the building trades of New York. As I pointed out in my article on Sam Parks, a number of very large construction companies, like the Fuller and the Thompson-Starrett companies, have recently come to New York and have entered

upon what is called the "department-store system of building," in which they superintend and hire men of all the different trades. These great construction companies have found an almost insurmountable obstacle in the small, compact monopolistic combinations in trades like steam-fitting, plumbing, marble-cutting, and the like; and it is the fierce struggle of these combinations to keep competition out and the struggle of the construction companies to bring competition in that has been one of the chief inciting causes of all our building-trade troubles in New York City.

And a year ago, after the Sam Parks fight, the difficulty in the building trades was settled by a cast-iron closed-shop agreement between the Employers' Association and the various trades-unions, which, though threatened by recent strikes and lockouts, is still in existence.

President Roosevelt's Views on the Labor Problem

As for President Roosevelt's views on the labor problem, they are not only easily ascertainable, but perfectly clear and positive, and they cover the field broadly and completely. No other President of the United States, indeed, has found occasion to express himself so freely and so frequently on this subject as Mr. Roosevelt; and none, not even President Cleveland, has been compelled to take action in so many cases involving labor organizations. Indeed, labor disturbances have furnished the most important and trying events in Mr. Roosevelt's term of service, and he has had to face many knotty problems—such as those involved in the anthracite coal strike, which Judge Gray called "a crisis more grave and threatening than any that has occurred since the Civil War;" in the Arizona mining disturbances, for which he ordered out the national troops, in the so-called Miller case, and others. Besides these cases, upon which he acted with force, great pressure has been brought to bear upon him to take a position in the disastrous Colorado mining war, in the beef strike, and in other less notable disturbances. It is therefore possible, from a survey of the President's speeches, messages and acts, to form a clear idea of the labor platform upon which he stands.

And first: President Roosevelt is a thoroughgoing believer in labor organization. "If I were a wage-worker," he has said, "I should certainly join the union." Indeed, President Roosevelt is already an honorary member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and he has expressed himself vigorously as enjoying that distinction. In his speech at a Chicago Labor Day picnic in 1900, he said:

"It would be impossible to overestimate the far-reaching influences of and, on the whole, the amount of good done through your associations. . . . In our cities where men congregate in masses, it is often necessary to work in combination—that is, through associations; and here it is that we can see the great good conferred by labor organizations, by trade-unions."

Roosevelt on Eight-Hour Employment

So much in general. Upon many of the special contentions of labor unions he has been no less positive in expressing his beliefs and giving his support. For instance, regarding eight-hour employment on public works, he said, in his first message to Congress:

"The national government should demand the highest quality of service from its employees, and in turn it should be a good employer. . . . So far as practicable under the conditions of government work, provision should be made to render the enforcement of the eight-hour law easy and certain. In all industries carried on directly or indirectly for the United States government, women and children should be protected from excessive hours of labor, from night work, and from work under unsanitary conditions."

In another speech he says, speaking of New York legislation: "Accordingly we have adopted an eight-hour law for the state employees and for all contractors who do state work, and we have also adopted a law requiring that the fair market rate of wages shall be given. I am glad to say that both measures have so far, on the whole, worked well. . . . The practical experiment of workingmen for eight hours has been advantageous to the state."

On Sweat-Shop and Convict Labor

In the same way he has taken a pronounced stand in his expressions as well as in his acts against the employment of convict labor, and against sweat-shop conditions. One of his first notable acts when he entered the New York legislature, although he came

from a silk-stocking ward, was to take an enthusiastic part in securing legislation against tenement-house cigar factories and sweat-shop employment.

Unionism believes that the restriction of immigration means to them exactly what the protective tariff means to the manufacturers—it helps to keep down foreign competition, especially Chinese labor. In this matter also we find President Roosevelt expressing himself strongly in his first message to Congress:

On Restriction of Immigration

"Not only must our labor be protected by the tariff, but it should also be protected as far as possible from the presence in this country of any laborers brought over by contract, or of those who, coming freely, yet represent a standard of living so depressed that they can undersell our men in the labor market and drag them to a lower level. I regard it as necessary with this end in view to reënact immediately the laws excluding Chinese laborers, and to strengthen it wherever necessary in order to make its enforcement entirely effective."

In Mr. Roosevelt's record we discover still other evidences of his thorough friendship for the unions. While he was Governor of New York he not only recommended and approved a large number of measures tending to improve the condition of the workers, notably the creation of a tenement-house commission, laws regulating sweat-shop labor, laws making important amendments to the Factory Act, a law shortening the working hours of drug clerks, a law providing for the examination and registration of horseshoers in cities, and others, but he also recommended not a few important and progressive measures looking to the improvement of the condition of the workingman which the legislature failed to pass. Among these recommended changes were laws fixing the liability of employers, providing for the state control of employment offices, and for the state ownership of a printing plant.

Unions Must Obey the Law

It will be seen, then, that President Roosevelt has expressed his thoroughgoing belief in labor organization, and that he has acted upon many measures looking to the improvement of the conditions of workingmen. On the other hand, all his messages and addresses point to a very clear recognition of the *limitations of trades-unionism*. First, his speeches bristle with declarations that labor unions must obey the law. Obedience to law is the keynote of a large proportion of the President's utterances. "There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones mob violence in any shape, or who preaches class hatred." In his first message to Congress, the President said: "Very great good has been and will be accomplished by associations of wage-workers when managed with forethought, and when they combine insistence upon their rights with law-abiding respect for the rights of others. The display of these qualities in such bodies is a duty to the nation no less than to the associations themselves."

Not only has President Roosevelt spoken against lawlessness among labor unions, but he has not hesitated to act. In 1903, during the miners' strikes in Arizona, at the request of the territorial authorities, he ordered out the federal troops to stop mob rioting and kept them in service until peace was restored.

Other Limitations of the Trades-Union Principle

But he has seen a still more important limitation to the operations of trades-unionism. While recognizing sharply their right to strike, their right to better themselves in every lawful way, he also recognizes that *they must not press those rights to the point of "brutal indifference to the rights of others" that the public is injured*. Here lies the essence of the difference between Judge Parker's views and President Roosevelt's views. Both candidates perceive clearly the vital importance of the fundamental principles of unionism; President Roosevelt also recognizes their limitations. President Roosevelt recognizes that the rights of trades-unions must be curtailed *at the point where they interfere with the superior rights of the public*. By his decision Judge Parker allows the union to press its right of striking—and it is an undeniable right—until non-union or rival union men are driven completely out of existence, with the possibility of a resulting labor monopoly which arbitrarily raises wages and mulcts the public—as the labor monopoly has done in New York. In a letter written last year to the author of this article, President Roosevelt said:

I believe in corporations; I believe in trades-unions. Both have come to stay, and are necessities in our present industrial system. But

where, in either the one or the other, there develops corruption or mere brutal indifference to the rights of others, and short-sighted refusal to look beyond the moment's gain, then the offender, whether union or corporation, must be fought; and if the public sentiment is calloused to the iniquity of either, by just so much the whole public is damaged.

Keynote of President Roosevelt's Labor Platform

The keynote of Mr. Roosevelt's labor platform may be found in his reply to the delegation headed by President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, which waited upon him last September to discuss the Miller case.

Mr. Roosevelt said:

I am the President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice, as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union, as being for or against him, than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile as being for or against him.

These principles, borne in mind, explain all of Mr. Roosevelt's declarations and acts in relation to labor-unionism. He has expressed the same idea in varying forms in scores of speeches. In addressing the operators and the union leaders who met him at the White House in 1902 to confer concerning the anthracite coal strike, he said:

I speak for neither the operators nor the miners, but for the general public.

In his address at Butte, Montana, in 1903, he said:

The law is no respecter of persons. The law is to be administered neither for the rich man nor for the poor man, as such. It is to be administered for every man, rich or poor, if he is an honest and law-abiding citizen, and it is to be invoked against any man, rich or poor, who violates it, without regard to which end of the social scale he may stand, without regard to whether his offense takes the form of greed and cunning or the form of physical violence.

How Roosevelt Has Checked the Unions

Bearing in mind all the time that "I am the President of all the people," Mr. Roosevelt has checked the union when it went too far, exactly as he checked the Northern Securities Company when it went too far. Upon this principle he interfered in the anthracite coal strike; "all the people" would no longer tolerate the quarrel in Pennsylvania. The President's clear conception of the limitation of trades-unionism governed his action in the Miller case, which is worthy of further notice.

William A. Miller was assistant foreman in the government printing-office, and he was removed by his superior because he had been expelled from the union. In a letter from Oyster Bay, July 13, 1903, to Secretary Cortelyou, the president ordered the immediate reinstatement of Miller. He said:

"There is no objection to the employees of the government printing-office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire, but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce."

In a letter written on the following day to Mr. Cortelyou, the President made a still more sweeping declaration of his principles by quoting a paragraph from the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission:

"It is adjudged and awarded, that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of said organization."

The President says: "I heartily approve of this award and judgment by the commission appointed by me, which itself included a member of a labor union."

Views on Class Legislation

Another most important announcement regarding labor legislation expresses exactly the same broad principle. It is from his Labor Day address at Syracuse in 1903:

"Legislation to be permanently good for any class must also be good for the nation as a whole, and legislation which does injustice to any class is certain to work harm to the nation."

The President has been criticized for receiving the delegations of the Anthracite Coal Miners, the labor leaders of Butte City, and other union delegations—just as he has been criticized, on the other hand, for receiving Mr. Morgan and Mr. Gould—and Booker Washington—but he has applied the same principle there that he has in all of these cases—of making no distinctions between citizens.

A PASSPORT TO PARADISE

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," A BOOK OF THESE EAST SIDE STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

SCHOOL had been for some months in progress when the footsteps of Yetta Aaronsohn were turned, by a long-suffering truant officer, in the direction of Room 18. During her first few hours among its pictures, plants and children she sadly realized the great and many barriers which separated her from Eva Gonorowsky, Morris Mogilewsky, Patrick Brennan, and other favored spirits who basked in the sunshine of Teacher's regard. For with a face too white, hair too straight, dresses too short and legs too long, one runs a poor chance in rivalry with more blessed and bedizened children.

Miss Bailey had already appointed her monitors, organized her kingdom, and was so hedged about with servitors and assistants that her wishes were acted upon before a stranger could surmise them, and her Cabinet, from the Leader of the Line to the Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl, presented an impregnable front to the aspiring public.

During recess time Yetta learned that Teacher was further intrenched in groundless prejudice. Sarah Schodsky, class bureau of etiquette and of *savoir faire*, warned the new-comer:

"Sooner you comes on the school mit dirt on the face she wouldn't to have no kind feelin's over you. She don't lets you should set by her side: she don't lets you should be monitors off of somethings: she don't lets you should make an'thing what is nice fer you."

Another peculiarity was announced by Sadie Gonorowsky: "So you comes late on the school, she has fierce mads. Patrick Brennan, he comes late over yesterday on the morning und she don't lets he should march first on the line."

"Did she holler?" asked Yetta in an awed whisper.

"No. She don't need she should holler when she has mads. She looks on you mit long-mad-proud-looks und you don't needs no hollers. She could to have mads 'out sayin' nothings und you could to have a scare over it. It's fierce. Und extra she goes und tells it out to Patrick's papa — he's the cop mit buttons what stands by the corner — how Patrick comes late und Patrick gets killed as anything over it."

"On'y Patrick ain't cried," interrupted Eva Gonorowsky. She had heard her hero's name and sprang to his defense. "Patrick tells me how his papa hits him awful hacks mit a club. I don't know what is a club on'y Patrick says it makes him biles on all his bones."

"You get biles on your bones from off of cops sooner you comes late on the school?"

Yetta

"'Miss Bailey is a awful nice teacher'"

gasped Yetta. "Nobody ain't tell me nothings over that. I don't know, neither, what is clubs ——"

"I know what are they," the more learned Sarah Schodsky began. "It's a house mit man's faces in the windows. It's full from mans by night. Ikey Borracksohn's papa's got one mit music inside."

"I don't likes it, I have a 'fraid over it!" wailed Yetta. "I don't know does my mamma likes I should come somewheres where cops mit buttons makes like that mit me. I don't know is it healthy for me."

"Sooner you don't comes late on the school nobody makes like that mit you," Eva reminded the panic-stricken newcomer, and for the first three days of her school life Yetta was very early and very dirty.

Miss Bailey, with gentle tact, delivered little lectures upon the use and beauty of soap and water, lectures which Eva Gonorowsky applied to and discussed with the newcomer.

"Miss Bailey is a awful nice teacher," she began one afternoon. "I never in my world seen no nicer teacher. On'y she's fancy."

"I seen how she's fancy," Yetta agreed. "She's got her hair done fancy mit combs und her waist is from fancy goods."

"Yes, she's fancy," Eva continued. "She likes you should put you on awful clean. Say, what you think, she sends a boy home once—mit notes, even—the while he puts him on mit dirty sweaters. She says like this: 'Sweaters what you wears by nights und by days ain't stylish fer school.' Und I guess she knows what is stylish. I ain't never in my world seen no stylisher teacher."

"I don't know be buttoned-in-back dresses the style this year," ventured Yetta. The same misgiving had visited Eva but she thrust it loyally from her.

"They're the latest," she declared.

"It's good they're the style," sighed Yetta. "Mine dress is a buttoned-in-back dress too. On'y I loses me the buttons from off of it. I guess I sews 'em on again. Teacher could to have, maybe, kind feelin's, sooner she sees how I puts me on mit buttons on mine back."

"Sure could she!" cried the sustaining Eva.

"Could she have kind feelin's sooner I puts me on mit buttons on mine back und makes all things what is nice fer me? Oh, Eva, could she have feelin's over *me?*"

"Sure could she," repeated Eva. "Sooner you makes all them things she could to make you, maybe, monitors off of somethings."

"Be you monitors?" demanded Yetta, in sudden awe.

"Off of pencils. Ain't you seen how I gives 'em out und takes 'em up? She gives me, too, a piece of paper mit writings on it. Sooner I shows it on the big boys what stands by the door in the yard, sooner they lets me I should come right up by Teacher's room. You could to look on it." And, after unfolding countless layers of paper and of cheese-cloth handkerchief, she exhibited her talisman. It was an ordinary visiting card with a line of writing under its neatly engraved: "Miss Constance Bailey," and Yetta regarded it with envying eyes:

"What does it says?" she asked.

"Well," admitted Eva, with reluctant candor, "I couldn't to read them words, but I guess it says I should come all places what I wants the while I'm good girls."

"Can you go *all* places where you wants mit it?"

"Sure could you."

"On theaytres?"

"Sure."

"On the Central Park?"

"Sure."

"On the country? Oh, I guess you couldn't to go on the country mit it?"

"Sure could you. All places what you wants you could to go sooner Missis Bailey writes on paper how you is good girls."

"Oh, how I likes she should write like that fer me. Oh, how I likes I should be monitors off of somethings."

"I tell you what you want to do: wash your hands!" cried Eva, with sudden inspiration. "She's crazy for what is clean. You wash your hands und your face. She could to have feelin's."

Patrick

For some mornings thereafter Yetta was clean—and late. Miss Bailey overlooked the cleanliness, but noted the tardiness and treated the offender with some of "the mads 'out sayin' nothings" which Sadie had predicted. Still, the "cop mit buttons und clubs" did not appear, though Yetta lived in constant terror and expected that every opening of the door would disclose that dread avenger.

On the fourth morning of her ablutions Yetta reached Room 18 while a reading lesson was absorbing Teacher's attention:

"Powers above!" ejaculated Patrick Brennan, with the ostentatious virtue of the recently reformed, "here's that new kid late again."

The new kid, in copious tears, encountered one of the "long-mad-proud-looks" and cringed.

"Why are you late?" demanded Miss Bailey.

"I washes mine face," whimpered the culprit, and the eyes with which she regarded Eva Gonorowsky added tearfully: "Villain, behold your work!"

"So I see, but that is no reason for being late. You have been late twice a day, morning and afternoon, for the last three days, and your only excuse has been that you were washing your face. Which is no excuse at all."

"I tells you 'scuse," pleaded Yetta, "mine dear teacher, I tells you 'scuse."

"Very well, I'll forgive you to-day. I suppose I must tolerate you."

"No-o-oh ma'an, Teacher, Missis Bailey, don't you do it." screamed Yetta, in sudden terror. "I have a awful frightened over it. I swear. I kiss up to God, I wouldn't never no more come late on the school. I don't need nobody should make nothings like that mit me."

"Oh, it's not so bad," Miss Bailey reassured her. "And you must expect something to happen if you will come late to school for no reason at all."

And Yetta was too disturbed by the danger so narrowly escaped to tell this charming but strangely ignorant young person that the washing of a face was a most time-consuming process. Yetta's one-roomed home was on the top floor, the sixth, and the only water supply was in the yard. Since the day her father had packed "assorted notions" into a black and shiny box and had set out to seek his very elusive fortunes in the country, Yetta had toiled three times a morning from the yard to her room with a tin pail full of water. This formed the family's daily store and there was no surplus to be squandered. But to win Teacher's commendation she had bent her tired energies to another trip and, behold, her reward was a scolding.

Eva Gonorowsky was terribly distressed, and the plaintive sobs which, from time to time, rent the bosom of Yetta's dingy plaid dress were as so many blows upon the adviser's bruised conscience. Desperately she cast about for some device by which Teacher's favor might be reclaimed, and all jubilantly she imparted it to Yetta.

"Say," she whispered. "I tell you what you want to do. You leave your mamma wash your dress."

"I don't know would she like it. I washes mine face fer her und she has a mad on me."

"'I washes mine face,' whimpered the culprit"

"She'd like it, all right, all right, ain't I tell you how she is crazy fer what is clean? You get your dress washed and it will look awful diff'rent. I done it und she had a glad."

Now a mamma who supports a family by the making of buttonholes, for one hundred of which she receives nine cents, has little time for washing, and Yetta determined—unaided

and unadvised—to be her own laundress. She made endless trips with her tin pail from the sixth floor to the yard and back again, she begged a piece of soap from the friendly "janitor lady" and set valiantly to work. And Eva's prophecy was fulfilled. The dress looked "awful diff'rent" when it had dried to half its already scant proportions. From various sources Yetta collected six buttons of widely dissimilar design and color, and, with great difficulty, since her hands were puffed and clumsy from long immersion in strong suds, she affixed them to the back of the dress and fell into her corner of the family couch to dream of Miss Bailey's surprise and joy when the blended plaid

"She made endless trips with her tin pail"

should be revealed unto her. Surely, if there were any gratitude in the hearts of teachers, Yetta should be, ere the sinking of another sun, "monitors off of somethings."

That Teacher was surprised, no one who saw the glance of puzzled inquiry with which she greeted the entrance of the transformed Yetta, could doubt. That she had a glad, Yetta, who saw the stare replaced by a smile of recognition, was proudly assured. Eva Gonorowsky shone triumphant.

"Ain't I tell you," she whispered jubilantly, as she made room upon her little bench and drew Yetta down beside her. "Ain't I tell you how she is crazy for what is clean? Und I ain't never seen nothings what is clean like you be. You smells off of soap even."

It was not surprising, for Yetta had omitted the rinsing which some laundresses advise. She had wasted none of the janitor lady's gift. It was all in the meshes of the flannel dress, to which it lent, in addition to its reassuring perfume, a smooth, damp slipperiness most pleasing to the touch.

The athletic members of the First Reader Class were made familiar with this quality before the day was over for, at the slightest exertion of its wearer, the rainbow dress sprang, chrysalis-like, widely open up the back. Then were the combined efforts of two of the strongest children required to drag the edges into apposition, while Eva guided the buttons to their respective holes and Yetta "let go of her breath" with an energy which defeated its purpose.

These interruptions of the class routine were so inevitable a consequence of Swedish exercises and gymnastics, that Miss Bailey was forced to sacrifice Yetta's physical development to the general discipline and to anchor her in quiet waters during the frequent periods of drill. When she had been in time she sat at Teacher's desk in a glow of love and pride. When she had been late she stood in the corner near the book-case and repented of her sin. And, despite all her exertions and Eva's promptings, she was still occasionally late.

Miss Bailey was seriously at a loss for some method of dealing with a child so wistful of eyes and so damaging of habits. A teacher's standing on the books of the Board of Education depends, to a degree, upon the punctuality and regularity of attendance to which she can inspire her class, and Yetta was reducing Miss Bailey's average to untold depths.

"What happened to-day?" Teacher asked one morning for the third time in one week, and through Yetta's noisy repentance she heard hints of "store" and "mamma."

"Your mamma sent you to the store?" she interrupted, and Yetta nodded dolefully.

"And did you give her my message about

"Eva guided the buttons to their respective holes"

that last week? Did you tell her that she *must* send you to school before nine o'clock?" Again Yetta nodded, silent and resigned, evidently a creature bound upon the wheel, heart-broken but uncomplaining.

"Well, then," began Miss Bailey, struggling to maintain her just resentment, "you may tell her now that I want to see her. Ask her to come to the school to-morrow morning."

"Teacher, she couldn't. She ain't got time. Und she don't know where is the school neither."

"That's nonsense. You live only two blocks away. She sees it every time she passes the corner."

"She don't never pass no corner. She don't never come on the street. My mamma ain't got time. She sews."

"But she can't sew always. She goes out, doesn't she, to do shopping and to see her friends?"

"She ain't got friends. She ain't got time she should have 'em. She sews all times. Sooner I lays me und the babies on the bed by night my mamma sews. Und sooner I stands up in mornings my mamma sews. All, *all*, ALL times she sews."

"And where is your father? doesn't he help?"

"Teacher, he's on the country. He is peddler mans. He walk und he walk und he walk mit all things what is stylish in a box. On'y nobody wants they should buy somethings from off of my papa. No ma'an, Missis Bailey, that ain't how they makes mit my poor papa. They goes und makes dogs should bite him on the legs. That's how he tells in a letter what he writes on my mamma. Comes no money in the letter und me und my mamma we got it pretty hard. We got three babies."

"I'm going home with you this afternoon," announced Miss Bailey in a voice which suggested neither mads nor clubs nor violence.

After that visit things were a shade more bearable in the home of the absent peddler and one half of Yetta's ambition was achieved. Teacher had a glad. There was a gentleness almost apologetic in her manner towards Yetta, and the hour after which an arrival should be met with a long-proud-mad-look was indefinitely postponed. And, friendly relations being established, Yetta's cravings for monitorship grew with the passing days.

Morris

When she expressed to Teacher her willingness to hold office she was met with unsatisfying and baffling generalities.

"But, surely, I shall let you be

monitor some day. I have monitors for nearly everything under the sun, now, but perhaps I shall think of something for you."

"I likes," faltered Yetta: "I likes I should be monitors off of flowers."

"But Nathan Spiderwitz takes care of the window boxes. He won't let even me touch them. Think what he would do to you."

"Then I likes I should be monitors to set by your place when you goes by the Principal's office."

fear or to obey in his supplanter, and Miss Bailey returned to her kingdom to find it in an uproar and her regent in tears.

"I don't likes it. I don't likes it," Yetta wailed. "All the boys shows a fist on me, all the girls makes a snoot on me, all the childrens says cheek on me — I don't likes it. I hates it."

"Then you shan't do it again," Teacher comforted her. "You needn't be a monitor if you don't wish."

"'All, all, all times she sews'"

"But Patrick Brennan always takes care of the children when I am not in the room."

"He marches first by the line, too. He's two monitors."

"He truly is," agreed Miss Bailey." Well, I shall let you try that some day."

It was a disastrous experiment. The First Reader Class, serenely good under the eye of Patrick Brennan, who wore one of the discarded brass buttons of his sire pinned to the breast of his shirt-waist, found nothing to

"But I likes I shall be monitors. On'y not that kind from monitors."

"Well, if you can think of something you would enjoy I shall let you try again. But it must be something, dear, that no one is doing for me."

But Yetta could think of nothing until one afternoon when she was sitting at Teacher's desk during a Swedish drill. All about her were Teacher's things—her large green blotter, her "from gold" ink-stand and pens,

Nathan

her books where the fairies lived. Miss Bailey was standing directly in front of the desk and encouraging the First Reader Class—by command and by example—to strenuous waving of arms and bending of bodies.

"Forward, bend," commanded, and bent, Miss Bailey and her buttoned-in-back-waist followed the example of less fashionable models, shed its pearl buttons in a shower upon the smooth blotter and gave Yetta the inspiration for which she had been waiting. She gathered the buttons, extracted numerous pins from posts of trust in her attire, and when Miss Bailey had returned to her chair, gently set about repairing the breach.

"What is it?" asked Miss Bailey. Yetta, her mouth full of pins, exhibited the buttons.

"Dear me! All those off!" exclaimed Teacher. "It was good of you to arrange it for me. And now will you watch it? You'll tell me if it should open again?"

Yetta had then disposed the pins to the best advantage and was free to voice her triumphant:

"Oh, I knows now how I wants I should be monitors. Teacher, mine dear Teacher, could I be monitors off of the back of your dress?"

"But surely, you may," laughed Teacher, and Yetta entered straightway into the heaven of fulfilled desire.

None of Eva's descriptions of the joys of monitorship had done justice to the glad reality. After common mortals had gone home at three o'clock, Room 18 was transformed into a land where only monitors and love abounded. And the new monitor was welcomed by the existing staff, for she had supplanted no one and was so palpitatingly happy that Patrick Brennan forgave her earlier usurpation of his office and Nathan Spiderwitz bestowed upon her the freedom of the window-boxes.

"Ever when you likes you should have a crawley bug from off of the flowers, you tell me and I'll catch one fer you. I got lots. I don't need 'em all."

"I likes I shall have one now," ventured Yetta, and Nathan ensnared one and put it in her hand, where it "crawlied" most pleasingly until Morris Mogilewsky begged it for his gold-fish, in their "fish-theaytre." Then Eva shared with her friend and protegée the delights of sharpening countless blunted and bitten pencils upon a piece of sandpaper.

"Say," whispered Yetta, as they worked busily and dirtily, "Say, I'm monitors now. On'y I ain't got no papers."

"You ask her. She'll give you one."

"I'd have a shamed the while she gives me und my mamma whole bunches of things already. She could to think, maybe, I'm greedy. But I needs that paper awful much. I needs I shall go on the country for see mine papa."

"No, she don't thinks you is greedy. Ain't you monitors on the back of her waist? You should come up here 'fore the children comes for see how her buttons stands. You go und tell her you needs that paper."

Very diplomatically Yetta did. "Teacher," she began, "buttoned-in-back dresses is stylish fer ladies."

"Yes, honey," Miss Bailey acquiesced, "so I thought when I saw that you wear one."

"On'y they opens," Yetta went on, all flushed by this high tribute to her correctness. "All times they opens, yours und mine, und that makes us shamed feelin's."

Again Miss Bailey acquiesced.

"'Teacher, mine dear Teacher, could I be monitors off of the back of your dress?'"

"For Yetta was lost"

"So-o-oh," pursued Yetta, with fast beating heart: "don't you wants you should give me somethings from paper mit writings on it so I could come on your room all times for see how is your buttoned-in-back dresses?"

"A beautiful idea," cried Teacher. "We'll take care of one another's buttons. I'll write the card for you now. You know what to do with it?"

"Yiss ma'an. Eva tells me all times how I could come where I wants sooner you write on papers how I is good girls."

"I'll write nicer things than that on yours," said Miss Bailey. "You are one of the best little girls in the world. So useful to your mother and to the babies and to me! Oh, yes, I'll write beautiful things on your card, my dear."

When the Grand Street car had borne Miss Bailey away Yetta turned to Eva with determination in her eye and the "paper mit writings" in her hand.

"I'm goin' on the country for see my papa und birds und flowers und all them things what Teacher tells stands in the country. I *need* I should see them."

"'Out your mamma?" Eva remonstrated.

"Sure, 'out my mamma. She ain't got no time for go on no country. I don't needs my mamma should go by my side. Ain't you said I could to go all places what I wants I should go, sooner Teacher gives me papers mit writings?"

"Sure could you," Eva repeated solemnly. "There ain't no place where you couldn't to go mit it."

"I'll go on the country," said Yetta.

That evening Mrs. Aaronsohn joined her neighbors upon the door-step for the first time in seven years. For Yetta was lost. The neighbors were comforting, but not resourceful. They all knew Yetta: knew her to be sensible and mature for her years, even according to the exacting standard of the East Side. She would presently return, they assured the distraught Mrs. Aaronsohn, and pending that happy event they entertained the bereaved parent with details of the wanderings and home-comings of their own offspring. But Yetta did not come. The reminiscent mothers talked themselves into silence, the deserted babies cried themselves to sleep. Mrs. Aaronsohn carried them up to bed — she hardly knew the outer aspect of her own door — and returned to the then deserted door-step to watch for her first born. One by one the lights were extinguished, the sewing machines stopped, and the restless night of the quarter closed down. She was afraid to go even as far as the corner in search of the fugitive lest she could not have recognized the house which held her home.

All her hopes were centered upon the coming of Miss Bailey. When the children of happier women were setting out for school she demanded and obtained, from one of them, safe conduct to Room 18. But Teacher, when Eva Gonorowsky had interpreted the tale of Yetta's disappearance, could suggest no explanation.

"She was here until half-past three. Then she and Eva walked with me to the corner. Did she tell you, dear, where she was going?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an. She says she goes on the country for see her papa und birds und flowers."

When this was put into Jewish, Mrs. Aaronsohn found it neither comforting nor reassuring. Miss Bailey was puzzled, but undismayed. "We'll find her," she promised the now tearful mother. "I shall go with you to look for her. Say that in Jewish for me, Eva."

The Principal lent a substitute: Room 18 was deserted by its sovereign; the pencils were deserted by their monitor: and Mrs. Aaronsohn, Miss Bailey and Eva Gonorowsky — official interpreter — set out for the nearest drug-store where a telephone might be. They inspected several unclaimed children before, in the station of a precinct many weary blocks away, they came upon Yetta. She was more dirty and bedraggled than she had ever been, but the charm of her manner was unchanged and, hung about her neck upon a dirty piece of string, she wore a policeman's button.

"One of the men brought her in here at ten o'clock last night," the man behind the blotter informed Miss Bailey, while Mrs. Aaronsohn showered abuse and caresses upon the wanderer. "She was straying around the Bowery and she gave us a great game of talk about her father being a bird. I guess he is."

"My papa und birds is on the country. I likes I shall go there," said Yetta from the depths of her mother's embrace.

"There, that's what she tells everybody. She has a card there with a Christian name and no address on it. I was going to try to identify her by looking for this Miss Constance Bailey."

"That is my name. I am her teacher. I gave her the card because——"

"I'm monitors. I should go all places what I wants the while I'm good girls und Teacher writes it on pieces from paper. On'y I ain't want I should come on no cops' house. I likes I should go on the country for see my papa und birds und flowers. I says like that on a cop — I shows him the paper even — und he makes I shall come here on the cops' house where my papa don't stands und birds don't stands und flowers don't stands."

"When next you want to go to the country," said Teacher; "you must let me know. You have frightened us all dreadfully and that is a very naughty thing to do. If ever you run a way again I shall have to keep the promise I made to you long and long ago, when you used to come late to school. I shall have to tolerate you."

But Yetta was undismayed. "I ain't got no more a scare over that," said she with a soft smile towards the brass buttoned person

behind the blotter. "Und I ain't got no scare over cops, neither. I never in mine world seen how they makes all things what is polite mit me und gives me I should eat, und I ain't seen them clubs."

"Well," continued Teacher, "you must never do it again," and then turned her attention to the very erratic spelling of Sergeant Moloney's official record of the flight of Yetta Aaronsohn.

"Say," whispered Eva, and there was a tinge of jealousy in her soft voice; "who gives you the button like Patrick Brennan's got?"

"THE COP," Yetta breathed, pointing a dirty, but reverential finger towards her new divinity. "I guess, maybe, I turns me the dress around. Buttoned-in-front-mit-from-gold-button-suits is awful stylish. He's gr . 'em."

"Think shame how you says," cried Eva with loyal eyes upon the neatly buttoned and all unsuspecting back of Miss Bailey; "ain't you seen how is Teacher's waist?"

"Aint I monitors of it?" demanded Yetta. Sure I know how is it. Only I don't know be they so stylish. Cops ain't got 'em, und oh Eva, Cops is somethin' grand! I turns me the dress around."

"In the station of a precinct . . . they came upon Yetta"

THE THAW AT SLISCO'S

BY

REX E. BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL AND THE HORSE THIEF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY P. RALEIGH

THE storm broke at Salmon Lake, and we ran for Slisco's road-house. It whipped out from the mountains, all tore into strips coming through the saw-teeth, lashing us off the glare ice and driving us up against the river banks among the willows. Cold? Well, some! My bottle of painkiller froze slushy, like lemon punch.

There's nothing like a warm shack, with a caché full of grub, when the peaks smoke and the black snow-clouds roar down the gulch.

Other "mushers" were ahead of us at the road-house, freighters from Kougarok, an outfit from Teller going after booze, the mail-carrier, and, who do you reckon?—Annie Black. First time I had seen her since she was run out of Dawson for claim jumping.

Her and me hadn't been essential to one another since I won that suit over a water right on Eldorado.

"Hello, Annie," says I, clawing the ice out of my whiskers; "finding plenty of claims down here to relocate?"

"Shut up, you perjured pup," says she, full of disappointing affabilities; "I don't want any dealings with a lying, thieving hypocrite like you, Billy Joyce."

Annie lacks the sporting instinct; she ain't got the disposition for cup-racing. Never knew her to win a case, and yet she's the instigatress of more emotional activities than all the marked cards and home distilled liquor in Alaska.

"See here," says I, "a prairie dog and a rattler can hole up together, but humans has got to be congenial, so, seein' as we're all stuck to live in the same room till this blizzard blizzes out, let's forget our troubles. I'm as game a Hibernian as the next, but I don't hibernate till there's a blaze of mutual respect going."

"Blaze away," says she, "though I leave it to the crowd if you don't look and act like a liar and a grave robber." Her speech is sure full of artless hostilities.

Ain't ever seen her? Lord! I thought everybody knew Annie Black. She drifted into camp one day, tall, slab-sided, ornery to the view, and raising fifty or upwards; disposition uncertain as frozen dynamite. Her ground plans and elevations looked like she was laid out for a man, but the specifications hadn't been followed. We ain't consumed by curiosity regarding the etymology of every stranger that drifts in, and as long as he totes his own pack, does his assessments, and writes his location notices proper, it goes. Leastways, it went till she hit town. In a month she had the brotherly love of that camp gritting its teeth and throwing back twisters. 'Twas all legitimate, too, and there never was a pennyweight of scandal connected with her name. No, sir! Far's conduct goes, she's always been the shinin' female example of this country; but them qualities let her out.

First move was to jump Bat Ruggles's town lot. He had four courses of logs laid for a cabin when "Scotty" Bell came in from the hills with $1800 in coarse gold that he'd rocked out of a prospect shaft on Bat's Moose's Creek claim.

Naturally Bat made general proclamation of thirst, and our town kinder dozed violently into a joyful three days' reverie, during which period of coma the recording time on Bat's lot ran out.

He returns from his "hootch-hunt" to complete the shack, and finds Annie overseeing some "Siwashes" put a pole roof on it. Of course he promotes a race-war immediate, playing the white "open" and the red to lose, so to speak, when she up an' spanks his face, addressing expurgated,

motherly cuss-words at him like he'd been a bad boy and swallered his spoon, or dug an eye out of the kitten. Bat realizes he's against a strange system and draws out of the game.

A week later she jumps No. 3, Gold Bottom, because Donnelly stuck a pick in his foot and couldn't stay to finish the assessment.

"I can't throw her off, or shoot her up," says he, "or even cuss at her like I want to, 'cause she's a lady." And it appeared like that's been her graft ever since—presumin' on her sex to make disturbances. In six months we hated her like pizen.

There wasn't a stampede in a hundred miles where her bloomers wasn't leading, for she had the endurance of a moose; and between excitements she prospected for trouble in the manner of relocations.

I've heard of fellers speakin' disrespectful to her and then wandering around dazed and loco after she'd got through painting word pictures of 'em. It goes without saying she was generally popular and petted, and when the Commissioner invited her to duck out down the river, the community sighed, turned over, and had a peaceful rest—first one since she'd come in.

I hadn't seen her from that time till I blowed into Slisco's on the bosom of this forty mile, forty below blizzard.

Setting around the fire that night I found that she'd just lost another of her famous law-suits—claimed she owned a fraction 'longside of No. 20, Buster Creek, and that the Lund boys had changed their stakes so as to take in her ground. During the winter they'd opened up a hundred and fifty feet of awful rich pay right next to her line, and she'd raised the devil. Injunctions, hearings and appeals, and now she was coming back, swearing she'd been "jobbed," the judge had been bought, and the jury corrupted.

"It's the richest strike in the district," says she. "They've rocked out $11,000 since snow flew, and there's 30,000 buckets of dirt on the dump. They can bribe and bulldoze a decision through this court, but I'll have that fraction yet, the robbers."

"Robbers be cussed," speaks up the mail man. "You're the cause of the trouble yourself. If you don't get a square deal, it's your own fault—always looking for technicalities in the mining laws. It's been your game from the start to take advantage of your skirts, what there is of 'em, and jump jump, jump. Nobody believes half you say. You're a natural disturber, and if you was a man you'd have been hung long ago."

I've heard her oral formations, and I looked for his epidermis to shrivel when she got her replications focused. She just soared up and busted.

"Look out for the stick," thinks I.

"Woman, am I," she says, musical as a bum gramophone under the slow bell. "I take advantage of my skirts, do I? Who are you, you mangy 'malamoot,' to criticize a lady? I'm more of a man than you, you tin-horn; I want no favors; I do a man's work; I live a man's life; I *am* a man, and I'm proud of it, but you —; Nome's full of your kind; you need a woman to support you; you're a protoplasm, a polyp. Those Swedes changed their stakes to cover my fraction. I know it, they know it, and if it wasn't Alaska, God would know it; but He won't be in again till spring, and then the season's only three months long. I've worked like a man, suffered like a man——"

"Why don't ye' lose like a man?" says he.

"I will, and I'll fight like one, too," says she, while her eyes burned like faggots. "They've torn away the reward of years of work and agony, and they forget I can hate like a man."

She was stretched up to high C, where her voice drowned the howl of the storm, and her seamed old face was a sight. I've seen mild, shrinky, mouse-shy women 'roused to hell's own fury, and I felt that night that here was a bad enemy for the Swedes of Buster Creek.

She stopped, listening.

"What's that? There's some one at the door."

"Nonsense," says one of the freighters. "You do so much knocking you can hear the echo."

"There's some one at that door," says she.

"If there was, they'd come in," says Joe.

"Couldn't be, this late in this storm," I adds.

She came from behind the stove, and we let her go to the door alone. Nobody ever seemed to do any favors for Annie Black.

"She'll be seein' things next," says Joe, winking. "What'd I tell you? For God's sake close it—you'll freeze us."

Annie opened the door, and was hid to the waist in a cloud of steam that rolled in out of the blackness. She peered out for a

minute, stooped, and tugged at something in the dark. I was at her side in a jump, and we dragged him in, snow-covered and senseless.

"Quick—brandy," says she, slashing at his stiff "mukluks." "Joe, bring in a tub of snow." Her voice was steel sharp.

"Well, I'm danged," says the mail man. "It's only an Injun. You needn't go crazy like he was a white."

"Oh, you *fool!*" says Annie. "Can't you see? Esquimaux don't travel alone. There's white men behind, and God help them if we don't bring him to."

She knew more about rescustications than us, and we did what she said, till at last he came out of it, groaning—just plumb wore out and numb.

"Talk to him, Joe; you savvy their noise," says I.

The poor devil showed his excitement, dead as he was.

"There's two men on the big 'Cut-off,'" Joe translates. "Lost on the portage. There was only one robe between 'em, so they rolled up in it, and the boy came on in the dark. Says they can't last till morning."

"That let's them out," says the mail carrier. "Too bad we can't reach them to-night."

"What!" snaps Annie. "Reach 'em? Huh! I said you were a jelly-fish. Hurry up and get your things on, boys."

"Have a little sense," says Joe. "You surely ain't a darn fool. Out in this storm, dark as the inside of a cow; blowin' forty mile, and the 'quick' froze. Can't be done. I wonder who they are?"

He "kowtowed" some more, and at the answer of the chattering savage we looked at Annie.

"Him called Lund," shivered the Siwash.

I never see anybody harder hit than her. I love a scrap, but I thinks "Billy, she's having a stiffer fight than you ever associated with."

Finally she says, kind of slow and quiet: "Who knows where the 'Cut-off' starts?"

Nobody answers, and up speaks the U. S. man again.

"You've got your nerve, to ask a man out on such a night."

"If there was one here, I wouldn't have to ask him. There's people freezing within five miles of here, and you hug the stove, saying: 'It's stormy, and we'll get cold.' Of course it is. If it wasn't stormy they'd be here too, and it's so cold, you'll probably freeze. What's that got to do with it? Ever have your mother talk to you about duty? Thank Heaven I traveled that portage once, and I can find it again if somebody will go with me."

Annie Black

'Twas a blush raising talk, but nobody upset any furniture getting dressed.

She continues:

"So I'm the woman of this crowd and I hide behind my skirts. Mr. Mail Man, show what a glorious creature you are. Throw yourself—get up and stretch and roar. Oh, you barnyard bantam! Has it had its pap to-night? I've a grand commercial enterprise; I'll take all of your bust measurements

and send out to the States for a line of corsets. Ain't there half a man among you?"

She continued in this vein, pollutin' the air, and, having no means of defense, we found ourselves follerin' her out into a yelling storm that beat and roared over us like waves of flame.

Swede luck had guided their shaft onto the richest pay-streak in seven districts, and Swede luck now led us to the Lund boys, curled up in the drifted snow beside their dogs; but it was the level head and cool judgment of a woman that steered us home in the gray whirl of the dawn.

During the deathly weariness of that night I saw past the calloused hide of that woman and sighted the splendid courage cached away beneath her bitter oratory and hosstyle syllogisms. "There's a story there," thinks I, "an' maybe a man moved in it—though I can't imagine her softened by much affection." It pleased some guy to state that woman's the cause of all our troubles, but I figger they're like whisky—all good, though some a heap better'n others, of course, and when a frail, little, ninety pound woman gets to bucking and acting bad, there's generally a two hundred pound man hid out in the brush that put the burr under the saddle.

During the next three days she dressed the wounds of them Scow-weegians and nursed them as tender as a mother.

The wind hadn't died away till along came the "Flying Dutchman" from Dugan's, twenty miles up, floatin' on the skirts of the blizzard.

"Hello, fellers. Howdy, Annie. What's the matter here?" says he. "We had a woman at Dugan's too—purty as a picture; different from the Nome bunch—real sort of a lady."

"Who is she?" says I, "an' what's she doin' out here on the trail?"

"Dunno, but she's all right; come clean from Dawson with a dog team; says she's looking for her mother."

I heard a pan clatter on the floor where Annie was washing dishes, and her face went a sickly gray. She leaned across, gripping the table, and straining to ask something, but the words wouldn't come, while "Dutch" continues:

"Somethin' strange about it, *I* think. She says her ma's over in the Golden Gate district, workin' a rich mine. Of course we all laughed at her, and said there wasn't a woman in the whole layout, 'ceptin' *some* folks might misconstrue Annie here into a kind of a female. She stuck to it though, much as to say we was liars. She's comin' on—what's the matter, Annie—you ain't sore at me effeminatin' you by the gentle name of female, are you?"

She had come to him and gripped his shoulder, till her long, bony fingers buried themselves in his mackinaw. Her mouth was twitching, and she hadn't got shed of that "first-aid-to-the-injured" look.

"What name? What name, Dutch? What name?" She shook him like a rat.

"Bradshaw—but you needn't run your nails through and clinch 'em. Ow! Le' go my white meat. You act like she was your long lost baby. What d'ye think of that idea, fellers? Ain't that a pleasin' conceit? Annie Black, and a baby. Ha! Ha! that's a hit. Annie and a daughter. A cow-thief and a calla-lily."

"Dutch," says I, "you ain't a-goin' to make it through to Lane's Landing if you don't pull your freight," and I drags the darn fool out and starts him off.

When I came in she was huddled onto a goods box, shaking and sobbing like any woman, while the boys sat around and champed their bits and stomped.

"Take me away, Billy," she says. "For God's sake take me away before she sees me." She slid down to the floor and cried something awful. Gents, that was sure the real distress, nothing soft and sloppy, but hard, wrenchy, deep ones, like you hear at a melodrayma. 'Twas only back in '99 that I seen an awful crying match, though both of the ladies had been drinking, so I felt like I was useder to emotion than the balance of the boys, and it was up to me to take a holt.

"Madam," says I, and somehow the word didn't seem out of place any more—"Madam, why do you want to avoid this party?"

"Take me away," she says. "It's my daughter. She's going to find me this way, all rough and immodest and made fun of. But that's the worst you can say, isn't it? I'm a square woman—you know I am, don't you, boys?" and she looked at us fierce and pleadin'.

"Sure," says Joe. "We'll boost you with the girl all right."

"She thinks her father's dead, but he isn't—he ran away with a show woman—a year after we were married. I never told her about it, and I've tried to make a little lady of her."

"'Ain't there half a man among you?'"

"'Can you tell me where Mrs. Bradshaw lives?'"

We found out afterwards that she had put the girl in a boarding-school, but couldn't seem to make enough for both of them, and when the Klondyke was struck thought she saw a chance. She came north, insulted by deck hands and laughed at by the officers. At Skagway she nursed a man through typhoid, and when he could walk he robbed her. The mounted police took everything else she had and mocked at her. "Your kind always has money," they said.

That's how it had been everywhere, and that's why she was so hard and bitter. She'd worked and fought like a man, but she'd suffered like a woman.

"I've lied and starved and stolen for her," said Annie, "to make her think I was doing well. She said she was coming in to me, but I knew winter would catch her at Dawson, and I thought I could head her off by spring."

"Now, she's here; but, men, as your mothers loved you, save me from my little girl."

She buried her face, and when I looked at the boys, tears stood in Joe Slisco's eyes and the others breathed hard. Ole Lund, him that was froze worst about the hands, spoke up:

"Someboady tak de corner dat blanket an' blow may nose."

Then we heard voices outside.

"Hello, in there."

Annie stood up, clutching at her throat, and stepped behind the corner of the bunks as the door opened, framing the prettiest picture this old range rider ever saw.

'Twas a girl, glowing pink and red where the cold had kissed her cheeks, with yellow curlicues of hair wandering out under her yarn cap. Her little fox-trimmed parka quit at the knees, showing the daintiest pair of—I can't say it. Anyhow, they wasn't, they just looked like 'em, only nicer.

She stood blinking at us, coming from the bright light outside, as cute as a new faro box—then :

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Bradshaw lives? She's somewhere in this district. I'm her daughter—come all the way from the States to see her."

When she smiled I could hear the heart-strings of those ragged, whiskered, frost-bit "mushers" bustin' like banjo strings.

"You know her, don't you?" she says, turning to me.

"Know her, Miss? Well, I should snort! There ain't a prospector on the range that ain't proud and honored to call her a friend. Leastways, if there is I'll bust his block," and I cast the bad eye on the boys to wise 'em up. "Ain't I right Joe?"

"Betcher blame life," says Joe, sort of overstepping the conventions.

"Then tell me where her claim is. It's quite rich, and you must know it," says she, appealing to him.

Up against it? Say! I seen the whites of his eyes show like he was drownding, and he grinned joyful as a man kicked in the stummick.

"Er—er—I just bought in here, and I ain't acquainted much," says he. "Have a drink," and, in his confusions, he sets out the bottle of alkalies that he dignifies by the alias of booze. Then he continues with reg'-lar human intelligence.

"Bill, here, he can tell you where the ground is," and the whelp indicates me.

Lord knows my finish, but for Ole Lund. He sits up in his bunk, swaddled in Annie Black's bandages, and through slits between his frost bites, he molts the follering rhetoric :

"Aye tole you vere de claim iss. She own de Nomber Twenty fraction on Buster Creek, 'longside may and may broder. She's dam good fraction, too."

I consider that a blamed white stunt for Swedes ; paying for their lives with the mine they swindled her out of.

Anyhow, it knocked us galley-west.

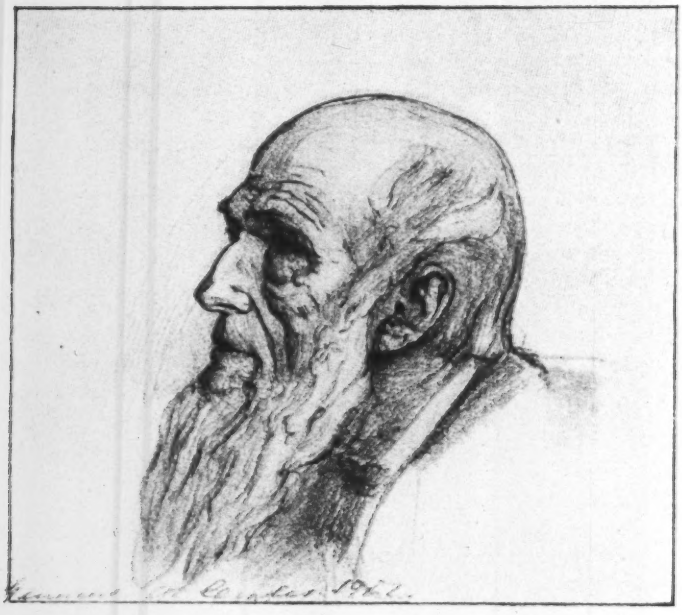
I'd formulated a swell climax, involving the discovery of the mother, when the mail man spoke up, him that had been her particular abomination, a queer kind of a break in his voice :

"Come out of that."

Mrs. Bradshaw moved out into the light, and, if I'm any judge, the joy that showed in her face rubbed away the bitterness of the past years. With an aching little cry the girl ran to her, and hid in her arms like a quail.

We men-folks got accumulated up into a dark corner where we shook hands and swore soft and insincere, and let our throats hurt, for all the world like it was Christmas or we'd got mail from home.

The portrait of President Roosevelt used on the September cover was copyrighted, 1904, by Pach Brothers, but through an oversight the copyright notice was omitted.—THE EDITOR.



THE NEED OF MONEY

BY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA," "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GENEVIEVE COWLES

FAR back in his corner on the Democratic side of the House, Uncle Billy Rollinson sat through the dragging routine of the legislative session, wondering what most of it meant. When anybody spoke to him in passing, he would answer, in his gentle, timid voice, "Howdy-do, sir." Then his cheeks would grow a little red and he would stroke his long white beard elaborately, to cover his embarrassment. When a vote was taken, his name was called toward the last of the roll, so that he had ample time, after the leader of his side of the House, young Hurlbut, had voted, to clear his throat several times and say "Aye" or "No" in quite a firm voice. But the instant the word had left his lips he found himself terribly frightened and stroked his beard a great many times, the while he stared seriously up at the ceiling, partly to avoid meeting anybody's eye, and partly in the belief that it concealed his agitation and gave him the air of knowing what he was about. Usually he did not know any more than he knew how he had happened to be sent to the legislature by his county. But he liked it. He liked the feeling of being a person to be considered; he liked to think that he was making the laws of his state. He liked the handsome desk and the easy leather chair; he liked the row of fat, expensive volumes, the unlimited stationery, and the free pen-knives that were furnished him. He enjoyed the attentions of the colored men in the cloak-room, who brushed him ostentatiously and always called him (and the other representatives) "Senator," to make up to themselves for the airs which the janitors of the "Upper House" assumed. Most of these things surprised him; he had not

expected to be treated with such liberality by the state and never realized that he and his colleagues were treating themselves to all these things at the expense of the people, and so, although he bore off as much note-paper as he could carry, now and then, to send to his son, Henry, he was horrified and dumfounded when the bill was proposed appropriating $135,000 for the expenses of the seventy days' session of the legislature.

He was surprised to find that among his "perquisites" were passes (good during the session) on all the railroads that entered the state, and others for use on many interurban trolley lines. These, he thought, might be gratifying to Henry, who was fond of travel and had often been unhappy when his father had failed to scrape up enough money to send him to a circus in the next county. It was "very accommodating of the railroads," as Uncle Billy thought, to maintain this pleasant custom, because the members' traveling expenses were paid by the state just the same; hence the economical could "draw their mileage" at the Treasurer's office, and add it to their salaries. He heard—only vaguely understanding—many joking references to other ways of adding to salaries.

Most of the members of his party had taken rooms at one of the hotels, whither those who had sought cheaper apartments repaired in the evening, when the place became a noisy and crowded club, admission to which was not by card. Most of the rougher man-to-man lobbying was done here; and at times it was Babel.

Through the crowds Uncle Billy wandered shyly, stroking his beard and saying, "Howdy-do, sir," in his gentle voice, getting out of the way of people who hurried, and in great trouble of mind if any one asked him how he intended to vote upon a bill. When this happened he looked at the interrogator in the plaintive way that was his habit, and answered slowly: "I reckon I'll have to think it over." He was not in Hurlbut's councils.

There was much bustle all about him, but he was not part of it. The newspaper reporters remarked the quiet, inoffensive old figure pottering about aimlessly on the outskirts of the crowd, and thought Uncle Billy as lonely as a man might well be, for he seemed less a part of the political arrangement than any member they had ever seen. He would have looked less lonely and more in place trudging alone through the furrows of his home fields in a wintry twilight.

And yet, everybody liked the old man, Hurlbut in particular, if Uncle Billy had known it; for Hurlbut watched the votes very closely and was often struck by the soundness of Representative Rollinson's intelligence in voting.

In return, Uncle Billy liked Hurlbut better than any other man he had ever known—except Henry, of course. On the first day of the session, when the young leader had been pointed out to him, Uncle Billy's humble soul was prostrate with admiration, and when Hurlbut led the first attack on the monopolistic tendencies of the Republican Party, Representative Rollinson, chuckling in his beard at the handsome youth's audacity, himself dared so greatly as to clap his hands aloud. Hurlbut, on the floor, was always a storm center; tall, dramatic, bold, the members put down their newspapers whenever his strong voice was heard demanding recognition, and his, "Mr. Speaker!" was like the first rumble of thunder. The tempest nearly always followed, and there were times when it threatened to become more than vocal; when, all order lost, nine-tenths of the men on the other side of the House were on their feet shouting jeers and denunciations, and the orator faced them, out-thundering them all, with his own cohorts, flushed and cheering, gathered round him. Then, indeed, Uncle Billy would have thought him a god, if he had known what a god was.

Sometimes Uncle Billy saw him in the hotel lobby, but he seemed always to be making for the elevator in a hurry, with half-a-dozen people trying to detain him, or descending momentarily from the stairway for a quick, sharp talk with one or two members, their heads close together, after which Hurlbut would dart upward again.

Sometimes the old man sat down at one of the writing tables, in a corner of the lobby, and, annexing a sheet of the hotel note-paper, "wrote home" to Henry. He sat with his head bent far over, the broad brim of his felt hat now and then touching the hand with which he kept the paper from sliding; and he pressed diligently upon his pen, usually breaking it before the letter was finished. He looked so like a man bent upon concealment that the reporters were wont to say: "There's Uncle Billy humped up over his guilty secret again."

The secret was apt to take this form :

Dear Son Henry :

I would be glad if you was here. There is big doings. Hurlbut gave it to them to-day. He don't give the Republicans no rest, he lights into them like sixty you would like to see him. They are plenty nice fellows in the Republicans too but they lay mighty low when Hurlbut gets after them. He was just in the office but went out. He always has a segar in his mouth but not lit. I expect hes quit, I send you enclosed last week's salary all but $11.80 which I had to use as living is pretty high in our capital city of the state. If you would like some of this hotel writing paper better than the kind I sent you of the General Assembly I can send you some, the boys say it is free. I think it is all right you sold the calf but Wilkes didn't give you good price. Hurlbut came in while I was writing then. You bet he can always count on Wm. Rollinson's vote.

Well I must draw to a close,

Yours truly

Your father.

"Wm. Rollinson" did not know that he was known to his colleagues and the lobby and the Press as "Uncle Billy" until informed thereof by a public print. He stood, one night, on the edge of a laughing group, when a reporter turned to him and said :

"The *Constellation* would like to know Representative Rollinson's opinion of the scandalous story that has just been told."

The old man, who had not in the least understood the story, summoned all his faculties and, after long deliberation, bent his plaintive eyes upon the youth and replied :

"Well, sir, it's a-stonishing, a-stonishing !"

"Think it's pretty bad, do you ?"

Some of the crowd turned to listen, and the old fellow, hopelessly puzzled, stroked his beard with a trembling hand, and then, muttering, "Well, young man, I expect you better excuse me," hurried away and left the place. The next morning he found the following item tacked to the tail of the "Legislative Gossip" column of the *Constellation*:

UNCLE BILLY ROLLINSON HORRIFIED

Yesterday a curious and amusing story was current among the solons at the Nagmore Hotel. It seems that the wife of a country member of the last legislature had been spending the day at the hotel and the wife of a present member from the country complained to her of the greatly increased expenditure appertaining to the cost of living in the Capital City. "Indeed," replied the wife of the former member, "that is curious. But I suppose my husband is much more economical than yours, for he brought home $1,500, that he'd saved out of his salary." As the salary is only $456, and the gentleman in question did not play poker, much hilarity was indulged in, and there were conjectures that the economy referred to concerned his vote upon a certain bill before the last session, anent which the lobby pushing it were far from economical. Uncle Billy Rollinson, the gentleman from Wixinockee, heard the story, as it passed from mouth to mouth, but he had no laughter to greet it. Uncle Billy, as every one who comes into contact with him knows, is as honest as the day is long, and the story grieved and shocked him. He expressed the utmost horror and consternation, and requested to be excused from speaking further upon a subject so repugnant to his feelings. If there were more men of this stamp in politics, who find corruption revolting instead of amusing, our legislatures would enjoy a better fame.

Uncle Billy had always been agitated by the sight of his name in print. Even in the Wixinockee County *Clarion*, it dumfounded him and gave him a strange feeling that it must mean somebody else, but the sudden blaze of metropolitan fame made him almost giddy. He folded the paper quickly and placed it inside his coat, feeling vaguely that it would not do to be seen reading it. He murmured feeble answers during the day, when various of his colleagues referred to it ; but when he reached his own little room that evening, he spread it out under his oil-smelling lamp and read it again. Perhaps he read it twenty times over before the supper bell rang. Perhaps the fact that he was still intent upon it accounted for his not hearing the bell, so that his landlady had to call him.

What he liked was the phrase "honest as the day is long." He did not go to the hotel that night. He went back to his room and read the *Constellation*. He liked the *Constellation*. Newspapers were very kind, he thought. Now and then he would pick up his pile of legislative bills and try to spell through the ponderous sentences, but he always gave it up and went back to the *Constellation*. He wondered if Hurlbut had read it. Hurlbut had. The leader had even told the author of the item that he was glad somebody could appreciate the kind of a man Uncle Billy was, and his value to the body politic.

"Honest as the day is long," Uncle Billy repeated to himself, in the little room, nodding his head gravely. Then he thought for a long while about the member who had, according to the story, sold one vote for $1,500. He sat up, that evening, until almost ten o'clock. Even after he had gone to bed, he lay awake with his eyes wide open in the

darkness, thinking of the colossal sum. If anybody should come to *him* and offer him all that money to vote a certain way upon a bill, he believed he would not take it, for that would be bribery; though Henry would be glad to have the money. Henry always needed money; sometimes the need was imperative — once, indeed, so imperative that the small, unfertile farm had been mortgaged beyond its value, otherwise very serious things must have happened to Henry. Uncle Billy wondered how offers of money to members were refused without hurting the intending donor's feelings. And what a great deal could be done with $1,500, if a member could get it and still be as honest as the day is long!

About the second month of the session the floor of the House began steadily to grow more and more tumultuous. To an unpolitical onlooker, leaning over the gallery rail, it was often an incomprehensible Bedlam, or perhaps one might have been reminded of an ant-heap by the hurry and scurry and life and death haste in a hundred directions at once, quite without any distinguishable purpose. Twenty men might be rampaging up and down the aisles, all shouting, some of them furiously, others with a determination that was deadly, all with arms waving at the Speaker, some of the hands clenched, some of them fluttering documents, while pages ran everywhere in mad haste, stumbling and falling in the aisles. In the midst of this, other members, seated, wrote studiously; others mildly read newspapers; others lounged, half-standing against their desks, unlighted cigars in their mouths, laughing; all the while the patient Speaker tapped with his gavel on a small square of marble. Suddenly perfect calm would come and the voice of the reading clerk drone for half an hour or more, like a single bee in a country garden on Sunday morning.

Of all this Uncle Billy was as much a layman spectator as any tramp who crept into the gallery for a few hours out of the cold. The hurry and seethe of the racing sea touched him not at all, except to bewilderment, while he was carried with it, unknowing, toward the breakers. The shout of those breakers was already in the ears of many, for the crisis of the session was coming. This was the fight that was to be made on Hurlbut's "Railroad Bill," which was, indeed, but in another sense, known as the "Breaker."

Uncle Billy had heard of the "Breaker." He couldn't have helped that. He had heard a dozen say: "Then's when it's going to be warm times, when that 'Breaker' comes up!" or, "Look out for that 'Breaker.' We're going to have big trouble." He knew, too, that Hurlbut was interested in the "Breaker," but upon which side he was for a long time ignorant.

Hurlbut always nodded to the old man, now, as he came down the aisle to his own desk. He had begun that the day after the *Constellation* item. Uncle Billy never failed to be in his seat early in the morning, waiting for the nod. He answered it with his usual "Howdy-do, sir," then stroked his beard and gazed profoundly at the row of fat volumes in front of him, swallowing painfully once or twice.

This was all that really happened for Uncle Billy during the turmoil and scramble that went on about him all the day long. He had not been forced to discover a way to meet an offer of $1,500, without hurting the putative donor's feelings. No lobbyist had the faintest idea of "approaching" the old man in that way. The members and the hordes of camp-followers and all the lobby had settled into a belief that Representative Rollinson was a sea-green Incorruptible, that of all honest members he was the most honest. He had become typical of honesty: sayings were current — "You might as well try to bribe Uncle Billy Rollinson!" "As honest as old Uncle Billy Rollinson." Hurlbut often used such phrases in private.

The "Breaker" was Hurlbut's own bill; he had planned it and written it, though it came over to the House from the Senate under a Senator's name. It was one of those "anti-monopolistic" measures which Democrats put their whole hearts into, sometimes, and believe in and fight for magnificently; an idea conceived in honesty and for a beneficent purpose, in the belief that a legislature by the wave of a hand can conjure the millenium to appear; and born out of an utter misconception of man and railroads. The bill needs no further description than this: if it passed and became an enforced law, the dividends of every railroad entering the state would be reduced by two-fifths. There is one thing that will fight harder than a Democrat — that is a railroad.

The "Breaker" had been kept very dark until Hurlbut felt that he was ready; then

it was swept through the Senate before the railroad lobby, previously lulled into unsuspicion, could collect itself and block it. This was as Hurlbut had planned; that the fight should be in his own House. It was the bill of his heart and he set his reputation upon it. He needed fifty-one votes to pass it, and he had them, and one to spare; for he took his followers, who formed the majority, into caucus upon it. It was in the caucus Uncle Billy learned that Hurlbut was "for" the bill. He watched the leader with humble, wavering eyes, thinking how strong and clear his voice was, and wondering if he never lit the cigar he always carried in his hand, or if he ever got into trouble, like Henry, being a young man. If he did, Uncle Billy would have liked the chance to help him out. He had plenty of such chances with Henry; indeed, the opportunity may be said to have been unintermittent, and Uncle Billy was never free from a dim fear of the day when his son would get in so deeply that he could not get him out. Verily the day seemed near at hand; Henry's letters were growing desperate and the old man walked the floor of his little room at night more and more hopeless. Once or twice, even as he sat at his desk in the House, his eyes became so watery that he forced himself into long spells of coughing, to account for it, in case any one might be noticing him.

The caucus was uneventful and quiet, for it had all been talked over, and was no more than a matter of form.

The Republicans did not caucus upon the bill (they had reasons), but they were solidly against it. Naturally it follows that the assault of the railroad lobby had to be made upon the virtue of the Democrats *as* Democrats. That is, whether a member upon the majority side cared about the bill for its own sake, or not, right or wrong, he felt it his duty as a Democrat to vote for it. If he had a conscience higher than a political conscience and believed the bill was bad, his duty was to "bolt the caucus"; but all of the Democratic side believed in the righteousness of the bill except two. One had already been bought and the other was Uncle Billy, who knew nothing about it except that Hurlbut was "for" it and it seemed to be making a "big stir."

The man who had been bought sat not far from Uncle Billy; he was a furtive, untidy slouch of a man, formerly a Republican; he had a great capacity for "handling the colored vote" and his name was Pixley. Hurlbut mistrusted him; the young man had that instinct, which good leaders need, for feeling the weak places in his following; and he had the leader's way, too, of ever bracing up the weakness and fortifying it; so he stopped four or five times a day at Pixley's desk, urging the necessity of standing fast for the "Breaker," and expressing convictions as to the political future of a Democrat who should fail to vote for it; to which Pixley assented in his husky, tough-ward voice.

All day long now, Hurlbut and his lieutenants, disregarding the routine of bills, went up and down the lines, fending off the lobbyists and such Republicans as were working openly for the bill. They encouraged and threatened and never let themselves be too confident of their seeming strength. Some of those who were known, or guessed, to be of the "weaker brethren" were not left to themselves for half an hour at a time from their breakfasts until they went to bed. There was always at elbow the "Hold fast!" whisper of Hurlbut and his lieutenants. None of them ever thought of speaking to Uncle Billy.

Hurlbut's "work was cut out for him," as they said. What work it is to keep every one of fifty men honest under great temptation for three weeks (which time it took for the hampered and filibustered bill to come up for its passage or defeat) is known to those who have tried to do it. The railroads were outraged and incensed by the measure; they sincerely believed it to be monstrous and thievish. "Let the legislature try to confiscate two-fifths of the lawyers', or the bakers', or the ironmolders', just earnings," said they, "and see what will happen!"

When such a bill as this comes to the floor for the third time the fight is already over, oratory is futile; and Cicero could not budge a vote. The railroads were forced to fight as best they could; this was the old way that they have learned is most effective in such a case. Votes could not be had to "oblige a friend" on the "Breaker" bill; nor could they be procured by arguments to prove the bill unjust. In brief: the railroad lobby had no need to buy Republican votes (with the exception of the one or two who charged out of habit whenever legislation concerned corporations), for the Republicans were against the bill, but they did mortally need to buy

two Democratic votes, and were willing to pay handsomely for them. Nevertheless, Mr. Pixley's price was not exorbitant, considering the situation; nor need he have congratulated himself so heartily as he did (in moments of retirement from public life) upon his prospective $2,000 (when the goods should be delivered) since his vote was assisting the railroads to save many million dollars a year.

Of course the lobby attacked the bill noisily; there were big guns going all day long; but those in charge knew perfectly well that the noise accomplished nothing in itself. It was used to cover the whispering. Still, Hurlbut held his line firm and the bill passed its second reading with fifty-two votes, Mr. Pixley being directed by his owners to vote for it on that occasion.

As time went on the lobby began to grow desperate; even Pixley had been consulted upon his opinion by Barrett, the young lawyer through whom negotiations in his own case had been conducted. Pixley suggested the name of Rollinson, and Barrett dismissed this counsel with as much disgust for Pixley's stupidity as he had for the man's person. (One likes a *dog* when he buys him.)

"But why not?" Pixley had whined as he reached the door. "Uncle Billy ain't so much! You listen to me. He wouldn't take it out-an'-out —I don't say as he would. But you needn't work that way. Everybody thinks it's no use to tackle him—but nobody never *tried!* What's he *done* to make you scared of him? *Nothing!* Jest set there and *looked!*"

After he had gone the fellow's words came back to Barrett: "Nobody never tried!" And then, to satisfy his conscience that he was leaving no stone unturned, yet laughing at the uselessness of it, he wrote a letter to a confidant of his, formerly a colleague in the lobby, who lived in the county-seat near which Uncle Billy's mortgaged acres lay. The answer came the night after the second vote on the "Breaker."

Dear Barrett:

I agree with your grafter. I don't believe Rollinson would be hard to approach if it were done with tact—of course you don't want to tackle him the way you would a swine like Pixley. A good many people around here always thought the old man simple-minded. He was given the nomination almost in joke—nobody else wanted it, because they all thought the Republicans had a sure thing of it; but Rollinson got in on the general Democratic landslide in this district. He's got one son, a worthless pup, Henry, a sort of yokel Don Juan, always half drunk when his father has any money to give him, and just smart enough to keep the old man mesmerized. Lately, Henry's been in a mighty serious peck of trouble. Last fall he got married to a girl here in town. Three weeks ago a family named Johnson, the most shiftless in the county, the real low-down white trash sort, living on a truck patch out Rollinson's way, heard that Henry was on a toot in town, spending money freely, and they went after him. A client of mine rents their ground to them and told me all about it. It seems they claim that one of the daughters in the Johnson family was Henry's common-law wife before he married the other girl, and it's more than likely they can prove it. They are hollering for $600, and if Henry doesn't raise it mighty quick they swear they'll get him sent over the road for bigamy. I think the old man would sell his soul to keep his boy out of the penitentiary and he's at his wits' ends; he hasn't anything to raise the money on and he's up against it. He'll do anything on earth for Henry. Hope this'll be of some service to you, and if there's anything more I can do about it you better call me up on the long distance.

Yours faithfully,
J. P. Watson.

P. S.—You might mention to our old boss that I don't want anything if services are needed; but a pass for self and family to New York and return would come in handy.

Barrett telegraphed an answer at once: "If it goes you can have annual for yourself and family. Will call you up at two, sharp, to-morrow."

It was late the following night when the lobbyist concluded his interview with Representative Rollinson, in the latter's little room half lighted by the oil-smelling lamp.

"I knew you would understand, Mr. Rollinson," said Barrett as he rose to go. His eyes danced and his jaws set with the thought that had been jubilant within him for the last half-hour: "We've got 'em! We've got 'em! We've got 'em!" The railroads had defended their own again.

"Of course," he went on, "we wouldn't have dreamed of coming to you and asking you to vote against this outrageous bill if we thought for a minute that you had any real belief in it or considered it a good bill. But you say, yourself, your only feeling about it was to oblige Mr. Hurlbut, and you admit, too, that you've voted his way on every other bill of the session. Surely, as I've already said so many times, you don't think he'd be so unreasonable as to be angry with you for differing with him on the merits of only one! No, no, Hurlbut's a very sensible

fellow about such matters. You don't need to worry about *that!* After all I've said, surely you won't give it another thought, will you?"

Uncle Billy sat in the shadow, bent far over, slowly twisting his thin, corded hands, the fingers tightly interlocked. It was a long time before he spoke, and his interlocutor had to urge him again before he answered, in his gentle, quavering voice: "No, I reckon not, if you say so."

"Certainly not," said Barrett briskly. "Why, of course, we'd never have thought of making you a money offer to vote either for or against your principles. Not much! We don't do business that way! We simply want to do something for you. We've wanted to, all during the session, but the opportunity hadn't offered until I happened to hear your son was in trouble."

Out of the shadow came a long, tremulous sigh; there was a moment's pause; then Uncle Billy's head sank slowly lower and rested on his hands.

"You see," the other continued cheerfully, "we make no conditions, none in the world. We feel friendly to you and want to oblige you, but of course we do think you ought to show a little good-will towards *us*. I believe it's all understood; to-morrow night Mr. Watson will drive out in his buggy to this Johnson place and he's empowered by us to settle the whole business and obtain a written statement from the family that they have no claim on your son. How he will settle it is neither your affair nor mine; nor whether it costs money or not. But he *will* settle it. We do that out of good-will to you, as long as we feel as friendly to you as we do now, and all we ask is that you show your good-will to us."

It was plain, even to Uncle Billy, that if he voted against Mr. Barrett's friends in the afternoon those friends might not feel so much good-will toward him in the evening as they did now; and Mr. Watson might not go to the trouble of hitching up his buggy to drive out to the Johnsons'.

"You see, it's all out of friendship," said Barrett, his hand on the door knob. "And we can count on your's to-morrow, can't we—absolutely?"

The gray head sank a little lower, and then after a moment the quavering voice answered:

"Yes, sir—I'll be friendly."

Before morning, Hurlbut lost another vote. One of his best men left on a night train for the bedside of his dying wife. This meant that the "Breaker" needed every one of the fifty-one remaining Democratic votes in order to pass. Hurlbut more than distrusted Pixley, yet he felt sure of the other fifty, and if, upon the reading of the bill, Pixley proved false, the bill would not be lost, since there would be a majority of votes in its favor, though not the constitutional majority of fifty-one required for its passage, and it could be brought up again and carried when the absent man returned. Thus, on the chance that Pixley had withstood tampering, Hurlbut made no effort to prevent the bill from coming to the floor in its regular order in the afternoon, feeling that it could not possibly be killed by a majority against it, for he trusted his fifty, now, as strongly as he distrusted Pixley.

And so the roll-call on the "Breaker" began, rather quietly, though there was no man's face in the hall that was not set to show the tensity of high-strung nerves. The great crowd that had gathered and choked the galleries and the floor beyond the bar, and the Senators who had left their own chamber to watch the bill in the House, all began to feel disappointed; for nothing happened until Pixley's name was called.

Pixley voted "No!"

Uncle Billy, sitting far down in his leather chair on the small of his back, heard the outburst of shouting that followed; he could not see Pixley, for the traitor was instantly surrounded by a ring of men, and all that was visible from where he sat was their backs and upraised, gesticulating hands. Uncle Billy began to tremble violently; he had not calculated on this; but surely such things would not happen to *him!* The Speaker's gavel clicked through the uproar and the roll-call proceeded.

The clerk reached the name of Rollinson. Uncle Billy swallowed, threw a pale look about him and wrapped his damp hands in the skirts of his shiny old coat, as if to warm them. For a moment he could not answer. People turned to look at him.

"Rollinson!" shouted the clerk again.

"No," said Uncle Billy.

Immediately he saw above him and all about him a blur of men's faces and figures risen to their feet, he heard a hundred voices say breathlessly: "What!" and one that said: "My God, that kills the bill!"

Then a horrible and incredible storm burst upon him, and he who had sat all the session

shrinking unnoticed in his quiet, back seat, unnerved when a colleague asked the simplest question, found himself the center and point of attack in the wildest melée the legislature ever saw. A dozen men, red, frantic, with upraised arms, came at him, Hurlbut the first of them. But the lobby was there, too; for it was not part of its calculations that the old man should be frightened into changing his vote.

There need have been no fear of that. Uncle Billy was beyond the power of speech. The lobby's agents swarmed on the floor, and, with half-a-dozen hysterically laughing Republicans, met the onset of Hurlbut and his men. It became a riot immediately. Sane men were swept up in it to be as mad as the rest, while the galleries screamed and shouted. All round the old man the fury was greatest; his head sank over his desk and rested on his hands as it had the night before; for he dared not lift it to see the avalanche he had loosed upon himself. He would have liked to stop his ears to shut out the egregious clamor of cursing and yelling that beset him, as his bent head kept the glazed eyes from seeing the impossible vision of the attack that strove to reach him. He remembered awful dreams that were like this; and now, as then, he shuddered in a cold sweat, being like one who would draw the covers over his head to shelter him from horrors in great darkness. As Uncle Billy felt, so might a naked soul feel at the judgment day, tossed alone into the pit with all the myriads of eyes in the universe fastened on its sins.

He was pressed and jostled by his defenders; once a man's shoulders were bent back down over his own and he was crushed against the desk until his ribs ached; voices thundered and wailed at him, threatening, imploring, cursing, cajoling, raving.

Smaller groups were struggling and shouting in every part of the room, the distracted sergeants-at-arms roaring and wrestling with the rest. On the high dais the Speaker, white but imperturbable, having broken his gavel, beat steadily with the handle of an umbrella upon the square of marble on his desk. Fifteen or twenty members, raging dementedly, were beneath him, about the clerk's desk and on the steps leading up to his chair, each howling hoarsely:

"A point of *order!* A point of *or-der!*"

When the semblance of order came at last, the roll was finished, "reconsidered," the "Breaker" was beaten, 50 to 49, was dead; and Uncle Billy Rollinson was creeping down the outer steps of the State House in the cold February slush and rain.

He was glad to be out of the nightmare, though it seemed still upon him, the horrible clamors, all gonging and blaring at *him;* the red, maddened faces, the clenched fists, the open mouths, all raging at *him*—all the ruck and uproar swam about the dazed old man as he made his slow, unseeing way through the wet streets.

He was too late for dinner at his dingy boarding house, having wandered far, and he found himself in his room without knowing very well how he had come there, indeed, scarcely more than half-conscious that he *was* there. He sat, for a long time, in the dark. After a while he mechanically lit the lamp, sat again to stare at it, then, finding his eyes watering, turned from it with an incoherent whimper, as if it had been a person from whom he would conceal the fact that he was crying. He leaned his arm against the window sill and dried his eyes on the shiny sleeve.

An hour later there came a hard, imperative knock on the door. Uncle Billy raised his head and said gently:

"Come in."

He rose to his feet uncertain, aghast, when he saw who his visitor was. It was Hurlbut.

The young man confronted him darkly, for a moment, in silence. He was dripping with rain; his hat, unremoved, shaded lank black locks over a white face; his nostrils were wide with wrath; the "dry" cigar wagged between gritting teeth.

"Will ye take a chair?" faltered Uncle Billy.

The room rang to the loud answer of the other: "I'd see you in Hell before I'd sit in a chair of yours!"

He raised an arm, straight as a rod, to point at the old man. "Rollinson," he said, "I've come here to tell you what I think of you! I've never done that in my life before, because I never thought any man worth it. I do it because I need the luxury of it—because I'm sick of myself not to have had gumption enough to see what you were all the time and have you watched!"

Uncle Billy was stung to a moment's life. "Look here," he quavered, "you hadn't ought to talk that way to me. There ain't a cent of money passed my fingers——"

Hurlbut's bitter laugh cut him short. "Pay! Don't you suppose *I know* how it was done. Do you suppose there's a man in the whole Assembly doesn't know how you were sold? I had it by the long distance an hour ago, from your own home. Do you suppose *we* have no friends there, or that it was hard to find out about the whole dirty business? Your son's not going to stand trial for bigamy; that was the price you charged for killing the bill. You and Pixley are the only men whom they could buy with all their millions! Oh, I know a dozen men who could be bought on other issues, but not on *this!* You and Pixley stand alone. Well, you've broken the caucus and you've betrayed the Democratic party. I've come to tell you that the party doesn't want you any more. You are out of it, do you hear? We don't want even to use you!"

The old man had sunk back into his chair, stricken white, his hands fluttering helplessly. "I didn't go to hurt your feelings, Mr. Hurlbut," he said. "I never knowed how it would be, but I don't think you ought to say I done anything dishonest; I just felt kind of friendly to the railroads——"

The leader's laughter cut him off again. "Friendly! Yes, that's what you were! Well, you can go back to your friends; you'll need them!—Mother in Heaven! How you fooled us! We thought you were the straightest man and the stanchest Democrat——"

"I be'n a Democrat all my life, Mr. Hurlbut. I voted fer——"

"Well, you're a Democrat no longer. You're done for, do you understand? And we're done with you!"

"You mean," the old man's voice shook almost beyond control, "you mean you're tryin' to read me out of the party?"

"Trying to!" Hurlbut turned to the door. "You're out! It's done. You can thank God that your 'friends' did their work so well that we can't prove what we know. On my soul, you dog, I believe if we could, some of the boys would send you over the road!"

An hour after he had gone, Uncle Billy roused himself from his stupor, and, the astonished landlady heard his shuffling step on the stair. She followed him softly and curiously to the front door, and watched him. He was bare-headed but had not far to go. The night-flare of a cheap, all-night saloon, across the sodden street, silhouetted the stooping figure for a moment and then the swinging doors shut the old man from her view. She returned to her parlor and sat waiting for his return until she fell asleep in her chair. She awoke at two o'clock, went to his room, and was aghast to find it still vacant.

"The Lord have mercy on us all!" she cried aloud. "To think that old rascal'd go out on a spree! He'd better of stayed in the country where he belonged."

It was the next morning that the House received a shock which loosed another riot, but one of a kind different from that which greeted Representative Rollinson's vote on the "Breaker." The reading clerk had sung his way through an inconsequent bill; most of the members were buried in newspapers, gossiping, idling, or smoking in the lobbies, when a loud, cracked voice was heard shrilly demanding recognition.

"Mr. Speaker!" Every one turned with a start. There was Uncle Billy, on his feet, violently waving his hands at the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker!" His dress was disordered and muddy; his eyes shone with a fierce, absurd, liquorish light; and with each syllable that he uttered his beard wagged to an unspeakable effect of comedy. He offered the most grotesque spectacle ever seen in that hall—a notable distinction.

For a moment the House sat in paralytic astonishment. Then came an awed whisper from a Republican: "Has the old fool really found his voice?"

"No, he's drunk," said a neighbor. "I guess he can afford it, after his vote yesterday!"

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! *Mister* Speaker!"

The cracked voice startled the lobbies. The hangers-on, the typewriters, the janitors, the smoking members came pouring into the chamber and stood, transfixed and open-mouthed.

"*Mister Speaker!*"

Then the place rocked with the gust of laughter and ironical cheering that swept over the Assembly. Members climbed upon their chairs and on desks, waving handkerchiefs, sheets of foolscap, and waste baskets. "Hear 'im! *He-ear* 'im!" rang the derisive cry.

The Speaker yielded in the same spirit, and said:

"The gentleman from Wixinockee."

A semi-quiet followed; the cracked voice rose defiantly:

"That's who I am! I'm the gentleman from Wixinockee an' I stan' here to defen' the principles of the Democratic party!"

The Democrats responded with violent hootings, supplemented by cheers of approval from the Republicans. The high voice out-shrieked them all: "Once a Democrat, always a Democrat! I' voted Dem'cratic tick't forty year, born a Democrat an' die a Democrat. Fellow sizzens, I want to say to you right here an' now that principles of Dem'cratic Party saved this country a hun'erd times from Republican mal'diminastration an' degerdation! Lemme tell you this: you kin take my life away but you can't say I don' stan' by Dem'cratic party, mos' glorious party of Douglas an' Tilden, Henricks, Henry Clay an' George Washin'ton. I say to you, they *hain't* no other party an' I'm member of it till death an' Hell an' f'rever after, so help me God!"

He smote the desk beside him with the back of his hand, using all his strength, skinning his knuckles so that the blood dripped from them unnoticed. He waved both arms continually, bending his body almost double and straightening up again, in crucial efforts for emphasis. All the old jingo platitudes that he had learned from campaign speakers throughout his life, the nonsense and brag and blat, the cheap phrases, all the empty balderdash of the platform rushed to his incoherent lips.

The lord of misrule reigned at the end of each sentence, as the members sprang again upon the chairs and desks, roaring, waving, purple with laughter. The Speaker leaned back exhausted in his chair and let the gavel rest. Spectators, pages, galleries whooped and howled with the members. Finally the climax came.

"I want to say to you just this here," shrilled the cracked voice, "an' you can tell the Republican Party that I said so, tell 'em straight from me, an' I hain't goin' back on it; I reckon they know who I am, too; I'm a man that's honest—I'm as honest as the day is long, I am—as honest as the day is long——"

He was interrupted by a loud voice. "*Yes,*" it cried, "when that day is the *twenty-first of December!*"

That let pandemonium loose again, wilder, madder than before. A member threw a pamphlet at Uncle Billy. In a moment the air was thick with a Brobdingnagian snow storm: pamphlets, huge wads of foolscap, bills, books, newspapers, waste-baskets went flying at the grotesque target from every quarter of the room. Members "rushed" the old man, hooting, cheering; he was tossed about, half thrown down, bruised, but, clamorous over all the clamors, jumping up and down to shriek over the heads of those who hustled him, his hands waving frantically in the air, his long beard wagging absurdly, still desperately vociferating his Democracy and his honesty.

That was only the beginning. He had, indeed, "found his voice"; for he seldom went now to the boarding-house for his meals, but patronized the free lunch counter and other allurements of the establishment across the way. Every day he rose in the House to speak, never failing to reach the assertion that he was "as honest as the day is long," which was always greeted in the same way.

For a time he was one of the jokes that lightened the tedious business of law-making, and the members looked forward to his "*Mis-ter Speaker*" as schoolboys look forward to recess. But, after a week, the novelty was gone.

The old man became a bore. The Speaker refused to recognize him, and grew weary of the persistent shrilling. The day came when Uncle Billy was forcibly put into his seat by a disgusted sergeant-at-arms. He was half drunk (as he had come to be most of the time), but this humiliation seemed to pierce the alcoholic vapors that surrounded his always feeble intelligence. He put his hands up to his face and cried like a whimpering child. Then he shuffled out and went back to the saloon. He soon acquired the habit of leaving his seat in the House vacant; he was no longer allowed to make speeches there; he made them in the saloon, to the amusement of the loafers and roughs who infested it. They badgered him, but they let him harangue them, and applauded his rhodomontades.

Hurlbut, passing the place one night at the end of the session, heard the quavering, drunken voice, and paused in the darkness to listen.

"I tell you, fellow-countrymen, I've voted

Dem'cratic tick't forty year, live a Dem'crat, die a Dem'crat! An' I'm 's honest as day is long!"

It was five years after that session, when Hurlbut, now in the national Congress, was called to the district in which Wixinockee lies, to assist his hard pressed brethren in a campaign. He was driving, one afternoon, to a political meeting in the country, when a recollection came to him and he turned to the committee chairman, who accompanied him, and said:

"Didn't Uncle Billy Rollinson live somewhere near here?"

"Why, yes. You knew him in the legislature, didn't you?"

"A little. Where is he now?"

"Just up ahead here. I'll show you."

They reached the gate of a small, unkempt, weedy graveyard and stopped.

"The inscription on the head-board is more or less amusing," said the chairman, as he got out of the buggy, "considering that he was thought to be pretty crooked, and I seem to remember that he was 'read out of the party,' too. But he wrote the inscription himself, on his death-bed, and his son put it there."

There was a sparse crop of brown grass growing on the grave to which he led his companion. A cracked wooden headboard, already tilting rakishly, marked Henry's devotion. It had been white-washed and the inscription done in black letters, now partly washed away by the rain but still legible:

HERE LIES
THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF
WILLIAM ROLLINSON
A LIFE-LONG
DEMOCRAT
AND A
MAN
AS HONEST AS THE DAY IS LONG

The chairman laughed. "Don't that beat thunder? You knew his record in the legislature, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He *was* as crooked as they say he was, wasn't he?"

Hurlbut had grown much older in five years, and he was in Congress. He was climbing the ladder, and, to hold the position he had gained, and to insure his continued climbing, he had made some sacrifices within himself by obliging his friends—sacrifices which he did not name.

"I could hardly say," he answered gently, his down-bent eyes fastened on the sparse, brown grass. "It's not for us to judge too much. I believe, maybe, that if he could hear me now, I'd ask his pardon for some things I said to him once."

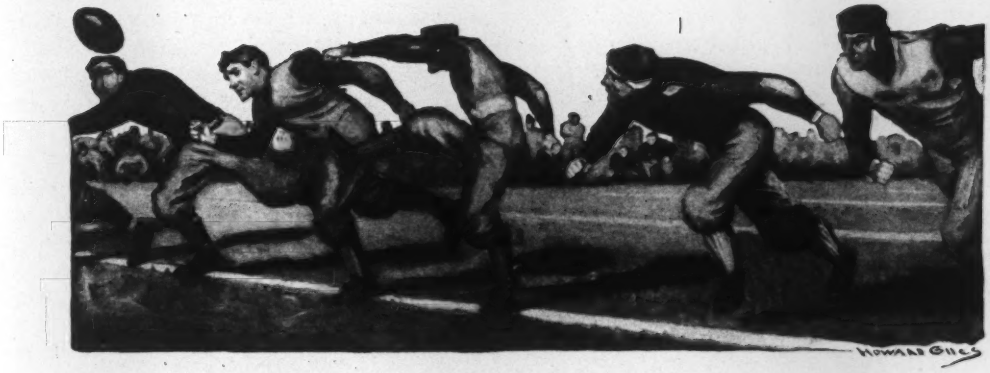
"YESTERDAY RAN ROSES"

BY

ROBERT LOVEMAN

YESTERDAY ran roses,
To-day it is the rue;
Again, again, O Love, I swear
To be strong and true.

To-day it is the cowl and fast,
To-morrow, what will be?
Foolish heart, hast not enough
Of pain and ecstasy?



THE PASSING OF THE VET

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE COMING OF THE MAESTRA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD GILES

THE game had not been on three minutes before Kelley saw that they knew it. After each scrimmage the eyes of the little blue quarter, running in furtive examination along the orange striped line a-quiver before him, closed unconsciously to a narrow, cunning streak as they passed Kelley, at left tackle; then with the bark of the signal, the whole blue avalanche struck him with a crumpling crash. With a quick, writhing motion, the end, a Freshman, whom he had never seen before, threw himself across his legs, while the tackle—his old enemy, Horan—butted head first above in an effort to bend him backward over the lithe living thing paralyzing him down below. In rapid succession they made over him three yards, then two more, then five, with pounding cross-tackle masses. Yes, they knew that his left leg was bad.

Kelley shook his head and laughed, a laugh that opened only his lips in a jagged interstice against the teeth grinding beneath. "I wish you'd try that again," he said to his two opponents with tense politeness.

They did not answer. The end, crouched with his left hand touching the ground, his right arm at ease across his right thigh, was looking away from him in pretentious ignorance of his presence; Horan, squat and massive, was peering through the forest of legs at the ball in the center. A vague sense of impersonality came over Kelley. Between him and these two men crouching there, vigilant, there was no personal relation, not even that of rivalry or hate. He was merely the obstacle, the thing to be chopped down coldly, methodically.

"Please do," he pleaded again; but he was looking with tense concentration at the ball, still on the ground beneath the center's hand. At the first thrill of its quick snap-back he bounded sideways upon the end, a little to his left, evading Horan. He caught the end's head between his hands and jerked it down into the earth, stamped across his back, and was through. The whole interference was coming in an attempted end run, the leather helmets lowered menacingly, the backs behind rising and falling in quick vibration. Kelley threw himself into it, head first, his body rigid, his arms, spread-eagled, seizing legs from the hollow of his neck to the tip of his clutching fingers. He felt a grinding above him, then a crunching thump as that of a train off the track and bumping the ties; and he lay still and flat, a great weight upon him and a grim satisfaction at his heart.

But as he rose with a scornful down-glance at the man with the ball who was unrolling

"'No, not my left leg—the bad one, of course'"

himself slowly and painfully, the sense of perfect achievement that thrilled his whole being came to him with the freshness of novel sensation. And it *was* something almost new, something of by-gone days, one familiar, but not experienced for a long time and almost forgotten. Not once during that whole, long, terrible season had he possessed it—that satisfaction at something done absolutely—not once. For a moment the realization was black to him; then he distorted it.

"Guess I've hit up my old pace again," he murmured, lining up with fictitious sprightliness. "You're young," he shouted at the end; "only a kid. Wait till you've done this for four years and then tell me something."

And he seized the boy by the hair, pulling him toward him. The blue quarter, seeing his right wing unsteady, sent the attack to the left, but a guard was through, spoiling it.

"Easy; line like butter," laughed Kelley. "Our ball, I guess."

But it was only third down and the blues formed for a punt, the full dancing away from the line while the other backs spread out to protect him. Kelley charged to block the kick, but his onset lacked conviction. Two men were across his path, and the uselessness of the trial weighed upon him already as he started. As the men converged upon him he came to a stop limply, all the artificial determination of the last few moments

giving way to that vague discouragement that had paralyzed him all through the long, grueling season. And then the full-back, receiving the ball, juggled it—Kelley took a step forward and again stopped as the full-back recovered—the man juggled again and dropped the ball to the ground—Kelley started forward—the ball gave a short bound, the full-back whisked it up and crashed his foot up against it; it soared up into the sky, and Kelley followed it with his eyes, stupid, the sense of extraordinary opportunity, irretrievably lost, sickening his heart.

Slowly he trotted back, limping a little on his weak leg, to the spot where the punt had landed and his team, in possession of the ball, was lining up again. On the offense now, he had his end—a Freshman who had made the team through his irrepressible rebound—by his side, doubling up on Horan. "We'll show you a trick or two," he laughed in the latter's face, as if he were not listening intently to the bark of the quarter, calling for an opening through the blue tackle.

And as the ball moved Kelley and his end sprang at Horan. The end fell fair on knees and hands against Horan's left side, one elbow crooked about his leg; but Kelley was slow, and instead of chucking the blue tackle over the cunningly clutching end was himself hurled backward by Horan's onset, spilling his charging backs into an impotent heap.

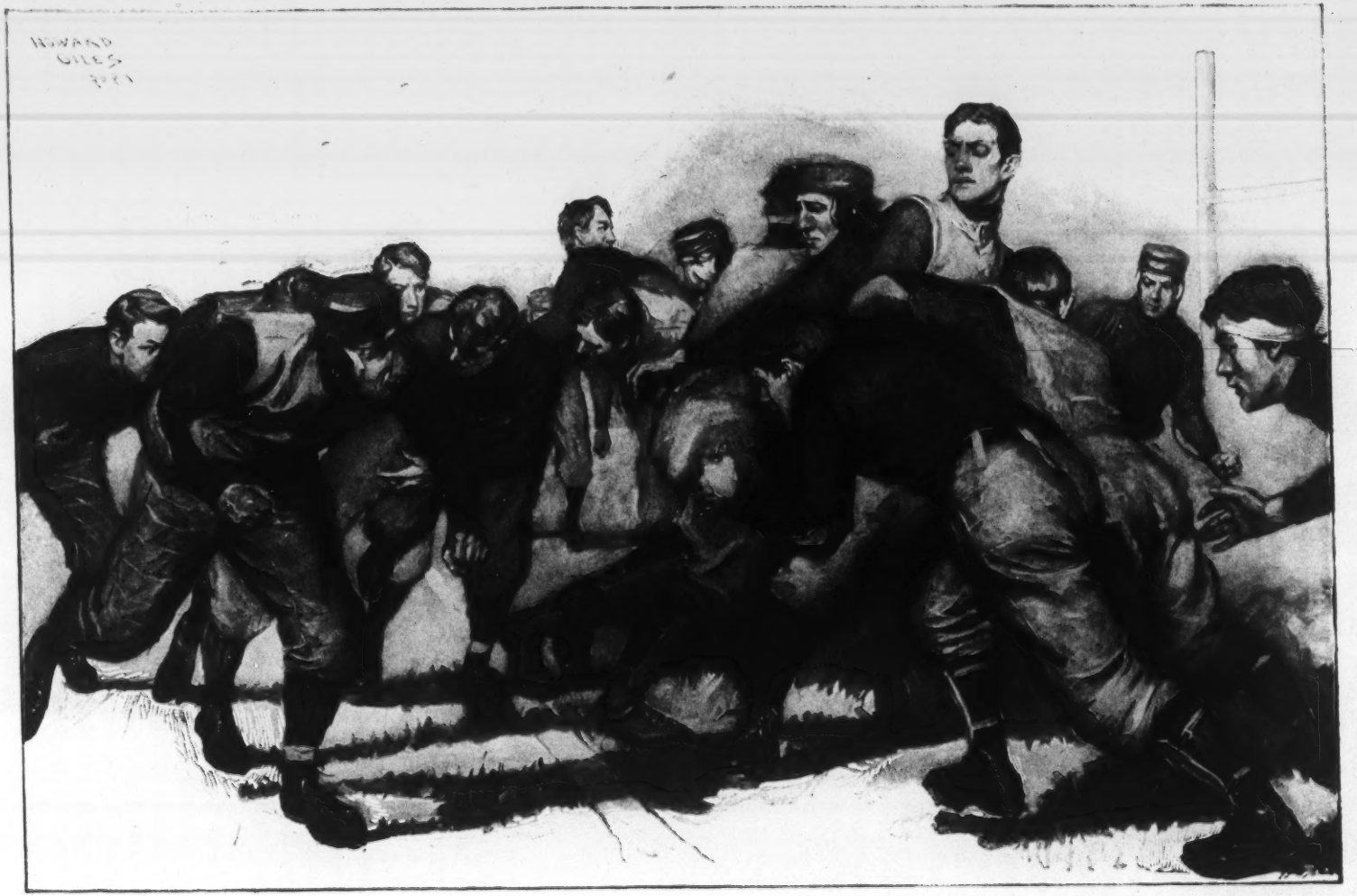
Kelley's end looked up at his blundering captain with a hesitating smile. "Never mind," said Kelley, "we'll put him on his head next time." But a sickening doubt dragged at his heart. And the next moment Horan had broken through him and tackled behind the line. "Good golly," said the end wonderingly; "your leg is bad, isn't it?" But Kelley knew that it was not his leg. "Shut up and play ball!" he growled savagely.

The teams engaged in a punting duel. Alternately Kelley had to charge when the blues kicked and to run down the field on his own full-back's punts. As he ran he felt he had none of his old-time speed. He pounded the ground heavily; the length of his stride was only the compass of his leg; there was no spring in it. "Lord, I'm on the bum," he murmured to himself with each effort, self-pityingly. "Well, I'll show them anyhow."

And then, the kicking having ended in a deadlock, the blues again started to buck; and again, according to the preconceived plan, they concentrated upon Kelley, hammering and hammering him without stop, pounding, inexorably pounding to finish him. Each time, the quarter's furtive glance, hovering along the line in quick inspection, stopped with its malevolent gleam upon Kelley; then, with a shrill, snapping call, the whole blue team converged upon him with a rush while the young lithe end wiggled about his legs and, above, Horan charged him like a bull. They had picked him as the vulnerable link in the line, he whom, the year before, they had dared attack only thrice in the whole game. Bitterness and defiance choked him at the throat, and carefully he mastered all his craft, all his cunning, all the resources taught him in a hundred battles, to foil them.

But this was not enough. All his science, all his skill were not enough. In that pliant, tiger-like spring of the young end, in that tireless ferocity of Horan, there was something more potent, infinitely more potent. It was the same irritating, irrepressible thing which he had fought in Cochran, the Freshman who had so nearly displaced him from the team, his team, the team of which he was the captain. As he fought, some obscure corner of his brain was working independently, independently in the agonized concentration of all his faculties to bring him up to his task; it flashed to him in vivid fragments the whole deplorable story of the past season, his last season—he, captain of the team, hero of countless struggles, idol of the bleachers, playing an inferior game at every practice; weighed down with an impalpable weariness, a mysterious discouragement, sick of toil and strain and fighting, hurt, and feeling each day his grasp upon his position slipping away from him before the Freshman's terrible youth; making the team at the last moment only through the momentum of his past achievements—and all through the struggle, his College against him, the College for whom he had toiled and fought so long; the whole College with thumbs down for him in cold, cruel verdict——

The dregs of his wrongs stirred black in his mind. "I'll show them; I'll show them," he growled. But the blues were coming at him again and again, and the orange-stripe men, panting, were receding, two yards, three yards at a time, receding because their captain was failing them. Suddenly Kelley



"The charge was coming outside of tackle, right for the spot where his second move had placed him"

stood upright, his big fists extended, trembling with menace, toward the blue line.

"Come on, you!" he screamed, a red whirl of rage before his eyes, "Come on, you! Come on, you! Come on!"

But his eyes fell upon the little blue quarter, snug behind his ponderous line. The man was laughing to himself, a chuckle half triumph, half contempt; and Kelley grew cold with the realization of what he was doing, of what they were doing, of what he had yet to do; and he crouched down, silent and grim, calling to his rescue all his old skill, his cunning, the knowledge come so hard in a hundred struggles.

He moved out to the left, far from his guard, in assumed carelessness. He saw the eyes of the blue quarter flash in quick seizure of the opportunity as they fell upon the break in the line, and, at the signal cry, he leaped back against the guard. It was as he had calculated; the attack came for the breach left a moment open and now closed. He dropped to the ground, spilling the formation with no gain. As he arose, he took his position close in, then with the last number of the blue quarter's call, he sprang outward; and again he had outwitted them. The charge was coming outside of tackle, right for the spot where his second move had placed him. He pounced upon the man with the ball, pinning him to the ground with a loss.

But that was another resource displayed and gone. Wherever he stood now, Horan and his end followed, keeping him between them, as if in a cell of walls living, throbbing with fiendish intelligence. Each time, as the ball moved, he felt the subtle, hypocritical attack of the end upon his bad leg, felt himself paralyzed below, seized as by the tentacles of some nightmare creature, while above, Horan's brutal ramming bruised him, cracked his ribs, swayed him like an oak athrill with the blows of the woodman's axe. Surely the gains upon him were increasing and it was only because the blue quarter, fearing to concentrate all the orange backs in support of that side of the line, felt obliged to send some of the attacks toward the other extremity, that Kelley's team had not yet been driven back across the last white line flashing behind them nearer and nearer, till Kelley could feel its shame like a scorching welt across his shoulders.

And then suddenly they had done it. The end, springing at him low, had gripped his left foot with both hands, nailing the cleats of the shoe into the sod, while up above Horan threw his whole weight against his chest. He felt a vague creaking of the joint, along his spine ran a soft bubble that dissolved his whole body in cold weakness; but as he fell he stretched out his right arm and tripped the man with the ball, throwing him headlong just as he was circling the end.

Kelley lay still a moment with eyes closed; then he sat up, watching with alert purpose the trainer running to him from the sidelines with his grip and bandages. And, forming a background to the man, he saw tier upon tier of humanity, packed to the skies, hundreds of men with little black-and-orange caps upon their heads and black-and-orange flags in their hands. A strange immobility was upon them; the caps were set hard upon their heads; the flags were dropped upon their knees, flutterless, heavy, as if of sculptured stone; behind the black-silhoutted topmost row a little white cloud hung, as if frozen to its place, and the whole thing, the men, the emblems, that cloud, the horizon, seemed cast into immutable form, into a bronze frieze representation of discontent, criticism, of chill disapproval.

"The—the—" growled Kelley, but the adequate words stuck in his throat, and with a sidewise jerk of his head he spit upon the ground.

Then the trainer was kneeling before him. "Bandage my knee," he said quickly. "No, not my left leg—the bad one, of course."

The trainer, his black rubber bandage unrolled across his arm, looked up at him doubtingly. "You know darn well which it is," Kelley growled impatiently; "the same old one, the right one."

"The right—" began the man, hesitating.

"Of course the right, you blockhead; you've bandaged it often enough."

Understanding flashed upon the man. He threw at Kelley a look of admiration. "By Jove, you're—" he started; but he bent down quickly and bound up the right knee with pretentious care.

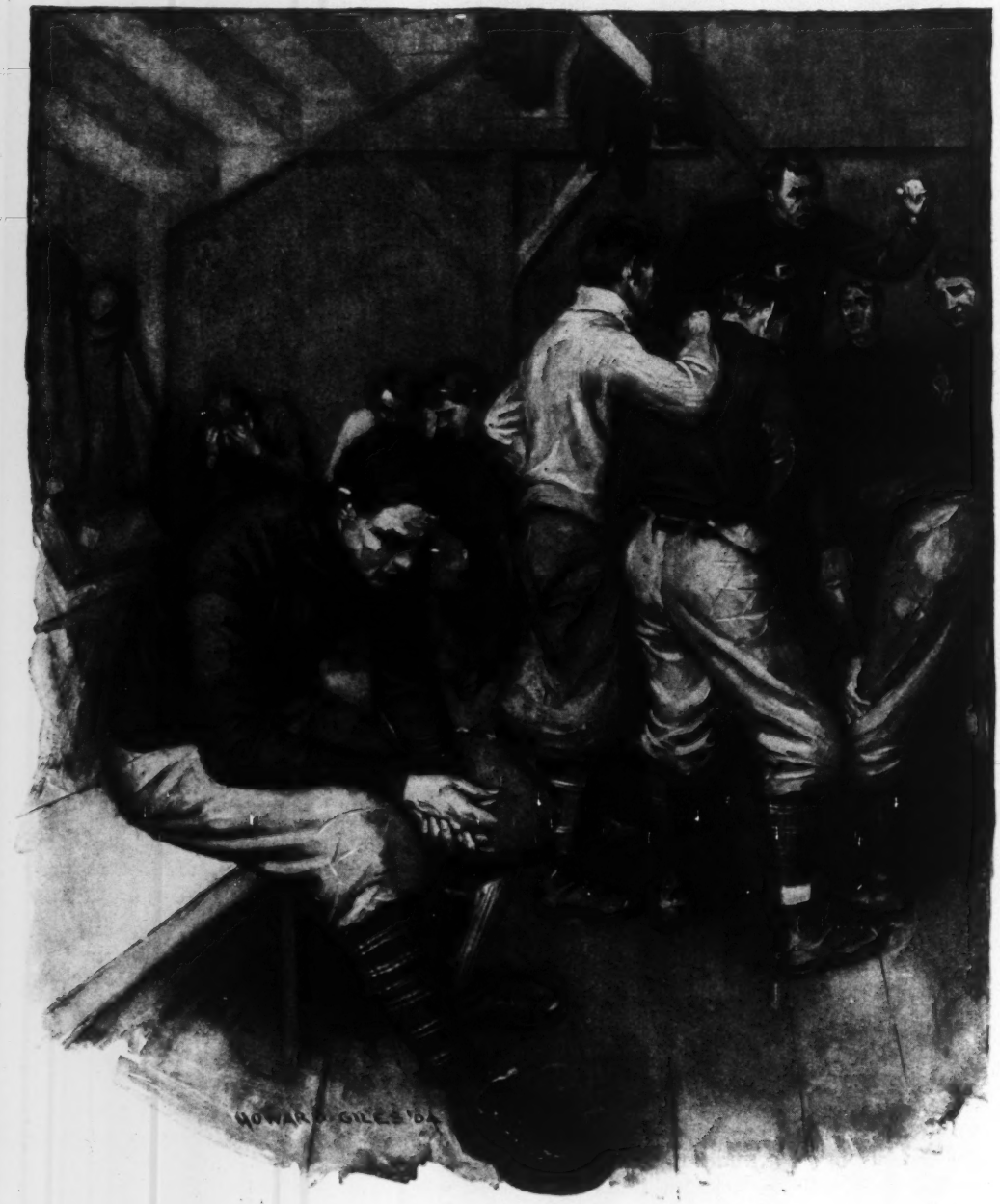
Kelley got up, limping with his right leg, stiffening his strained left. "All right; play ball," he shouted truculently.

And again the blues started to shatter the orange captain; but at the first onset, Kelley, his left knee all vibrant with pain, chuckled to himself softly. For now, singularly enough, it was Horan who threw himself low, dropping across his *right* leg, while the end charged high, and Kelley was

not afraid of his right leg. As they tried the trick again he jerked up his knee beneath Horan's chin, snapping the head back between the shoulders, and was through, stopping the play short. Then the whistle of the referee, calling the end of the first half, saved the orange-and-black team five short yards from their last white line.

From the fearful concentration of their work they emerged dazedly into the pale sunshine and the roar of the multitude, as if from the silence and blackness of a pit thousands of feet within the bowels of the earth, and, an immense lassitude suddenly upon them, they trotted limply to the dressing-room under the grand-stand. There, in the dark, musty little compartment, all a-boil with the pressure of the tense crowd above, they worked to pitch their heart to the sore task yet before them. From the eleven,

"The coach sprang upon a bench. He called them cowards and curs. . . . Kelley did not listen"



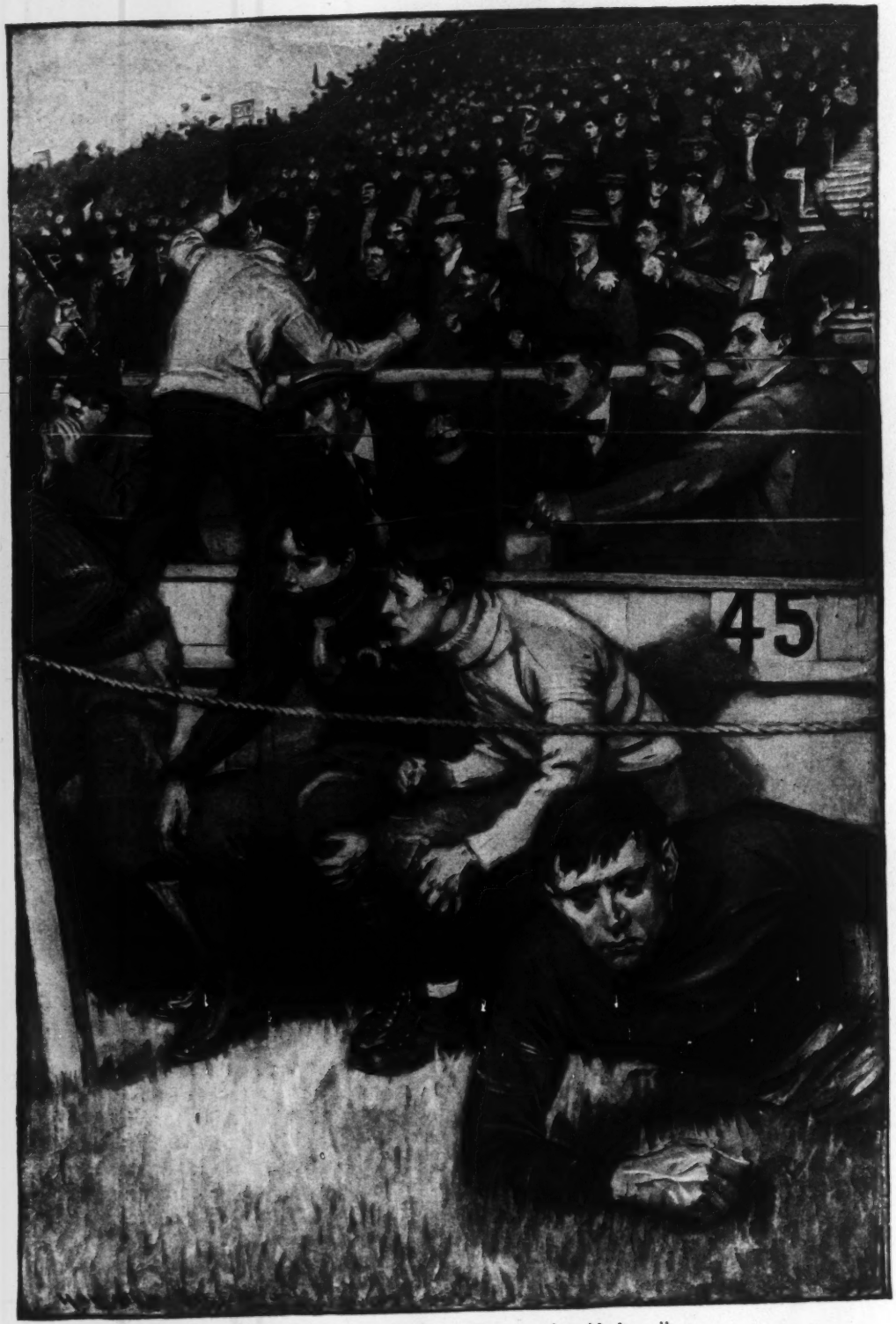
"Cochran on the side-lines. . . . his whole body pulsating with ferocious eagerness"

huddled in the center, a hot vapor rose that filled the room, but in the obscure corners the subs trembled with mental excitement and physical discomfort. The coach sprang upon a bench. He called them cowards and curs, told them they were quitting, disgracing their College, dragging its colors in the mud—. Kelley did not listen. He had heard the same thing so many times before, he was so tired of it, those words seemed so puerile opposed to the turmoil within him. He yelled for a piece of gum, then for a knife. Sliding off his jersey he passed the blade beneath the threads holding the shoulder paddings till the soggy things dropped off. With a few strokes he ripped off the trouser paddings, then slit the bandage that was around his bad knee. He wanted to be as light as possible. From the trainer's grip, brought to him, he took two thumb-guards and slipped them on. They were reinforced with steel, ending in hard, leather-hidden tips. The coach was imploring the eleven now, urging them to show their manhood, to sweep from the field in the next half the men who were dishonoring their College. Kelley stood up and, stepping to the wall, he sank his thumbs into the woodwork, smiling at the dents left there.

An increase of the ebullition above, a swaying and creaking of ceiling and walls, a thunder of stamping feet told them that the other team was on the field. A sharp whistle trilled at the door, and they filed out into the uproar, again to sink into the silence and darkness of their concentrated purpose.

The blues' kick-off gave Kelley's team the ball, and painfully, with infinite toil, they slowly forced their way down the field for forty yards and there lost it on downs. Then again the blues began to batter Kelley. He fought with a renewal of strength. The short rest had done him good and the loss of his padding gave him a sense of lightness. All his faculties concentrated upon his task; he did not feel his knee and, besides, Horan and his end, still deceived by the bandaging stratagem, were attacking him on the wrong side. For a while he held his own.

Then slowly, but inexorably, he began to wear down. The attacks of the blues, fresh with a new determination for victory, were terrific. The false sense of lightness given him by the absence of padding and bandage vanished, gave way to a leaden heaviness of all his limbs. It was as if the pressure of the atmosphere had multiplied tenfold, pasting him down to earth. His knee was so weak that he had no spring for the charge. They began to gain on him, two yards, three yards at a time, then by long five-yard drives. He fought on blindly, feeling himself recede,



"Kelley, lying there, forgotten, on the side-lines"

recede. Holding Horan and the end off with outstretched arms, each time they sprang at him he sank his thumb guards into their flesh. Their faces were contused and cut, but still they charged and charged with undiminishing fury, while before this malevolent tenacity of purpose, Kelley, sobbing with weariness, felt himself losing, losing, losing. They gained upon him with bigger and bigger jumps, ripping his side of the line with their interference, leaping at him like a pack of wolves, hungry for the last white line welting his back with its stinging threat ever nearer and nearer.

And then Kelley felt himself emerge from the vacuum of concentrated effort in which he was plunged, oblivious of the world; gradually he felt himself emerge into the roar-maelstrom of the multitude. As he was being swept backward a fiendish cry hurtled into his ears, hammered into his brain, almost pounding him to earth with its concussion. The blue supporters were venting their frenzy, their hate, their exultation. And then slowly he drove back past the orange-and-black stand, and it was alive now, tumultuous as a white-capped sea. Convulsed fists protruded, livid faces with distorted mouths, and the cry, the great urgent cry, that came from them was "Cochran! Cochran! Cochran!"

Kelley shut his eyes and fought on. "I won't, I won't!" he muttered. "Come on, come on!" he cried; "you can't kill me, you can't kill me, you can't, you can't, you can't!"

His eyes fell upon the side-lines and suddenly he was silent. The roar of the multitude sank, departed into some hazy distance, became as the low drone of a far-off sea. He was looking at Cochran on the side-lines. The man was crouching on hands and knees, his head stretched forward as that of a hawk in flight, his nostrils dilated, his whole body pulsating with ferocious eagerness. Kelley contemplated him for what seemed to him a long time, objectively, passionlessly; and in that tense, taut-corded body, quivering like that of a tiger calculating his spring, he saw what was needed, and his own strength, his desperate struggling, shrank to things ridiculously inadequate, futile as senility before the glory of Youth. A sweet renunciation bathed his whole being in milky peace.

Head back, his mouth to the sky, the blue quarter was baying out his passionate call for the last white line, only five yards away. Kelley reached forward and caught the end by both shoulders, jerking him forward, out of his territory, just before the blue backs started; then, as they rushed forward, stood passive, one arm up in protest to the referee. "Off-side! Off-side!" he thundered.

A sharp whistle brought the blue team to a standstill. "Off-side," declared the referee.

"Who's off-side?" asked a voice, choking with anger, from the blue team.

"Your end there, your end."

The young fellow opened his mouth to appeal; then the hopelessness of trying to explain the illicit trick to all these men, mad for action, submerged him, and he went back to his position quietly.

"Your ball," said the referee, nodding to Kelley.

Kelley smiled, a weary smile. For them, for that College foaming over there with rage, with execration of him, he had given his last possession; after his strength, the loved perfection of his body, something more subtle and more profound:—his pride of knight fighting fair within the rule.

"Kick," he whispered shortly to his quarter. The signal cry answered him, then the thump of the ball, propelled into the air and forward for fifty yards.

But as they lined up again, near the center of the field, the captain of the orange-and-black team walked firmly off the field. "Get in," he said to Cochran, and threw himself down on the ground, trampled into a wallow by the Freshman's long impatience.

And as the substitute bounded out upon the field like a long leashed back bloodhound, a terrific tumult came from the stands, a great cry of relief, hope, confidence, of anger that has had its way——

"Cochran! Cochran! Cochran!"

Upon the face of Kelley, lying there, forgotten, on the side-lines, out of the arena where he had so often towered hero, there trickled slowly a silvery drop. It corroded a zigzag path through the mud and blood and grime covering the flesh, clung a moment at the corner of the mouth, then dropped swiftly to his hand. He looked at it for many seconds, in ox-like wonder.

"Shucks!" he said, suddenly scrambling to his feet. He looked out upon the field and a smile streaked his visage.

Cochran, pawing like a young war-horse, had broken through the blue line, and, pouncing upon a fumbled ball, had dashed twenty yards toward the enemy's goal.

THE PARENT

BY

M. H. CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

IF you have never taught school, you probably imagine that the most important problems in education consist in the solution of such questions as the relation of the state to the schools, the secularization of the schools, and the application of correct principles in the instruction to the development of the child. I did, once. Then I began to teach. At the end of a year I knew that The Problem, the all-pervading, all over-shadowing Problem was The Parent. Weekly, sometimes daily, was my ingenuity taxed to its utmost to meet, and if possible vanquish, the indifferent parent, the inconsiderate parent, the meddlesome parent, the fond parent, the proud parent, the troublesome parent, the irate parent, the ignorant parent, and the enlightened parent; but in the end the parent prevailed.

"'I can't do mor'n half of these examples!'"

Next to the indifferent parent, the inconsiderate parent is least frequently seen in the school-room. She does not meet you in the open, but relies upon her literary abilities to persuade or coerce you into special attentions and privileges for her child.

Upon a September day I began school with fifty children, not one of whom had I ever seen before. Wishing to examine them in arithmetic, to find out what work they would need to review, I put a number of examples on the blackboard. A squabby little boy in the front row called out: "I can't do more'n half of these examples!"

"Do what you can," I replied.

Next morning the squabby little boy laid this note from his parent on my desk:

> Charlie does not seem to understand his arithmetic. I cannot make out just what the trouble is. If you will kindly call at my house this afternoon, we can talk the matter over and see what can be done. If it is not convenient for you to come here, I will call at your boarding house, if you will send me your address.

The inconsiderate parent is seldom the father, but I remember an instance in which it was. I once sent this note home by a child:

> Dear Mrs. Edwards:—Georgie has been absent thirteen days this month, and he has fallen so behind in his work that I do not think I can promote him. It may still be possible, however, if you can give him some help at home and his attendance is regular at school till the end of the term.

That afternoon a thin little man, with gentle and confiding manners, called.

"I came to see you about Georgie," he began. "My wife's sick, and I thought I'd better look into this about his absence at once. I don't understand it at all. I know he's been out one day—he was sick

in bed that day—but he's been to school every day since, for I've carried him over in the wagon."

"Let me show you my roll-call," I replied. "There: One whole day and twenty-four half days!"

"Oh, half days!" exclaimed the father. "Yes, I know he does stay out half days, but he's been to school *some part of every day* except just the once."

I tried to point out to him that this kind of attendance was not exactly conducive to progress in any direction, and that, since the work in the two sessions was different, the lessons missed in the one could not be made up in the other.

"Well," he said, quite gently, "we thought you'd give him a little time after school, and teach him what he missed in the morning's lessons. We don't mind his staying after school, and you can keep him as long as you want to."

The most difficult parent to deal with is the meddlesome parent. The meddlesome parent occurs in two varieties—the radical and the conservative.

The meddlesome parent never meddles without a Reason; this Reason is usually well thought out, is backed by a show of learning, is theoretically good, and practically impossible. He does not lurk behind a note: he either meets you in the open, and remonstrates with you on the error of your ways, or, out of deference to your sex, he sends his wife, and she gives you much man-talk with the man left out.

Mrs. J. Bloomfield Butler visited my school one afternoon. She was the wife of the popular doctor of the town and mother of one William Morris Butler, aged twelve, whose strapping body filled to overflowing the largest seat in the room. Round, rosy cheeks, bright black eyes, intelligent face, splendidly formed body, with the words, "well fed, well cared for, well brought up," writ large upon him, William Morris was a sight good indeed to look upon. The Bloomfield Butlers felt that they were entitled to speak with authority on all matters pertaining to the rearing of a child from the cradle to maturity.

At the close of the session Mrs. Butler opened fire upon me in the matter of school gymnastics.

"I was wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan to have gymnastics oftener through the day," she began. "Now, if you could have them for just five minutes every half hour, when the classes change, it would be a splendid thing for the children. You see they have been sitting still using their brains, and they need five minutes of good, active exercise, with the windows wide open, to get the

"A thin little man, with gentle and confiding manners"

blood into circulation, and oxygen into the lungs and the blood. I am sure you would find that five minutes so spent would pay for itself over and over again in the lesson which follows. Dr. Butler and I both think that our boy sits still too long at one time."

Mrs. Bloomfield Butler paused for reply, with the self-confidence of a woman who knows that she knows, and can point to living examples of the superiority of her practices.

"That would be in all nearly an hour a day given up to gymnastics in school, which is too much," I answered.

"Is one hour a day 'too much' to spend on a growing body?" she exclaimed, in a tone meant to convey to me her surprise at my ignorance.

I replied that it was not, but that, since

"Well fed, well cared for, well brought up"

we had the children in school only five hours out of the twenty-four, we assumed that their parents provided them with the requisites of a growing body during the remaining nineteen.

Mrs. Butler then demanded marching in the school-room every hour, if not every half-hour. I answered that, owing to the thinness of the floor, the classes in the room below us were obliged to stop work every time we marched.

Next she suggested vigorous exercises while the children stood at their seats, "with the windows wide open to let in plenty of fresh air," to which I objected that the children would catch cold.

"Catch cold!" she exclaimed, in a way that showed she thought I was paltering with an argument. "Exercise them till they are in a glow all over, and they can't catch cold!"

"Yes," I said, "that may do while they are standing up and exercising with the temperature at thirty-eight or less; but how are they going to sit 'in a glow all over' for another hour, while the stove gradually raises the temperature to fifty-five or sixty?"

"Have them put on their coats and wraps," she replied promptly.

Next in size to the wholesome William Morris, but three years his senior, was Effie Hopkins, a child described by her parents as "somewhat backward." After several months of unavailing efforts to teach her to spell, during which she mastered just ten per cent. of a given list of words in the time that the average child mastered one hundred per cent., I communicated with her mother by means of the following guarded note:

> Dear Mrs. Hopkins:—Effie seems to have great difficulty in learning to spell; in fact, she is very much behind all the other members of her class. Could you not help her at home a little every day? She needs more time than I can spare for her, and though I am glad to do what I can, the most that I am able to give is still far from enough to keep her up with her class.

Mrs. Hopkins called a few days after Mrs. Bloomfield Butler. She spent the afternoon, and it so happened that both the gymnastic and drawing teachers gave their weekly lessons during the session. When the children had been dismissed, I sat down to talk with her.

"It seems to me," she began, "that the schools have changed to what they was so you wouldn't know 'em. In my young days we went to school to learn to read and write and spell and parse and do sums, and now all you hear about is language work and nature lessons and paintin' and drawin' and music and embroidery, and dear knows what all! Look at the gymnastics—just flingin' their arms about, and bendin' themselves into all kinds of outlandish positions for half an hour; and what's it all amount to when you've done it? I think we send our children to school to learn lessons, and we can have 'em do all this flingin' themselves about at home. I've talked it over with some of the ladies in our church, and they all feel just the same way, and we think somethin' ought to be done about it. We want the children should learn readin' and spellin' and to do sums—that's what they're sent to school *for*—and we don't see any use in their learnin' to daub a little in water colors, or to bend their arms in some particular crook while they're lookin' up to the ceilin', or down to the floor, or over their right shoulder."

It was in the middle of the year that I received an appointment as principal of the primary department in a large and well-known private school in New York. At mid-year the school had an exhibition—a

sort of commencement exercises, with the commencement left out—in which all the show pupils of the school took part. I arrived just in time to attend this function, which was held in a large music hall. When it was over the principal of the school asked me to come to the stage and meet the parents of some of my prospective pupils.

In a few moments, a small, thin woman, wearing her red hair in lambrequins, bustled up to me.

"You're Willie's new teacher, I understand," she began. "I'm Mrs. Durkee. I suppose you'll think me rude if I ask your age? Willie wanted a young teacher. I know Willie will like you. You'll like him, too, he's so affectionate. He's my only child, and he's always been with me. I've brought him up very carefully. I want he should be a little gentleman (she pronounced it "jompm'n"). You'll notice how different he is from the other children. He's always been a favorite with his teachers—all except Miss Yates. She was too old; she didn't understand him.

"I mean to call on you as soon as you're

"'I want to talk with you about Willie'"

Willie isn't here to-day; he has a bad cold and couldn't go out. I wasn't coming to this thing, either, but I heard you was to be here, and Willie he wanted me to come down and see what you was like. He's very anxious to have a *pretty* teacher. Willie likes everything pretty. He's used to nice things at home. Some isn't, but Willie always had everything a child could have.

"I wanted to see you myself. I want to talk with you about Willie. I've been very much dissatisfied with Miss Yates; I'm glad she's left. She's too old to teach, anyway. I'm glad they've got a young woman. settled, and I want to have you to tea as soon as you can come." At this point the principal rescued me.

About a week later Mrs. Durkee entered my school-room, leading Willie by the hand.

Just what Willie was I never quite discovered; but I have an idea that he wouldn't have been a bad sort of little chap if he hadn't had a parent. After presenting him to me, and discussing his Fauntleroy manners and various other charms before him, she established herself in a chair and watched proceedings. Fortunately for me, Willie's cold had put off the day of our

acquaintance until I was fairly started in my work, and I was thus enabled to continue unperturbed in spite of the searching criticism which I knew was being directed upon me.

At the end of about two hours the parent decided that I might be intrusted with the care of her Willie without her supervision, and departed. I breathed a sigh of gratitude, as I thought that I had seen the last of her. Not so! That afternoon she came again, and then I learned that Willie was never allowed in the streets alone. It was her joy, her pride, to bring her son to school.

Arithmetic examples were given out daily to be done at the desks, the slates being corrected after school by an assistant. It was

"'We want the children should learn readin' and spellin' and to do sums'"

our custom to require all examples that were wrong to be done over, and to write upon the board the names of the children who had failed. Every morning Mrs. Durkee entered the room, banged the door, scanned the board, and then announced in strident tones: "Willie, you have your name on the board again to-day! Get your slate quick, and let's see what you're marked for *this* time!"

She took his slate, examined the work, and hurried to me.

"I don't see what this example's marked wrong for! It's *right!* I've added up these figures five times. That's a 3 there—not an 8; it looks like an 8, but it isn't. Willie doesn't make his 8's like that; they have a little tail—you can see by looking at the rest of his 8's. This example is *right*, and Willie ought not to be marked wrong for it!"

At last I went to the principal for advice. He, good man, gave me ready sympathy and, what was better, help. He talked to Mrs. Durkee, and the day after seeing him Willie was confided to my tender mercies and I saw his fond parent no more.

The proud parent is first of all a maiden aunt, next a grandmother, after that a mother, then a grandfather, then an elder sister, lastly a father; but the very proudest of all proud parents is, and always must be, the maiden aunt. The maiden aunt possesses a nature peculiarly fitted to glow with unselfish devotion, and in the fertile soil of her heart there often springs up a pride so luxuriant that her whole conversation ultimately becomes a glorification of her sister's offspring.

Miss Annette Clyde was the proud "parent" of twin nephews, children of her twin sister. She had come into possession of them by right of natural inheritance one twilight time when, sitting with them in her lap two days after they had entered this vale of tears, her brother-in-law had come to her and said, "Netta, you must be a mother to them—now;" and from that moment she had felt that they were hers—hers unshared by any mortal being, hers always, and hers alone.

It was when they were eight years old that I was selected from among the multitude as the one worthy to be intrusted with the care of Ralph and Julian Clyde-Jones. I entered my school-room one morning to see before me two pasty little boys in black velvet, the one wearing a blue, the other a crimson tie, and standing behind them Solicitude incarnate in the person of a tall lady. This lady was their proud parent. The little boys were presented. Simultaneously two flabby hands were offered me, and four large, heavy eyes were fixed upon my face.

"They have never been to school before," explained Miss Clyde. "I have taught them myself; but they know a great deal for their age—*a great deal*. I want you to hear them read." She produced a small book and handed it to the children, who

read with one expressionless voice: "I see a big black dog. Do you see a big black dog? Yes, I see a big black dog," etc.

"Don't they do *wonderfully* for such little fellows?" exclaimed the proud parent, and the eyes were again fixed on me.

During the ensuing week I never looked up without finding myself in the focus of those four eyes. One morning the proud parent came to me with a mysterious manner. "I want to tell you something," she said, in the tone of one imparting large news. "Julian said this morning on the way to school, 'I like our teacher,' and Ralph said, 'I like to see her do things.' Wasn't it *sweet* of them?' They *love* you; I know they do, and isn't it *sweet* of them? I knew you would appreciate it. It isn't everybody they love, I can tell you—only a very few."

Of all parents with whom a teacher has to deal, the troublesome parent presents the most intricate and tantalizing problems. With many other kinds of parents your course of action consists in mildly doing—nothing at all; but with the troublesome parent you always have to act.

The troublesome parent never conceives the possibility of there being any obligation to the school on her part further than the payment of her school tax. If obligation there be in the matter, it is on the part of the school, which exists, and of the teachers who draw their pay, and also exist, by virtue of her contributions united with those of other "tax-payers." If she wishes her child to do an errand before school, it is no one's affair but her own if the child is half an hour late. If she thinks she needs her at home half an hour early, she sends a note demanding her dismissal. When she has a dressmaker in the house—which happens with a frequency proportionate to the style she is trying to assume—she keeps her at home altogether.

The troublesome parent is the mother of the troublesome child—though the admission of the fact could not be wrung from her by any living teacher. This particular breed of troublesome child is almost always dressed in the height of style—according to the last fashion-plate; and its troublesome parent is never, in any clime, in any age, in any circumstances, a lady.

Such a child was Adèle. She was rather pretty and wore her hair in long curls; a curl fell on each side of her face and was tied

"Willie was never allowed in the streets alone"

with a ribbon. She kept a small looking-glass in her desk, and frequently during the day she took it out, arranged her hair, and retied the bows of ribbon. Whenever the sunlight happened to fall on her, she held the mirror in her lap and sent a ray dancing around the room. Often, with her book held straight up before her, she appeared to be studying diligently; at these times she generally had paper dolls or pictures in the book, with which she was entertaining the children behind her.

She brought a bottle of red ink to school and inked in all the inclosed spaces in the capital letters in her reader. Three days after I had punished her for this she did the same thing with black ink in another book. On my expressing surprise that she should have repeated the offense so soon after being punished for it, she replied innocently: "But it was for doing it with *red* ink you punished me!"

If there were a noise in the street Adèle ran to the window to see what it was. As soon as she became tired of sitting still, she got up and walked around the room, looking at the other children's work. When asked what

"Simultaneously two flabby hands were offered me"

she was doing she would smile sweetly and say: "I don't know—I'm not doing anything at all. I'm just walking around."

Hostilities began between her parent and myself when I sent her the following note:

Dear Mrs. Munsey:—Adèle has been late nineteen times during the past month, and only five times has brought a note of excuse from home. I do not know just what the trouble is, but I thought I would better let you know, and ask you if you could not arrange to have her attendance a little more regular.

(The trouble with the morning tardiness was that "Dellie" was sent on errands, because "mommer didn't want to take her hair down." The trouble with the noon tardiness was that "mommer" didn't consider it any affair of mine whether "Dellie" were late or not!)

I sent my note home in the afternoon. A neighbor was calling at the time and Mrs. Munsey read the note to her, characterized it as "*the* most impudent note" she had ever received, made sundry remarks about my way of teaching and my "high-handed methods of running the school," and wound up by saying that if *she* wished it "Dellie should be late a hundred times"; and that "the school was made for children, and not the children for the school." The neighbor hurried to call on my landlady, whence these remarks reached me late the same day.

Next morning I pleasantly informed Adèle that in future, if she were late, the time would have to be made up at the close of the session at which she was late.

During the ensuing week she had to remain, for one reason or other, after every session. The following Monday I received this note from her parent:

Miss X:—I do not wish Adèle kept after school. I need her at home. Mrs. Munsey.

Adèle was late as usual, and I kept her after school, regardless of her parent's wishes. The next day I received this note from Mrs. Munsey:

Miss X:—I have *forbidden* you once to keep my child after school and you kept her an hour Yesterday. I will have you understand that you are not to keep Adèle after school on any Pretext whatever. She is under the doctor's care now and she is not able to stay after school. I want you to know that I have some Rights in this matter, and if you keep her again you will be sorry for it. I shall see the School Committee and you will get what you deserve.

I kept Adèle again that very afternoon—who wouldn't? I told her I wished her to take

a note to her mother and that she might play around the room till it was written. In the midst of my letter there entered a tall woman whom I had never seen before. On her head was a huge black velvet hat turned up in front, with six or eight ostrich plumes flying in every direction; she wore a long plush coat, and bracelets showed above her gloves. Her hair was displayed in two wads of light friz on each temple.

I was entirely taken aback by it. I had thoughts of fleeing or of calling for help; but, realizing what such weakness would cost me, I prepared for my defense as rapidly as I could.

Mrs. Munsey then looked at me for the first time and, still standing, she delivered herself of the following: "Your treatment of my child has been something unheard of! I have forbidden you to keep her after school

"'There is my child!'"

Merely glancing at me, she advanced rapidly into the room, and stopped; then, waving her hand in the direction of Adèle, she exclaimed dramatically: "There is my child!"

"Ah," I said; "you are Mrs. Munsey?"

"*There* is my *Child!*" she repeated, with still more elocutionary style.

"Yes," I replied. "I have kept her to carry a note home to you."

"I thought I should find her here, and I see her before me—*there is* MY CHILD!"

This mode of attack was new to me and —*forbidden* you, do you understand?—and I find her here! How dare you keep her in after I have told you that I want her at home as soon as school is out? My child is ill—she is under the doctor's care; she is on the verge of St. Vitus's dance. She cannot be expected to sit still all the time, like a well child, and it is impossible for her to stay after school on any account whatever."

"If that is a fact, Mrs. Munsey," I replied, "the rules of the school will require me to exclude Adèle immediately. Two mothers have already complained to me

about her influence on their children, who sit near her, and say that they are 'catching' her nervous and certainly her naughty ways."

This was a perfectly new idea to Mrs. Munsey, but a few minutes' conversation convinced her that I not only had the power to remove her child if she were afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, but that I would exercise it at once.

"You dislike my child; you are partial to others, but you have *a spite* against Dellie!" she cried. "You enjoy punishing her and keeping her after school. She comes home late day after day, and her dinner is stone-cold. It is enough to ruin any child's digestion, and it's no wonder she's sick!"

At the end of two hours I had convinced Mrs. Munsey of three things: that her child was just plain, old-fashioned naughty; that I understood her perfectly; and that, so far from having a spite against her, I had a real affection for her.

Mrs. Munsey all but apologized — since I was nothing but a teacher she couldn't quite bring herself to do that. Her manner became cordial; she said she had misunderstood me, and was only too anxious to coöperate with me in the management of her child.

"Now," she exclaimed, "what I want you to do is to send me a list every day of all the naughty things Dellie does, and I will punish her soundly at home! I shall spank her with a hair-brush to-night and send her to bed without her supper."

"The Enlightened parent"

It is needless to remark that her "coöperation" under these circumstances was somewhat worse than useless. It was simply impossible for me to use either my time or attention in writing a list of all the child's small naughtinesses every day, and, moreover, as such a list would have called down upon her punishments entirely out of proportion to the offenses, I felt it necessary, for the child's sake as well as my own, to punish her in such ways as seemed advisable to me at the time. I wrote to her mother explaining the situation, and she therefore decided that I "didn't understand Dellie after all, and that she herself was very much disappointed in me."

Perhaps there is no parent who causes more woe to the teacher than the ignorant parent, and yet none toward whom a teacher feels more kindly. One ignorant parent sends a delicate child to school on a cup of tea and a bit of toast, her lunch basket freighted with pie and pickled cucumbers, and then wonders why the child "gets tired so easily," that she is unable to do more than about two hours' work a day. A second ignorant parent thinks that "boys who wear boots don't need overshoes," and his son suffers from a perpetual cold and cough, due to sitting in school for hours with damp feet. A third parent gives her child five cents a day for candy, which is generally eaten just before dinner, and she "can't understand why Nellie has so little appetite."

I believe it is in the care of children's eyes that I have found the most stubborn and persistent ignorance. I once had a pupil — Pearl by name — who was unusually farsighted, in consequence of which she suffered from headache almost all the time she was in school. I wrote to her mother, asking if she would not take her to an oculist and have her eyes fitted with glasses. She answered my note in person by calling at the school. The day was bitterly cold without and the lady was robed to withstand the inclemency of the weather. Above a heavy ulster she wore a fur cape, and inside the ulster she was encased in what appeared to be a large knit shawl. She took a seat

close by the stove. I suggested another place to her and also asked her if she would not like to remove her wraps, which she had loosened. Perhaps embarrassment dictated the reply that she was "perfectly comfortable," and for nearly two hours she sat within three feet of a roaring fire. School being over, I put before her the trouble with Pearl's eyes, and showed her as effective as I could how the child was suffering, both physically and mentally, and begged her to consult an oculist at once. Pearl's parent said no word and after I finished she sat awhile in silence. Then rising, she remarked casually, "Well, I'll tell her father. Good-day," and left the room.

The next morning Pearl made this report, though I do not believe it was intended as a message:

"My father says I have better eyes than his, or than any one else in our family; for I can see the time by the town clock from our house, and none of the rest of them can do that. An' he says that spectacles spoils people's eyes, because if you once put them on you can't never see anything without them again. An' my mother says she guesses if you kep' the room cooler the children wouldn't have headaches She says you had the room so hot yesterday that she got an awful headache herself, an' she says she don't wonder that I have headaches every day."

As a matter of fact, however, it was a constant struggle to keep the school-room warm enough for the thinly-clad Pearl, and it was only on occasional days during the winter that she did not complain that her "hands were so cold she couldn't write."

After I had been teaching about five years, I thought I had met every variety of parent this good earth held, but I had not seen the Enlightened parent.

I had in the school a child who bore up under the name of Claribel Evangeline Todd; which, being translated, means "brightly fair, bringing gladness"—a child whose nature and disposition could be well described by the single word "hateful." If one of her schoolmates showed appreciation for any of the school property, she exclaimed: "I don't think it's nice! We've got ten times nicer things at home." If another remarked on the excellence of a piece of work, Claribel sneered, "Oh, that's nothing, that's no good." If some one expressed pleasure at a picture, she said, "I think it's nasty." As she was somewhat peculiar to look upon, her young companions stared at times, as children will. If the distance between them and Claribel were considerable, she returned the compliment by merely protruding her tongue; but if she were at close range, she scratched their faces.

I labored over Claribel Evangeline with all the ingenuity of my first years' experience. I tried affection, suggestion, persuasion, and compulsion without avail, and at last I concluded that the unfortunate child was suffering from too much Inner Growth and a life-long lack of sufficient nourishment, and I felt it to be my duty to

"She returned the compliment by merely protruding her tongue"

see Mrs. Todd, and try to suggest a change of diet, if nothing more. I therefore sent her the following note:

Dear Mrs. Todd:—Claribel does not seem to be happy in school, and she finds it very hard to get along with her companions. Perhaps she is not well. Could you not call here some afternoon *after school* and talk matters over with me? I should be glad to have your advice in managing her.

Next day she came, and during school hours, of course, in spite of the underscored

words in my note. She was a smallish woman, of no particular outline, with short, curly gray hair, colorless face, and sharp, pale eyes. She wore a man's soft felt hat, with a ribbon bow in front, and a long ulster; her skirt reached to her shoe-tops. With her first words I knew I was in the presence of an Enlightened parent.

"The air in this room is something terrible," she said. "I will open a window"—which she did.

It was a raw, chilly spring day, and a gust of wind swept over a croupy little child whose mother had cautioned me "on my life" not to let her sit in a draught. With a word of explanation, I promptly closed the window.

"The air in this room is *something terrible!*" repeated the Enlightened parent. "It is saturated with carbonic acid: I can smell it. Do you not know that carbonic acid is a poison—a deadly poison? Do you not know that it destroys the cells of which the body is composed? I will open another window."

I closed it, with a further word of explanation.

"Do you intend to poison these young souls?" she asked. "I can *smell* the carbonic acid in this room."

"Oh, Mrs. Todd," I said politely, "it isn't really as bad as it seems. What you smell is wet leather. It is disagreeable, I know; but you see the boys who wear boots got them soaked in the rain this morning, and they are simply drying off. That is what you smell—that and the damp clothes of the children who had no umbrellas."

"Damp feet! Damp clothes! Sitting in school! And you allow it!" she exclaimed.

"What can I do?" I asked. "I cannot give the children rubbers or umbrellas, if their parents do not think they need them."

"Do—what can you do? You can Enlighten them."

While this dialogue was taking place, twenty children were waiting, readers in hand, to be called up to recite; twenty more were supposed to be writing a composition. In reality, forty pairs of eyes were fixed upon the parent and myself with intense interest.

The lady stood with her hands in her coat pockets. As she talked her eyes took sudden surveys of the room, and then leaped at me with an expression that said, "You cannot deceive *me;* I have seen *it.*" Just what *it* was I did not know, unless it was some duty neglected or responsibility that I had betrayed.

"You have a great opportunity for sowing the seeds of Enlightenment," she continued. "I hope you realize it. (Glance). I understand you have Dr. Butler's son here: which is he?" I pointed out William Morris. "I have heard that that child eats as much as half a pound of meat at a meal. His father is a man without Enlightenment. You have a great opportunity there to sow seeds of Truth. Are you seizing it?"

Without answering, I fixed my eyes upon the young Claribel Evangeline, who was an adept in "seizing opportunities." She was at that moment making faces at two boys who sat near.

"I am afraid I must ask you to wait until after school," I said. "I shall have to go on with my work now."

"You have evaded my question," returned the Enlightened parent, "and I presume, therefore, that you are *not* a seeker after Truth wherever it may be found. I fear you do not realize your responsibilities, your privileges in aiding Enlightenment."

A boy came to my desk just then for a new pencil and in returning to his seat he passed Claribel Evangeline. This was her opportunity. Quick as a flash she drew a pin across his hand.

The Enlightenment had got on my nerves. I took three strides, grasped the erring Claribel Evangeline, lifted her out of her seat, carried her bodily to my desk, and deposited her in my chair, with a thud.

Now the Enlightened parent viewed all her child's acts as phenomena—as manifestations of Inner Growth, not as delinquencies. She surveyed the room again; then, fixing her eyes on me, she said: "I was not mistaken, after all. I thought you did not understand the young souls intrusted to your care—a sacred trust of which you will have to render an account. You understand neither the Good, the True, nor the Beautiful. *You* are one of the great army of the Unenlightened." And, taking her child by the hand, she turned her back upon me and departed.

I hope my reader does not imagine that all of my experiences with the parent have been fraught with annoyance, anxiety or pain. As I write, the memories of happy hours come back to me—hours I should never have enjoyed but for the considerate parent. Yet, in spite of all the kindnesses and courtesies I have received from parents, the Gordian knot of the parent problem was beyond untying: I have cut it.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

THE TRUE STORY OF A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF TWO UNION SOLDIERS

BY

W. HENRY SHEAK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

IN the northern part of Ohio, at Antwerp, Paulding County, resides a man who has come through one of the most wonderful experiences in all human history. His name is Ethelbert Crouse. Just across the state line, in Indiana, is the home of one who shared the peril, and whose experience is second only to that of his friend. He writes himself Lemuel N. Grandstaff and receives his mail at Monmouth, Adams County, Indiana. I shall tell their story in as few words as possible.

Crouse and Grandstaff, in the autumn of 1863, enlisted in the Union Army, and were assigned to Company "F," 130th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. The former was only sixteen, the latter but turned seventeen. In the following March the regiment was sent into Tennessee and made a part of the 23d Army Corps, at Charleston, that state. They went through the Atlanta campaign, but when Hood came back to Nashville, they followed him. Here the corps was divided, one part going to Columbia and Franklin, Tennessee, while the part to which the subjects of this sketch belonged was sent to Johnsonville to reinforce a body of colored troops on the Tennessee River. They remained in camp here for some time and built winter quarters. On the 20th of November, five regiments in command of General Cooper started on a forced march for Columbia, Tennessee. Here is what happened to Crouse, as he relates it himself:

"With the permission of my captain, while in line of march, I fell out of the ranks to get a drink of water. My blanket and all my other accoutrements were very wet, as it was raining all the time. I did not catch up with the command that day. At night I fell in with five of my company, Isaac Caston, Louis Hendry, Joseph King, Adam

Humbaugh, and Lemuel N. Grandstaff, and we all slept together in a corn-house.

"We were out of rations, having eaten the last the day before. We could not forage, for we had been told that there were guerrillas in that locality, and we found it to be so, all too soon. We looked for turnip patches along the road, but did not enter a house.

"It must have been about nine or ten o'clock of the forenoon of the second day, Sunday, November 27, 1864, that we found the guerrillas were in pursuit of us. We started to run and ran until about eleven o'clock, and were within a quarter of a mile of our rear guards, when they attacked us. Our guns were loaded, but would not go off, the ammunition being wet. Finding our guns were of no use, we threw them away, and again started to run; but the first thing I knew I was surrounded by nine or ten of the villains. They were dressed in citizen's clothes and were armed with shot-guns, rifles, carbines, muskets, and revolvers. After giving them my pocket-book (I had no weapons), they told me not to be scared, for they intended to parole me and send me home. They got all of my companions but King. He ran into a deep ravine and out into a field, where a planter and several negroes were at work. The planter drew his pistol and ordered him to halt. He asked where he was going and where he belonged, and he told him, supposing him to be friendly, whereupon the planter shot him and he fell dead at his feet. The colored men wanted to bury him, but their master threatened to kill them if they touched him. I never heard what became of the poor fellow's remains."

The guerrillas were on horses and marched their prisoners back about eleven miles, moving at a "double quick" most of the time. All the while they kept telling the captives not to be afraid, as they intended to parole them and send them home. The scene of these stirring events was in Hickman County, Tennessee. A portion of the territory traversed was broken and hilly, but a part of their path lay through a beautiful valley. The guerrillas did not follow a public road, but crossed fields and woods, doubtless fearing Union cavalry. Pine River poured its dark, cold waters across their way and was forded. The day was rainy, with flurries of snow.

At last they reached a deep ravine in a large pine forest. By the time they arrived at this dark and lonely spot their prisoners numbered twelve. Here the guerrillas were joined by a small party of their confederates, led by a lieutenant who had been wounded in the side. At this time, also, two old men rode up and said with a chuckle: "You have got some of the Yankee sons of ——, we see; we suppose you know what to do with them." They said they did.

They drew the prisoners up in line, then divided them into three squads of four men each. One of the squads was next marched off into a small ravine opening into the larger one, out of sight of their companions. They were all strangers to the subjects of this sketch, except one, who was a sergeant of the 25th Michigan Regiment. After they were gone a few minutes, the others heard shots in the ravine. Caston said he felt uneasy, when one of their captors remarked that well they might, if they knew what he did. Grandstaff said:

"You took those men out to shoot them?"

"We did," he confessed with a chuckle, "and we intend to serve you the same way."

"I wish to make one request," said Caston; "that is, that you wrap us three in one blanket and bury us together." He meant himself, Hendry, who was his cousin, and Crouse. They said they would, but they did not.

The second squad consisted of Hendry, Grandstaff, Crouse, and a soldier unknown to the others. As the guerrillas started with the squads, the unknown man commenced to run. He was instantly fired upon, seven balls striking him before he fell. That gave them warning not to try to escape. Caston was then added to the squad.

Crouse tells the story thus: "Imagine, if you can, how we felt then! We offered to do anything for them; we prayed and begged of them to spare our lives; but all in vain. We might as well have prayed to blocks of wood or stone. They laughed at us and mocked us in our woe and misery, and told us we ought to have thought of the probability of getting into just such trouble before we left our homes.

"One man did most of the shooting; he was a young fellow about seventeen years old, and he did his work as cheerfully as a butcher would in shooting a lot of hogs He used a navy revolver. We stood by a tree, surrounded by the bodies of those already dead, while he loaded the weapon. Night was just falling. The day was rainy and

cold. When he was ready, he ordered us to turn our backs. Three of us obeyed, but Caston said he had humbled himself to them all he was going to; then one of the villains behind shot him.

"The young executioner shot Hendry. Then came my turn. I had often wondered, when reading of military executions, of hangings, of death by the guillotine, how the condemned felt when they knew that only a moment intervened between them and eternity. How I felt is beyond my power of telling. Suffice it to say, however, that it came to me very forcibly that I had done my utmost duty to my country as a soldier. Yet above all things was the thought of home and mother. I would have prayed, but no time was given for that. I immediately repeated a stanza from an old, familiar song, which all soldiers know. The chorus runs:

'Farewell, mother, you may never press me to your heart again,
But you'll not forget me, mother, if I'm numbered with the slain.'

"And yet there was a feeling, a faint hope, that I might escape through some defect in the aim of the executioner. I prepared myself for the fatal shot by leaning slightly forward, crossing my hands upon my breast, and closing my eyes. The weapon snapped five times before it went off. When it did so, the ball passed through my left ear, grazing my skull and rendering me numb and senseless. Grandstaff, who was on my left, said I received the shot without flinching. I fell forward on my face."

Grandstaff was shot next. The ball struck him above the left ear, but did not enter the skull. It ploughed its way beneath the skin to a position above the left eye, where it lodged. He fell forward on his face, but not senseless, and was perfectly conscious during the shooting of the third squad. Only one of the squad was known to him, Humbaugh, a mere boy, only fourteen years of age. He begged pitifully till the revolver cracked and he fell dead. The guerrillas then commenced rifling the pockets and stripping the bodies of the dead. One of them commenced cutting the buttons off Grandstaff's coat, when another stopped him and told him not to do that, as he wanted the coat. The second man took the coat. They took his shoes also, and one wanted to take his suspenders, but another objected, saying he did not like to see them taken. The other replied that it was not so bad as they had been doing, as they had been killing them. They then rolled Grandstaff into a gully six or eight feet deep.

One of the inhuman creatures turned Crouse on his back, which restored him to consciousness. He cut the buttons off his coat, then ran his hand into his side pocket after some things he had not surrendered, when he discovered by his heartbeat that he was not dead. He uttered a sulphurous oath. Crouse says: "He was standing astride of me. He took one step back. His right foot was against my left foot. He drew his weapon and cocked it. When I heard the click I opened my eyes and looked into the muzzle. When the revolver went off I closed my eyes, stretched my hands out, and quivered my fingers. He said, with an oath: 'Now he is dead! See him clench his hands!' Another said: 'His brains flew in my face!' I knew that was not true, but refrained from telling him so, for very prudent reasons. I was rational all the time after he turned me over."

After a little, Crouse raised his head, but Grandstaff whispered to him to lie still, as they were not far off yet. Each inquired as to the extent of the other's injuries. It was then getting dark. Presently they got up. Crouse made the third attempt before he succeeded. They commenced climbing the hill, holding on to bushes and trees as they went. Of this episode, Grandstaff later wrote thus in a letter:

"We were in a large pine forest in country where we did not know a single landmark and could not tell east from west. Our only thought was to get away from that bloody ground. There was no light of moon or star to guide us. The shadows of the pines were impenetrable. A heavy sleet was falling. My companion thought it unwise to follow the path we had come over, even if we could have done so. All we could do was to choose the general direction in which our command lay, as nearly as we could determine it. That we were guided by a Higher Power than our own I have never doubted."

They trudged along through the pitiless storm and the intense darkness for about a mile, when Grandstaff thought he could go no further. He lay down, saying he had but one death to die. But Crouse insisted, and he got up and tried it again. They kept in all the water they could to throw the bloodhounds off the track, should their captors

discover their escape and send the brutes after them. When they reached Pine River they traveled along its banks for some distance before they found a place where they thought they could cross. Crouse made the attempt first. The stream was deep and the current swift, but he was successful. He called to Grandstaff, but before the latter reached the farther bank he was carried off his feet and Crouse had to come to the rescue.

Grandstaff was so nearly exhausted that he thought he could not climb the steep hill which skirted the bank of the river. So Crouse had him go first and helped him by pushing with his head. After resting a few minutes they again took up their journey. They aimed to strike the public road near where they had been captured, and thought they did not miss the spot more than ten rods. After they had followed the highway for some distance, Grandstaff said:

"Bert, I see a light in the mountains."

"It is nothing but foxfire," answered Crouse. "Come on. If we are attacked, let us keep together and perhaps we shall not be captured."

"Listen; I hear something," said Grandstaff.

Crouse replied: "No, you don't; now come on."

But they did not go more than fifteen feet till three shots were fired on them. The powder of the first shot burned Crouse's face and the flash shone upon him, so that one of the attacking party thought he could catch him. He dropped his gun and tried it, but they got out of his way. There was no time to consult where to run, and they got separated. Crouse went over a fence, ran down a hill or bank into a field, and threw himself into a growth of weeds and burs. After the noise of the pursuit had died away, he fell asleep almost instantly from utter weariness and exhaustion. While sleeping he dreamed that the men who had fired upon them were Union soldiers. By and by he was aroused by a bugle sounding the reveillé. It was so nearly through playing by the time he was fully awake that he could not determine from what direction the notes came. But in a few minutes the same instrument played the call "tear down tents," and he recognized it as the bugle belonging to his brigade and knew he was safe.

It was not yet fully daylight, and he lay still till the third call sounded. Then with great difficulty he arose and started toward the command He proceeded very slowly and cautiously, knowing that the pickets had not been taken off yet, as it was still too dark to distinguish friend from foe at any considerable distance. The picket halted him before he got to the fence, saying:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend without the countersign."

"How did you come there?"

"I was captured yesterday by guerrillas and have been shot twice."

"Where do you belong?"

"Company 'F,' 130th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, Colonel C. S. Parish, Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps."

"We belong to that. Advance, friend, with your hands up."

He did so, but could not get over the fence, when the picket told him to wait till the relief came; then they helped him over. They asked him if it were he that the other relief fired upon. When he told them it was, they said his reason for doing so was that they had been attacked by guerrillas the night before, and they had been ordered to fire on any one without halting him.

Learning that it was about a mile to his regiment, he requested the pickets to hunt up Grandstaff and help him to quarters, then tried to make his way on to his command. He found his regiment on a large hill, which he did not have the strength to climb, and so lay down at its foot. In a very few minutes a member of his company came down the hill after water and exclaimed:

"My God, pard, what is the matter? Where do you belong?"

"I am Bert Crouse," he said. "I want you to help me up the hill; I can't talk much."

"I shall go and call some of the boys; you are not fit to walk."

He ran to the top of the hill and fairly shouted, "Company 'F,' Bert is down here and is all shot to pieces."

Not the company only, but all that were within the sound of his voice came running. Some came as they slept, and some were dressing as they ran. All that willing hands could do was done for him at once. After the regimental surgeon had dressed his wounds, he told the captain that Crouse could not live till ten o'clock. Robert G. Rogers, who was a relative of his and who was appointed nurse, said in a letter to the present writer that when he first saw Crouse

at the foot of the hill, he looked more like a dead man than a live one. He went to a house in the vicinity, occupied by a Rebel woman and several children, and begged some milk and corn meal, which he made into a gruel and fed to the wounded man. Later he returned to the house to get a chicken, but discovering several Rebel soldiers upstairs, he came away hurriedly without the fowl.

soon went to sleep. The first sound that greeted his ears in the morning was the bugle playing the reveillé. He recognized it as that of his own regiment, and coming to the brow of the hill, he saw the boys in blue and the old flag floating in the breeze.

"I assure you," he said to the writer, "I never saw anything before or since that gave me so much joy."

CROUSE AND GRANDSTAFF

From a war time photograph

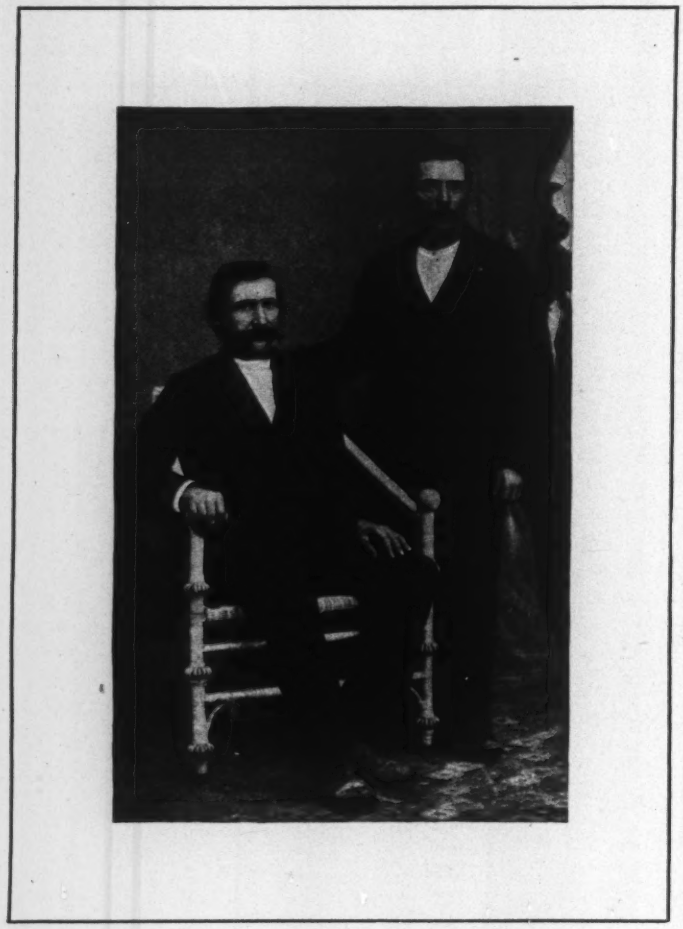
At the time Grandstaff was separated from Crouse, when they were fired upon by the picket, the former dropped to his knees and crept to the top of a high hill to his right, where he found a standing tree that was hollow at the base. In this he found shelter from storm and enemies. In spite of the pain in his head and lacerated feet, he, too,

He started at once for his company, but before he reached it he met a teamster, who told him his regiment was on the move. So he got on the wagon with the man and stayed with the wagon-train for two days. He did not see his regiment till the morning of the third day. Crouse had had a squad of men sent out to search for him, but they returned

without learning his whereabouts. He remained with the regiment till they reached Clarksville, Tennessee, where he and Crouse were both put on board the hospital ship "R. C. Wood." The old records that were furnished me were so mutilated that I could not decipher the boat surgeon's diagnosis of Grandstaff's case, but that of Crouse is here given :

"Private Ethelbert Crouse, Co. 'F,' 130th Ind., admitted December 6th, 1864, gunshot wound of the throat, between hyoid bone and the symphysis of the lower maxillary, the ball not extracted ; also a similar wound of the left ear, the ball passing through the pinna, crossing the entrance of the meatus. Wounds healing and general health good."

The two men were together on the hospital ship until March, 1865, when Crouse joined his regiment at Newbern, North Carolina. After his wounds were healed, but while still on the boat, Grandstaff suffered an attack of typhoid fever. He was sent home in April, 1865. In their declining years they meet and hold a reunion annually on the 27th of November.



GRANDSTAFF AND CROUSE

At a recent reunion

ON THE MAKING OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

IT is the policy of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE to have its principal work done by editorial staff writers. These writers are more than mere contributors; working in close sympathy with the editors, they are intrusted with the expression of the convictions and principles of the magazine.

"Having conceived the idea of investigating and describing from an unbiased standpoint the dangerous tendencies in American life," says the *Norfolk Dispatch*, "Mr. McClure enlisted the service of an editorial staff, consisting of Miss Ida Tarbell, probably the most talented woman writer of history that this country has produced; of Ray Stannard Baker, whose reputation for the clear and popular presentation of difficult topics of a scientific and abstract nature is world-wide; and of Lincoln Steffens, a man who stands at the head either of the class of literary men who possess a nose for news or of newspaper men who have a turn for literature."

Ida M. Tarbell

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, of whom the *Washington Times* says: "It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to produce a great woman historian," was selected by the editors as a contributor on account of the excellence of her early contributions. She has been a member of the staff ever since the magazine was founded. Her first great work, published serially in the magazine, was the Life of Napoleon, of which sixty thousand copies were subsequently sold in book form. This was followed by the still more notable work, a Life of Lincoln, which Charles A. Dana, then editor of the *New York Sun*, ranked as "one of the ten indispensable books for every American." Within two months after it began appearing, the Life of Lincoln increased the circulation of the magazine by over 100,000 copies, and before the publication was completed, it had added 150,000 subscribers. Subsequently published in book form, its sales have run to nearly $100,000—undoubtedly the greatest popular success of any modern history. Her experience and training in the Sorbonne, at Paris, as well as her remarkable native abilities, revealed first in her book on Madame Roland and in the biographies of Napoleon and Lincoln, are shown in the strongest light in her History of the Standard Oil Company, one of the most remarkable pieces of work ever published in a magazine, whether viewed from the standpoint of human interest or as a piece of extraordinary historical investigation. Of this work, now appearing in book form, the *New York News* says:

"Her Standard Oil History amazes us. Step by step she has followed its creator. His very conscience is exposed by her relentless search for truth. The Rockefeller method of accumulation is no longer secret. The story is told, its truth evident."

The *Philadelphia Telegraph* calls Miss Tarbell "one of the most successful and noted writers of the day"; and the *Chicago Inter Ocean* says of her History of the Standard Oil: "An absorbing and illuminating contribution to the trust question." "Miss Tarbell has done more," says the *Cleveland Leader*, "to dethrone Rockefeller in public esteem than all the preachers of the land."

"Ida M. Tarbell," says the *Washington Times*, "holds a place that is unique in the history of literature, and has proven herself to be one of the most commanding figures in American letters to-day."

"This series of impartial narrations," says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, "has

attracted wide attention, not only for their subject-matter, but for the vividness with which the light is thrown upon one of the most corroding ulcers of modern times."

Ray Stannard Baker

Ray Stannard Baker, "a critic of American labor conditions," says the *Holyoke* (Mass.) *Telegram*, "unsurpassed by any," was selected in 1897 in much the same manner as Miss Tarbell. While connected with a Chicago daily newspaper he contributed certain articles and stories to the magazine—notably a series of war stories. He was invited to become managing editor of McClure's Syndicate, and afterwards a member of the staff of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Andrew D. White, Ambassador to Germany, commending the accuracy of a series of articles which Mr. Baker wrote about Germany, has said:

"My only criticism of 'Seen in Germany' is that it ought to have been twice as long. I was fascinated by it."

For years Mr. Baker's special interests have centered in economics—especially in the labor problem. "An authority on labor questions," says the *Baltimore American*.

"With his facts in hand," says the *San José* (Cal.) *Mercury-Herald*, "Mr. Baker tells his story fearlessly and without bias, protecting no interest and championing no cause but that of truth."

Mr. Baker's principal work for the past two years has been the preparation of a series of "remarkable articles" (*Wall Street Journal*), "astounding revelations" (*New York Sun*), on the labor problem, in which he has adhered closely to the ideals of the editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, "presenting the facts to the people," in the words of the *Norfolk Dispatch*, "and letting them form their own conclusions"—and doing this accurately, fairly, interestingly.

"In preparing his labor articles," says the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, "Mr. Baker talks with all sorts of people in search of all possible information. Employers and employees are consulted alike impartially, and every effort made to get on 'the inside' of the facts."

Writing of one of these articles, published last July, Oscar S. Straus, former Minister to Turkey, commissioner of The Hague Court of Arbitration and a thorough student of the labor problem, says:

"Like all your articles on the burning labor question, it is forceful and so eminently fair and judicial in statement, and therefore illuminating for both sides. Few men are capable of presenting burning questions so that both sides will listen and learn to be more just to each other's views. This you succeed in doing with a masterly pen."

Mr. Baker's article on "The Reign of Lawlessness" in Colorado, of which the *Providence* (R. I.) *Journal* writes, "His presentment of the labor situation is remarkably just," was commended by both sides of the controversy as a fair and accurate statement of conditions, and even chosen by the State Commissioner of Labor to publish in his official annual report.

"I certainly wish to congratulate your management," says the *Denver* (Colo.) *State Capital*, "upon having so able and conscientious a writer as Mr. Baker. The article [on Colorado] is excellent from every standpoint, . . . it has been reviewed by every newspaper of note in our state, and has received most favorable comment, even from those papers most radical and uncompromising in editorials and other articles."

Here is a letter about this article from Rev. Finley R. Crooks, of Pomeroy, Ohio:

"I have just read, with thrilling interest, the tremendous article by Ray Stannard Baker in McCLURE'S for May. Such work only can save the nation from civic and moral ruin. The deluge is coming if some way is not found to arouse the national conscience. The pulpit seems to slumber; the press, with few exceptions, is subsidized or party shackled. So your work is nobly patriotic and most timely."

It is a remarkable testimony to the accuracy, scholarliness, and fairness of the articles by Miss Tarbell and Mr. Baker that they have been used as regularly required studies in certain classes in economics at Harvard University.

Lincoln Steffens

Lincoln Steffens, "a fearless writer" and a "faithful artist," says the *St. Paul News*; "an investigator of ability and seriousness, who makes no fad of sentimentalism," says the *Boston Herald*, "but has a keen scent for facts and knows their significance," was selected for the staff of the magazine partly on account of the excellence of one or two articles written for it and partly on account of his valuable work on the news-

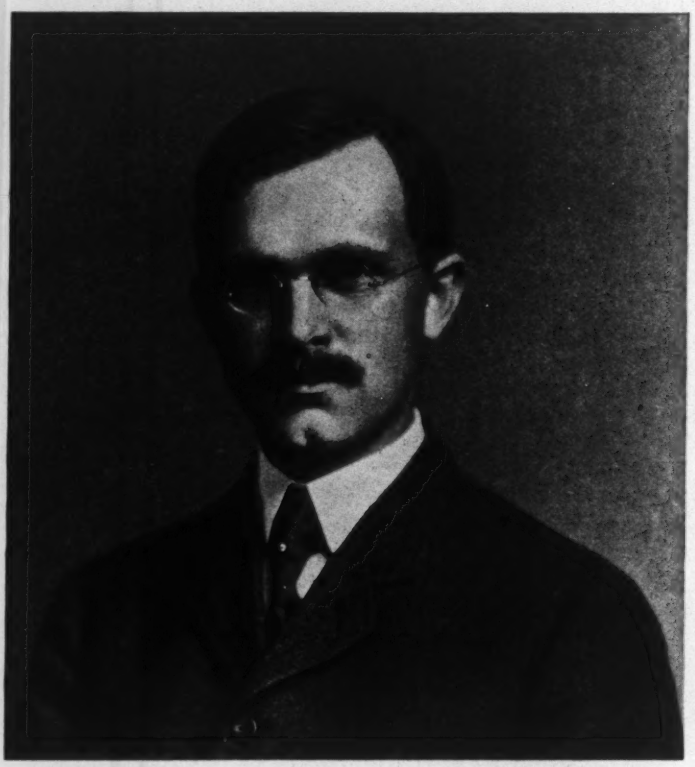
Photograph by Purdy

IDA M. TARBELL

papers of New York City. Almost immediately upon joining the magazine in 1901 he was instructed to make a study of municipal government in the United States. Generally speaking, articles on municipal government in a popular magazine would seem the height of absurdity, but his work shows how well he fulfils the fundamental demands of the magazine—ability to see clearly and write with absorbing interest. With his "caustic portraitures and keen deductions" (*St. Paul Pioneer Press*), Mr. Steffens compelled attention throughout the United States. The quality and scope of Mr. Steffens's work is well presented in the *Portland* (Me.) *Press:*

"These stories are not accidents, but the natural product of the broad Americanism, the sympathetic and discerning eye, the years of study at home and abroad, the practical experience and close touch with the problems presented which Lincoln Steffens brings to this work. But more than study or experience or power of expression, Mr. Steffens brings to his effort sincerity of purpose, a genuine hope, and an honest effort to make for good—to do something for his country, for his day; and it is that, above all, which gives it character and authority. Mr. Steffens cares. He would inspire the reform which he finds at work in Illinois, 'which aims to make the government, municipal and state, represent, not bribers, not corrupt politicians, not corrupting business men, but the common interest of the state—the citizens and friends, not the enemies, of the Republic.'

His first "noteworthy series of articles"



Photograph by Pach Bros.

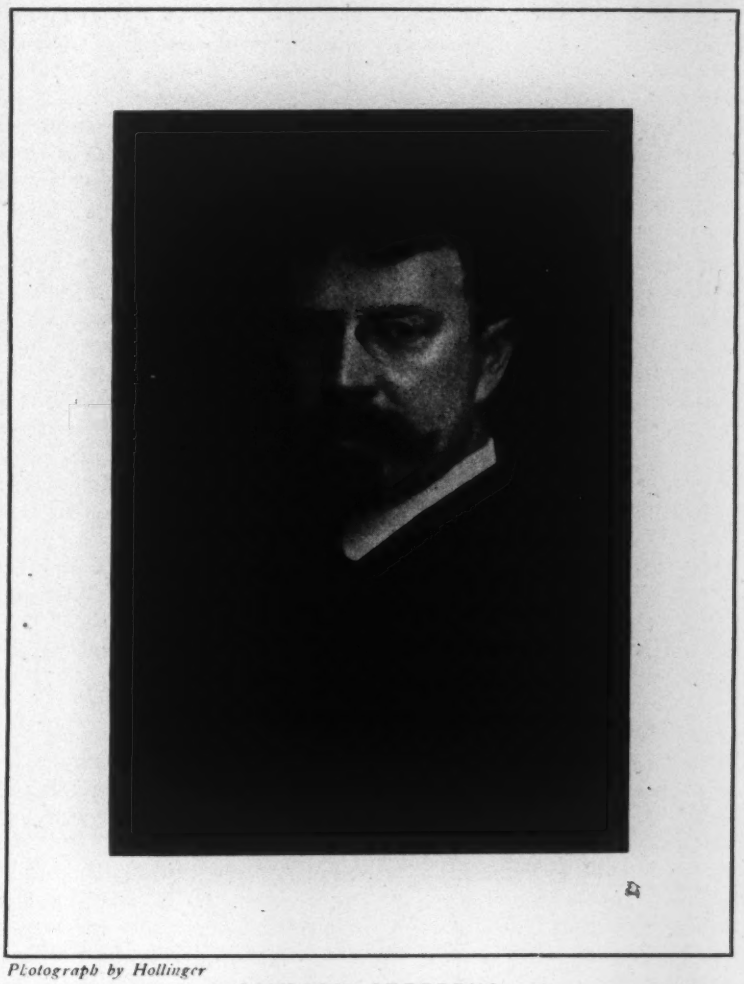
RAY STANNARD BAKER

(*N. Y. Tribune*), gathered in book form under the title "The Shame of the Cities," has attracted the widest attention. "In 'The Shame of the Cities,'" says the *St. Paul News*, "for the first time a book has been published which tells the plain, unvarnished truth about American municipal life."

"Mr. Lincoln Steffens's memorable papers on American municipal misgovernment," says *Everybody's Magazine*, "make a compilation of facts that no American citizen can afford to overlook. . . . If we were not reading of matters calculated to fill us with unutterable shame, we should be captivated by a style so frank, strong, and fervent. Here is something better than entertainment; here is something to make us think on the greatest questions that confront the Republic."

"These articles," says the *Springfield Republican*, "are to prove of no small value in the service of decent government, and the more widely they are circulated and the more they are read the better."

In April of this year Mr. Steffens began a new series of articles called "Enemies of the Republic," which he is still continuing. He has "done his work thoroughly, conscientiously, forcefully," says the *Chicago Record-Herald*; "trumpet-calls to good citizenship," says the *Cleveland Leader*.



Photograph by Hollinger

LINCOLN STEFFENS

"Mr. Steffens's words," says the *Philadelphia North American*, "are startling, but every man who has studied political conditions knows that they are true."

"Ida M. Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens," says *Unity*, of Chicago, "are perhaps the most efficient preachers of civic righteous-

ness before the public to-day. Both these preachers find their pulpit in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, the proprietors of which just now constitute a most efficient missionary society."

"Mr. Lincoln Steffens's 'Shame of the Cities,'" writes Rudolph Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, "is one of the most important, if not the most important, contribution to the political history of our time. His vivid recital and true picture of the enormity of municipal corruption in our country should awaken the dormant conscience of our citizens and arouse them to aggressive action against the 'Enemies of the Republic' subsequently depicted in such a masterly manner in the April McCLURE'S. I would be gladly one of a thousand to contribute one thousand dollars each for the purpose of disseminating these two publications. They should be read in every household over this broad land as a warning against cowardly submission to degenerate political masters and as a guide to that citizenship which alone can perpetuate the Republic."

Samuel Hopkins Adams

Mr. Adams, who has come more recently to the staff, was born of a literary and scholarly family, graduated from Hamilton College, and has had a long practical experience in New York newspaper work. His imaginative, as well as his descriptive work, is distinctly high class. Mr. Adams's stories, "The Flying Death," "The Realm of Enchantment," and "King Coal," have awakened great interest in his work, and he has now in preparation a series of graphic and intensely interesting articles on scientific wonders, notably an article on "Modern Surgery," and another on the modern methods of dealing with tuberculosis.

Of his work the *New York American* says: "One of the newer writers on the staff of McCLURE'S, whose work is attracting attention, is S. H. Adams, a gifted writer of fiction as well as a capable contributor to 'national journalism.' He thinks and writes clearly. He has many interests and does excellent work in many lines."

While each of these writers has his own strong individuality, yet all of them are at one with the editors upon the fundamental purposes of the publication.

Cost of McClure Articles

During the past two years, since Mr. Baker began work upon the labor question, he has prepared for the magazine eight articles. Mr. Steffens in a longer period has prepared ten. Miss Tarbell's eighteen articles on the Standard Oil Company have required over four years' time in preparation. Some of these articles have demanded as much time and labor as the compilation of an ordinary book. The writers, indeed, usually gather enough material to make a book, and condense it into the space of a magazine article. None of the contributions of these staff writers has cost McCLURE'S MAGAZINE much less than one thousand dollars, and fully half of them have cost as high as two thousand five hundred dollars each. This magazine, therefore, furnishes reading matter more expensive than any other magazine in the world; and its staff writers, working in collaboration with its editors, undertake investigations involving an outlay greater than has ever been expended—so far as we know—by a private concern for literary matter. But the editors know of no other way of securing for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE that high degree of truthfulness, accuracy, and interest which is required for this magazine.

William Allen White

Besides those writers who are directly connected with McCLURE'S MAGAZINE as members of the staff, a number of other highly able and experienced authors are working in close sympathy with the aims of its editors. Among these is William Allen White, of Kansas. He is called upon frequently to contribute important articles. His remarkable character sketches of Platt, Hanna, and Croker are well known to the readers of McCLURE'S, and his recent account of "How Roosevelt Uncovered the Postal Frauds" has stirred public opinion.

Announcements next month will deal especially with the fiction writers who are identified with McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.